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To M. Montefiore
from H. L.
October 22nd 1927

Winifred Seymour
from EFH

SELECTED LETTERS
OF
BARON FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL

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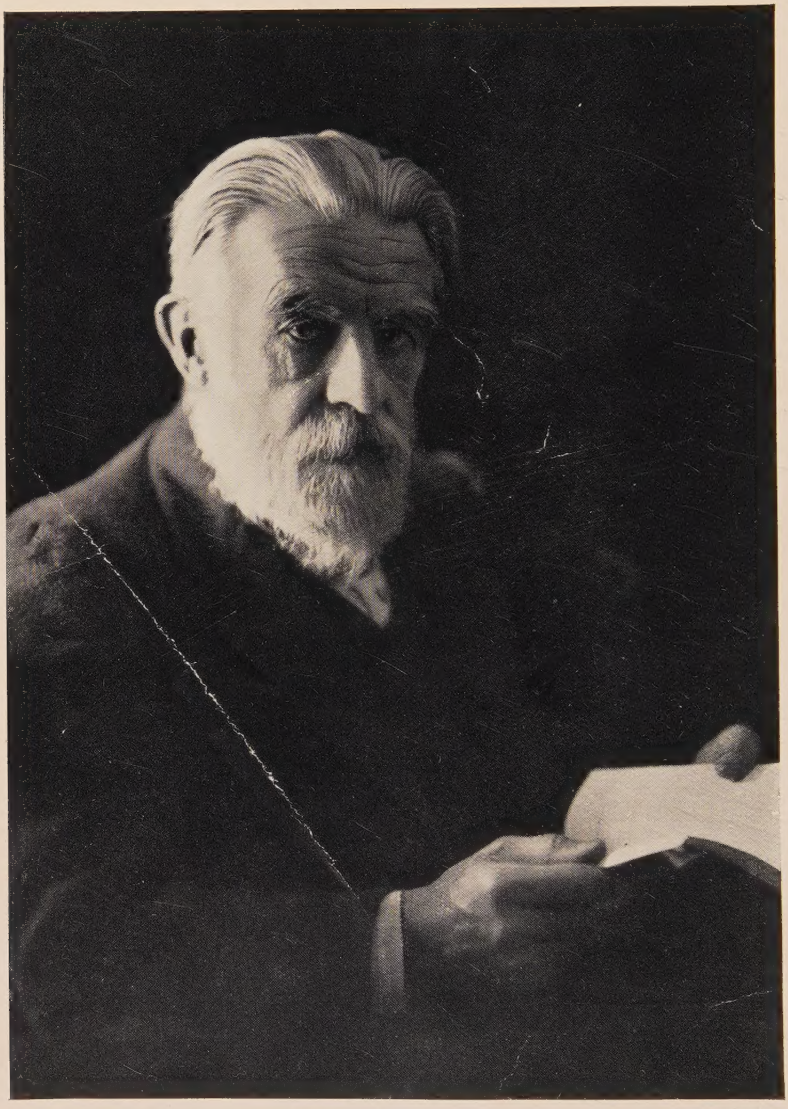

Photo—Swaine

BARON FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL

BARON FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL

SELECTED LETTERS

1896—1924

EDITED WITH A MEMOIR

BY

BERNARD HOLLAND

MCMXXVII

LONDON AND TORONTO

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PREFACE

Bernard Holland died two months and a week before the time agreed upon for sending to the publishers the type-written copy of this book.

The Memoir was completely finished. The Selection of Letters *almost* completed; but both Memoir and Selection of Letters still needed the correction and the revision which he had in his mind to do.

My beloved husband had spent nearly all the energy of his last eight months in this life in trying to make this book what it should be. He had worked beyond his strength, in failing health, and without holidays. Near Eastertide, thinking the work of selection practically finished, he was persuaded to take two weeks away abroad. On his return, fresh letters poured in, and new difficulties arose. In dealing with these, and in seeing the book through the press, I have had the competent help of a trusted friend of Baron von Hügel's, who, however, is not to be held responsible for the choice of letters to be included.

May the book help many souls towards the Light which the Baron himself, all his life, sought, and more and more found; the Light which daily lit his mind, "warmed" his heart and "braced" his will; the Light in which his soul now sees the full Vision of his desire.

"Onde la Vision crescer conviene,
Crescer l'Ardor che di quella s'accende,
Crescer lo Raggio che da esso viene."

F. Helen Holland.

October, 1926.

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BARON FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL

SELECTED LETTERS

1896—1924

MEMOIR

I

Friedrich von Hügel, Baron of the Holy Roman Empire, was born at Florence on May 8, 1852. Late in life he dedicated a volume of *Essays and Addresses* "to the immortal memory of Dante, who died 600 years ago to-day [September 14, 1921], in lively gratitude for inspiration and support throughout some sixty years of spiritual stress, from the writer, his fellow Florentine." In 1852 his father, Baron Carl von Hügel, was Austrian Minister at the Grand Ducal Court of Tuscany.

Baron Carl was a remarkable and many-sided man. Born in 1795, he was fifty-seven years old at the birth-date of his eldest son, Friedrich. His own father was Baron Aloys von Hügel, of a Rhineland family, who had entered the Austrian service in 1790. Carl served in the Austrian army in the campaigns against Napoleon of 1813 and 1814, including the battle of Leipzig. In 1824 he left the army, and established a beautiful home at Hietzing, near Vienna, and studied horticulture and natural science. He became engaged to a girl of nineteen, Countess Melanie Zichy Ferraris, of a noble Hungarian family, but the marriage was broken off in favour of the famous Prince Metternich, then fifty-six years old, who married the young lady as his third wife in January 1831. Seventeen years later, in 1848, it was von Hügel who enabled old Metternich to escape from Vienna and from the mob who were clamouring for his life and sacking his palace. Carl von Hügel left Hietzing in 1830, a few months before this heart-breaking marriage, and travelled for six years without a return home. He visited Egypt, Ceylon, and many parts of India, Australia, New Zealand, and the Pacific Islands, and finally made a marvellous journey through the whole length of the highest Himalayas, mostly then unknown country, from north of Calcutta along the Thibet border to Cashmere.

He returned to Europe, by way of South Africa, with immense collections of natural and antiquarian and art objects, which eventually enriched the museums of Vienna, and wrote a large book called "Cashmere and the Sikh Kingdom" (*Kaschmir und das Reich der Seik*), published in 1840. He now again lived at Hietzing, adorning his "faery-like" gardens with plants raised from Eastern seeds, until revolution broke out in 1848. He then rejoined the Imperial Army. "This fulfilment of duty," he wrote later, "made me bid farewell to the villa built to suit my fancy. There I had hoped to end my days in tranquil work, surrounded by the great remembrances of my stirring life, and by the charming witnesses of my wanderings, the plants I had brought home." But, he says, "what was important was to raise a barrier against the dissolution of society, to prevent the break up of all that was great and noble, of all that had been shaped and hallowed in the course of centuries, that is to say, to serve justice and order—in one word, to serve the Emperor."

Carl von Hügel served under Prince Windischgraetz north of the Alps in 1848, and in 1849 in Italy under Marshal Radetzky, the great soldier, to whom, when all seemed crashing, Grillparzer, the poet, addressed the heart-stirring phrase, "In thy camp is Austria." After order and peace had been restored, von Hügel became Austrian Minister at Florence at the Court of the Grand Duke. Here, in 1851, he married Elizabeth Farquharson, a Scottish lady, daughter of General Francis Farquharson, whose acquaintance he had made in India, and a niece of Sir James Outram. Her father had brought her in 1847, "a lovely blooming girl of seventeen,"[1] on a visit to Hietzing. She was affianced to Baron Carl at Verona in the same year, but the marriage had been deferred owing to the political troubles. She was born in India in 1830, and was thus thirty-five years younger than her husband.

In 1860 Carl von Hügel published another book, relating to his travels in the Pacific Ocean. The preface contains a passage which shows his way of thinking. He says:

"In view of the thoughtless charges of recent travellers, I think it right to raise a voice in favour of the colonial policy of Spain. For years, and in all parts of the globe, the guest of Englishmen, of that mighty people whose grand views of life actuate each of its members, I feel myself deeply indebted to them for friendly reception and help, without which a part of my travels would have taken double the time, and a part would have been impossible, and I seize this opportunity to express my warmest and heartiest thanks. But my judgement with regard to the success of Spanish institutions in the Philippine Islands was not to be warped either by my friendship with individual Englishmen, or by the splendour of the British Colonial Governments. If that

[1] Lady Georgiana Fullerton's words.

government is the best for a colony which is the most closely bound up with the native population ; that government which thinks it important that the products of the soil should, in the first place, serve for the sustenance of the natives ; a government which, instead of feverish money-making, teaches them content ; which is at one with them in manners and customs, welcomes them as fellow countrymen, as relations, as brethren, maintains for them peace and quiet, treats them as responsible beings, considers their claims to joy and happiness, educates them, ennobles them, and teaches them to believe in the true God . . . then indeed may Spain point, with proud consciousness, to its Philippines."

Besides Friedrich, born in 1852, two other children were born to the von Hügels before they left Florence in 1859—the Grand Duke having been overthrown by the Revolution which ended the existence of Tuscany as a separate State. They were Pauline, who died unmarried in 1901, and Anatole, who still lives at Cambridge, where he was for many years Director of the Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology from its beginning in 1883.

In 1860 Carl von Hügel was appointed Austrian Minister at Brussels, and here the family remained for the next seven years, until Friedrich was fifteen. Living always at home, in a diplomatic house, with a father distinguished in science as well as in military and civil service, he must have seen a great and interesting variety of people ; and, even after his earliest Tuscan impressions, that flat country had something to nourish the mind of the observant boy. In one of his late essays he says :

" When, as a child and lad, I was taken, for our summer holiday and bathing, from Brussels to Ostend, I used to be impressed, ever more as the years went by, with how, the nearer we came to the sea and to its salt landward breezes, the more did the trees bend away from these blasts. These trees stood there permanently fixed in every kind of unnatural, fleeing or defiant, attitude and angle. Only after I had passed these perturbing effects and tolls of the sea, would I reach, and for weeks and weeks admire, this same wide sea, now found to be in itself so life-giving and so hospitable—a part of the great ocean encompassing the world. Those trees and that sea have remained with me, for over half a century, as a vivid image of the effect of the Church—be it the fact of the Church, or the fancies concerning the Church—upon large masses of modern men."

Friedrich's mother, bred a Presbyterian, had become a Catholic some time after her marriage. He and his brother, as small boys, were taught by a Protestant lady, a friend of their mother. At Brussels his tutor was a Lutheran pastor, while general supervision over his education was exercised by the German Catholic historian, Alfred von Reumont, then stationed at Brussels as Minister for Prussia. He was never at

a school or university, and if there are some disadvantages in this, there was, perhaps, in consequence, in his case, a more free and individualised flowering of his intellectual and emotional, richly human nature.

Baron Carl von Hügel, much saddened by the Austro-Prussian War of 1866 and its results, retired from the diplomatic service in 1867, and came to live at Torquay. There Friedrich studied geology, for one thing; and always, in later life, felt grateful that he had worked systematically at some branch of natural science, a valuable balancing corrective, he thought, to purely metaphysical and religious thinking; and he kept up interest in it all his life. His guide in this study was William Pengelly, a Quaker, stonemason and self-taught geologist, who had made discoveries illuminating the antiquity of man at Kents Hole, Brixham Cove, etc., in those regions. Mr. Hubert Peate tells me that in 1922 he heard the Baron talk with enthusiasm of William Pengelly, and say that it had been a toss-up whether he took lessons from him or from William Gosse, also of Torquay, and that he was glad it had not been the latter, from whom he might have received narrower views of religion in relation to science—which, indeed, would seem probable from Sir Edmund Gosse's well-known book.

In 1870 Baron Carl von Hügel, now aged seventy-five, was seized by a longing to see his own delightful country once more, and perhaps to die there. He passed through London from Torquay on his way to Vienna, and with great difficulty reached Brussels via Calais, a dying man. He died there on June 2, and his widow conveyed his body to the Imperial City by the Danube.

His friend, Baron Alfred von Reumont, wrote of him in a biographical sketch :

"In him the man of the world was combined with the man of science ; mature experience of life with profound knowledge of many fields ; the enjoyment of social pleasures, and the fulfilment of official duties, with persevering, passionate industry in scientific pursuits. He was considerate, sympathetic, accessible, humane, without pretention, and without stiffness. Till middle life notable in salons, he was a loving husband and father. His deep-seated religious feeling and his attachment to his Church had not a trace of narrowness or intolerance, and his Christian charity showed itself both in the mildness of his judgments, and in his beneficence and liberality. He was a warm patriot without antipathy to other nations ; a decided Conservative without political intolerance ; in all things full of moderation and equity."

In another sketch his friend, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, an excellent judge of character, bore witness to his noble and beautiful mind and nature.

The Baroness Elizabeth survived her husband by forty-three years. She lived during her later years at Cambridge, and died there in 1913.

She had not the same intellectual interests as her eldest son, but he may have derived from her a dynamic force, and even a certain " vehemence " of temper, which in one letter he attributes to himself as in excess, and needing special self-control.

Soon after his father's death Friedrich von Hügel suffered a bad attack of typhus, and then began the deafness which gradually increased in severity, and was so great a trial to him throughout life. He now spent a year in Vienna, and about this time passed through a religious crisis. He attributed his salvation from utter infidelity, and perhaps from the sway of the passions, mainly, under God, to two men—one at Vienna and the other, later, at Paris. In 1920, defending the principle of sacerdotal celibacy, he said :

" Certainly I know, beyond the possibility of doubt, that I myself could never have been regained by any but a celibate cleric to purity and to God—however much, since I was thus costingly regained, I may appreciate the beneficence of a married clergy, and however clearly I may perceive the dangers and drawbacks of too large an extension of obligatory celibacy. I have constantly before my mind two men to whom, precisely as such Christian celibates, I owe infinitely much. The one was a Dutch Dominican Friar, a man of gentle birth and of great religious experience, who first trained me in the spiritual life in Vienna, fifty years ago. What a whole man that was ! One with all the instincts of a man, yet all of them mastered and penetrated through and through by the love of Christ and of souls ! And the other was a French Secular Priest, a man of vehement, seething passions, and of rare forces of mind, whose will of iron, by long heroic submission to grace, had attained to a splendid tonic tenderness. I owe to this Frenchman more than to any man I have ever known in the flesh. Now both these men would have remained incredibly smaller had they listened to the subtle explainers away of the renunciation, visible as well as invisible, preached and practised broadcast by the central figures of the Synoptic Gospels, and if they had settled comfortably into a married life. Like their great predecessors, Aquinas and St. Francis, they required the height of celibacy from which to shine and to rain down upon the just and unjust amidst their dearly loved fellow-men."

The Dutch Dominican was Father Raymond Hocking. The French priest was the Abbé Huvelin, the well-known spiritual director in Paris, who died in 1911. The Baron kept notes of his sayings to him in May 1886. They show the view taken by a deeply experienced observer of the Baron's character when he was thirty-four years old, and I have given them as an Appendix to this Memoir.

About the same period, in his " thirties," the Baron used to make retreats with the Jesuits, and he learned, he says in one of his letters, things of spiritual value from them, and, no doubt, from the books of

such men as the Pères Grou, Gratry, and Ravignan.[1] He also acknowledges obligations to "Dr. W. G. Ward, that brilliant Balliol lecturer, and later fervent, indeed partly extravagant, Roman Catholic, a great supernaturalist, who first taught me that the Supernatural should not be directly identified and measured by the amount of its conscious, explicit references to Christ, or even simply to God, but by certain qualities of which heroism, with a keen sense of givenness and of 'I could not do otherwise,' appears to be the chief."[2] In another passage the Baron says, "When that virile thinker, 'Ideal' Ward, reached his last earthly years, he came to see clearly, I remember, how, in his feeling and his writing, he had been too prone to 'unspeakably,' 'incredibly,' and the like."[3] If W. G. Ward had been, in some respects, a teacher of Friedrich von Hügel, the latter largely influenced his less "ultramontane" son, Wilfrid Ward, who, like his father, edited at one time the *Dublin Review*.

Friedrich von Hügel at the age of twenty-one, in 1873, married Lady Mary Herbert, daughter of Sidney Herbert, created Lord Herbert of Lea, Gladstone's friend and ministerial colleague, and sister of the thirteenth Earl of Pembroke. Lady Mary, at the age of eighteen, followed the example of her mother, and became a Catholic. There were three beautiful daughters from this marriage—Gertrud, Hildegard, and Thekla. For three or four years the family lived without a settled home, partly in England and partly abroad, but in 1876 took a house at Hampstead. In later years the heights of Hampstead did not suit Lady Mary's health in winter, and from 1893 to 1902 (inclusive) they spent the colder months at Rome, with shorter stays at Genoa and elsewhere, except in 1899, when they were at Grasse and Cannes in the French Riviera from January till May.

In 1903 the von Hügels moved from Hampstead to the house at 13 Vicarage Gate, near Kensington Gardens, where the Baron spent the rest of his life. After this migration he rarely went abroad, and then, except once, only for short expeditions. He did not at all enjoy travelling for its own sake; quite the reverse. But during the preceding years he had made a large number of acquaintanceships, and not a few real friendships in Italy and France, and certainly had had the time in which to learn Rome well, and to know both the official clerical circles and the numerous visitors attracted from other countries to the Eternal City while the great Leo XIII was Pope. In 1902 he visited Heidelberg and Jena, and met two non-Catholic thinkers whose writings

[1] A correspondent (not a Roman Catholic) tells me that on one occasion, when he talked with the Baron, the latter said to him with emphasis, "Under God, I owe my salvation to the Jesuits, but don't *you* ever have anything to do with them."

[2] *Essays and Addresses*, p. 280.

[3] *Idem*, p. 172.

he immensely admired—Ernst Troeltsch and Rudolph Eucken. All through life, if he read any book which much impressed him as that of an earnest and sincere seeker after truth, he endeavoured to make the acquaintance of the writer by letter or meeting. This, and his real desire to assist even persons of small importance who asked for his advice or opinion, involved him in a large correspondence with men and women of various countries, to whom he usually wrote in their own tongues—German, French, Italian, or English—and into his letters, as into all that he did, he put the most minute and conscientious labour. Thus, with this ever-increasing correspondence and intercourse, and immense reading and study, and often interrupted by long periods of always bad and sometimes altogether incapacitating health, he passed away the years before he had actually begun to write his first book,[1] his physical condition having then improved. This was the preparation which made him one of the central figures in the stormy period in the life of the Church, which followed the death of Leo XIII and the accession of Pius X.

II

In 1897 began Friedrich von Hügel's resultful friendship with Father George Tyrrell, S.J. Tyrrell's life has been ably written by his close friend and adherent, Miss Maude Petre, who also has published a separate volume of his letters. A certain number of the very many letters which passed between the Baron and Father Tyrrell between 1897 and Tyrrell's death in 1909 are given in these two books, but these are but a very small part of the whole correspondence on both sides, which is still in existence, complete or very nearly so. From notes left by the Baron he appears to have contemplated the possibility of the publication at some time after his death of this correspondence, or part of it, as a separate book, but it is not thought that the time for this has yet come, if it ever does. The Baron entrusted responsibility as to this to Professor Edmund Gardner, whom he named as his literary executor. With his assent some of the letters from the Baron to Father Tyrrell are published in the present volume, which would indeed have been most incomplete without them.

George Tyrrell was born in Dublin in 1861, and thus was eight years younger than the Baron. He belonged to a Protestant family, but, after a short period of work with Dolling, the famous High Anglican of the London East End, he entered the Roman Catholic Church, and after that became a novice in the Society of Jesus. He was ordained in 1891, and worked on the pastoral mission in Lancashire, and then,

[1] *The Mystical Element, etc.* The first beginning of this book was a study of St. Catherine of Genoa, intended to be quite short, on which he was working in 1898.

from 1894 to 1896, held a Chair of Philosophy at Stonyhurst. He then came to London, Farm Street, and, among other work there, wrote more constantly than before for the *Month*, the periodical of the English Jesuits. He had gone through a period of strong Catholic orthodoxy and advocacy, affected, towards 1897, by the influence of Cardinal Newman. In that year he published his book, *Nova et Vetera*. This book attracted the attention of the Baron, who was much pleased by it, and on September 20, 1897, he wrote from Hampstead to Father Tyrrell and said that he would like to make his acquaintance. The two had the first of many meetings on October 9. Just at this time the Baron was anxious about his eldest daughter, the Baroness Gertrud von Hügel, then aged a little over twenty. Much as he loved all three of his daughters, she was the nearest to him throughout her life in intellectual interests; he had taken great pains in her religious-philosophic education, and had endeavoured to build her into a thought-companion. But, like so many intelligent young men and women at that period in life, she had fallen, in 1897, into a passing state of repugnance towards, or revolt from, the teaching and practice and atmosphere of the Church. She was also in an overwrought condition of physical nerves, and the doctor had advised that she should have six months' complete change of environment; she was not therefore to accompany the family to Rome for the coming winter, but to stay with relatives in England. The Baron, on October 19, wrote to Father Tyrrell to ask him to call and make the acquaintance of his daughter, since he was anxious to bring them into touch, and this was followed by several visits of Gertrud to Farm Street, to discuss her doubts and feelings as to religion. In a reassuring report to the Baron, Father Tyrrell said, among other things:

"She spoke to me very freely and with perfect simplicity about her mind which is, no doubt, at present in a state of complete muddle about many things; and I fancy she was a little needlessly frightened through not clearly apprehending the difference between difficulties and doubts; or between obscurities and negations. I think I reassured her on this point, and also got her to see that her mind is at present hopelessly overwrought and incapable of clearness, and that in the very interests of truth she should rest completely from all questionings at present, and let the philosophic faculty lie fallow and recover its tone and energy. . . .

"I feel sure you will let me say that, in your enthusiasm and intensity with regard to all that concerns the Catholic faith and the cause of truth, and in the natural desire you have to make your daughter a sharer of all your views and hopes, your very affection seems to blind you to the fact that, after all, your Gertrud is years and years younger than you are, and that the fibre of even the best mind at 20 is feeble compared with that of an equally good mind at 45. Besides which,

the receptivity of a mind depends largely on the amount of knowledge already acquired and the extent to which it has sunk into the soil and been woven into the texture of the understanding ; and here again the inequality between you must always be enormous. But on both sides affection resents this inequality, and she wants to be, and you want her to be, in complete mental communion with you. In a word, you neglect St. Paul's caution against giving to babes the solid food of adults. The result is indigestion. Things that your formed mind can easily swallow without any prejudice to simple faith, may really cause much uneasiness in a mind less prepared. We must give minds time to grow and feed them suitably to their age. Had I known twenty years ago things that I know now, I could not have borne them then. If you want your daughter's company, you must shorten your steps and walk slowly ; else she will lose her breath in her desire to keep up with you. Besides, apart from more serious consequences, I suppose all that interferes with perfect liberty and leisure in the formation of our opinions is an intellectual misfortune, and I think her affection for you may possibly exert some such bias inclining her to force her mind into premature agreement with yours.

" I am also inclined to believe that her mind troubles are at the root of her ill-health. For she does not speculate coldly but with great intensity of emotion ; nor has she yet that experience which teaches one to be patient over a difficulty and lay it aside in the certain hope that it will vanish as our mind grows ; but she rather inclines to persevere in trying to cope with problems quite above her present powers. This is what wears the brain tissue and disorders the whole nervous system—not study, nor thought, but worry."

The Baron replied to this letter from Rome on January 26, 1898 :

" I know you will not have interpreted my renewed silence as in any way a want of agreement with, or of gratitude for, your second letter, as wise and helpful as both its predecessors. But, besides having much else to do, and still but little health or heart to do it with, I wanted to get, if possible, some fresh facts or ideas to put to you, in this matter, which, you will readily understand, is constantly at least at the back of my mind, and which grows, in some ways, worse, not, please God, in itself, but in my mind. I see so increasingly plainly the triple fault and undermining character of my influence,—the dwelling so constantly and freely on the detailed humanities in the Church ; the drawing out and giving full edge to religious difficulties ; the making too much of little intellectual and temperamental differences between myself and most Catholics, near relations included, so as to seriously weaken such influence as they might otherwise have had.—Not but that all this was certainly unintended, unforeseen : the grief and lasting keenness of the pain is, thank God, a sufficient proof of that ; but if only I had looked

out against the selfishness of leaning on one whom I ought to have propped still for many a day! I have dropped my own child, my First-born, whom God gave me to carry and to guard.—I venture to come out with a little of what I am feeling in the matter, if only for this reason, that, whilst I do not feel it would be wise directly to say much more to G. about my grief and self-reproach, yet it may be well that *you* should clearly know my frame of mind in the matter, as she *might* possibly take my, thank God quite unforced, gentleness with her, and entirely undiminished love for her, as somehow indicating no very deep distress at her loss of light. I have for years felt in general and in several particular cases, and now feel more than ever in this case, how entirely a sense of culpability and a sense of loss, misfortune and danger are distinct: I feel no inclination even to this first, yet the entire absence of the first leaves quite undimmed and unblunted the keen consciousness of the second.—What I think gives this keen edge to my feeling, is the anxiety and sort of dull dim consciousness that, for the moment, she has lost, not simply faith in the Church and even the fundamental Christian dogma, but (which is surely a further and a still graver matter) true creatureliness of mind. And yet, as soon as I put this to myself, I have a joyful uncertainty after all, as to whether her mind has *set* on this point. I wrote to her two days ago, and told her how this moral, humble, creaturely attitude towards God, one's own ideals, one's own achievements compared with those ideals, one's own achievements compared with others' achievements,—the consciousness of incompleteness and of failure, of one's life being unlivable without its being lived co-operatively between the soul and God,—how I found this in several friends who are no Catholics, no historic Christians of any kind; and that, as long as she can keep, and by daily practice and prayer ever regain this spirit, I can wait so far happily, quite indefinitely, as I should feel that she keeps in her the germ of full life, and is still living, in her degree, the one true life, and is still moving in the one true direction.—I am clear that what I have said to her is very true and most consoling; there is, for instance, my good friend Professor Eucken of Jena (How I wish you read German, so as to read him), how deeply creaturely his tone is; in moral disposition and view of life he is a Christian, though clearly stating and illustrating his non-acceptance of all dogma.—I find it very hard to believe that even now, I mean before any reaction can be looked for, she has lost all such creatureliness, though irritation and what not may for the moment obscure it. I know that Abbé Huvelin (I have written to him now, but have not yet heard) used to say, that many might think G.'s troubles came from simple pride; but that he found her very simple and often sweetly humble. If God preserves her *that*, even though hidden to herself and others, her face is turned in the right direction.—I take it though that the spirit I mean

cannot but suffer, for a while at least, under such a change, even though such a change need not have been preceded by the complete loss of that spirit ; for I note with sadness that she seems turned, for the moment, away from moralism and spirituality, however general, however vague, to intellectualism, or even simple æstheticism. But that does not accord with her apparently unweakened simplicity ; love of her little sister ; attraction, still apparently, for such a tone as Père Grou's. Indeed, I am much struck at how quite recently still she was consulting me as to how and what books of his to get friends to read and work into their lives : for it is just this love of this childlike, creaturely spirit of Grou's which I feel to be the *fine fleur* of Christianity and of the Church, and an utterly supernatural, costing, unobvious spirit and life ; and that, as long as I love it thus, I could not, if I tried, get further away from Christianity and the Church than, say, Eucken.

. . . . . .

" I hope much, somehow, and I think I see some signs of it, that at all events the marked craving for excitement is now less, although I quite see the danger of its waking up, perhaps suddenly, if her convictions were, by continuing to decay, to cease furnishing sufficient food for heart and life. But her deep love of books and of her friends, and wish to help others will, surely, come in usefully here. She is so anxious to make herself useful in Cambridge : that is the kind of thing I know Abbé H. worked hard to keep going,—the feeling and its opportunity of exercise.

" I am so deeply grateful to God and to him and to you, and that you two are at one, entirely, about her.

" I need not say, how grateful I shall be at all times for any criticism of this or any other letter, or for news of any sufficiently marked and communicable change in her, to the right or left. I do so trust, she may not come to giving up going to Church, or keeping up with you.

" I am, dear Father Tyrrell, with life-long gratitude,

" Yours very sincerely,

" Fr. von Hügel."

In his reply, dated February 16, 1898, Father Tyrrell wrote :

" I was sorry to gather from your letter that you were fretting about Gertrud ; and by ' fretting ' I mean chafing over mistakes made in the past in all good faith, such as the wisest and best of us must often make ; which no amount of fretting will remedy, but only quiet trust in God Who turns our blunders to greater eventual gain than our skill would ever effect. It was your anxiety to secure a clear-sighted faith, that would fear no facts, and need no blinding, that would not be scandalised to find heavenly treasure in earthen vessels, and men rather than angels the ministers of the Gospel, it was your desire to secure this for her that led you, as you say, to emphasise the human side of the Church too exclu-

sively, and to forget that the other side, which was so apparent to your own mind, had not yet seized hold of the younger mind with strength enough to make the former but as a cloud which passes before the sun. I dare say the same thing may have to some extent impeded your good work in other quarters by gaining you a distrust with many whose orthodoxy needs to be protected by a husk of narrowness; and who do not know you well enough to understand that it is just because your faith is so much stronger than theirs that you can afford to make so many concessions, to allow the existence of so many adverse facts and difficulties. A man who stands on firm ground can enjoy a freedom of movement impossible on a tight-rope. Still I believe he may very easily slip into *scandalum pusillorum*; by becoming intolerant of intolerance, and narrow about narrowness, forgetting that thought, *i.e.* really independent thought, is trusted by God to the few for the sake of the many. Of course in our days we have also to guard against the scandal of the intelligent and cultured, so that we need discretion on every side; and are bound to fail often."

The fine mind of Gertrud von Hügel recovered in time from this passing overthrow of religion. Continually contending against most distressing illness, she lived in many ways an heroic life, and died in 1915 as a true Catholic, and like a saint.

It would have been well for Father Tyrrell's happiness, and for his influence for good in the Catholic Church, if he had been able to follow to the end in his own case the wise advice which in the closing sentences of his last quoted letter he gave to the Baron. But perhaps the Baron himself, conceiving immense admiration for Tyrrell's intellect, guided that swift and impatient mind too rapidly into the thought-environment which had now long for himself been the element in which he lived and moved with the security of a native. He made Tyrrell learn German, and introduced him to the works of the modern religious philosophy writers of that nation. He not only led him to study the books of French Modernists, like Loisy, Blondel and others, but placed him in personal intercourse with his own friends in France and Italy. He circulated Father Tyrrell's writings to such friends, and tried to arrange for translations of them into French and Italian. It was most characteristic of him that, if he found any good thing for himself, he was anxious to impart it to others, and to bring together men who thought alike. In this way he no doubt did much, with the best intentions, to accelerate a situation which had tragic consequences, although it may have, we may trust, beneficial results in the long run for the Catholic Church.

Already, in 1899, Father Tyrrell wrote to the Baron: "I cannot tell you the strong developing influence your friendship has exerted on my mind; in how many cases it has determined me at points of

bifurcation to choose this road rather than that, and all with the happy result of making my mind more of a Jerusalem, *i.e.* a city at unity with itself."

Yet the alliance of Friedrich von Hügel and George Tyrrell was that of two minds, the German-Scottish and the Anglo-Irish, of very different kinds and range. The Baron's mind was laborious, many-side-regarding, fully weighing, slow-moving, deep ploughing. He thought and wrote slowly and with difficulty, writing and rewriting, and again rewriting, and qualifying, because so anxious not to overstate or understate his case, and to see what could be said both for and against every position, with the aim of arriving at the most exact possible truth. "A Frenchman," says Madame de Staël, "can still speak when he has no ideas; a German has always in his head rather more than he can express." This very Germanic mental attitude makes impossible an easy, flowing or rhetorical style, and it is not possible fully and rightly to understand anything that he wrote without giving close attention. Father Tyrrell, in a letter to him of March 20, 1904, says:

"Your paper on 'Official Authority' requires awful concentration of attention. *For you*, each word is chosen and placed with full explicit consciousness and meaning. But what audience will appreciate that? Not even the Cherubim and Seraphim. I think you might consider the average mind a little more. It was the same with your most wonderful Synthetic paper, which you stuffed like a tight sausage. Solid, liquid, gas—are the three forms in which thought can be presented; the last for an audience, the second for a book, the first for an Archangel in retreat."

In his later years the Baron's style became more liquid. *Eternal Life* is easier reading than the *Mystical Element*, and the later volume, *Essays and Addresses*, is easiest of all. It was good for him to address in speech audiences not too deeply educated, to whom he had to make himself intelligible. It was never difficult to follow him when he talked, but, with pen in hand, correcting and recorrecting, with the aim of getting at the finest shade possible of truth, he easily became, if not obscure, yet difficult to read without an unusual and sustained effort of attention, which, indeed, brought its reward to the reader in making *him* think, and so remember. The Baron was very conscious of this, and often asked friends to point out the places in drafts where his style was, as he said, too Germanic. He evidently often thought in German as he wrote. He not only had, by descent, the "German Soul," but, as he once said in a letter, quite seven-tenths of his reading had been in German. He gave such close and conscientious attention to everything he did that he could only do, to his satisfaction, one thing at a time. In a letter to his German friend, Dr. F. Heiler, he said that writing letters had always been a difficult and laborious thing for him, and had

seriously interrupted his book-writing. He once expressed to Father Tyrrell his amazement that the latter could read and write so much all at the same time, and said that he himself, when he was writing, read very little, except what was directly necessary for the book in hand. Three or four hours of working at the book was all that he could manage in the day ; the rest must be given to being out of doors, and relaxation of the mental bow.

George Tyrrell was the Baron's exact opposite in these respects. He was a born writer and fighter. Whole sentences and paragraphs and chapters rose rapidly from below the surface, and pressed for public utterance, like children in haste to be born. The Baron once said of him, " Most men are more cautious in writing than in private conversation, but with Father Tyrrell it was just the reverse." Tyrrell, in conversation, struck people who came across him as rather humble and modest in manner, but with pen in hand, in a letter, or in public writing, especially when at last he was quite free from the restraint imposed by the Society to which he belonged, he was almost too effective and trenchant. The ease, lucidity, and fluency of his style, which made him an excellent letter-writer, made him also a controversialist of the first capacity. In making a deadly point he had the wounding skill of a master of the rapier. He recalls the Pascal of the *Lettres Provinciales*. Also he had abundant wit and humour, and, perhaps, a certain subconscious love of warfare for its own sake. He was a creature of moods, too, over-despondencies alternating with over-exaltations. His friendship with Friedrich von Hügel and others shows him to have been the most lovable and human character. But evidently he was quite out of place in a Society with so strict a discipline as that of the Jesuits. The double or treble censorship, which every book written by a Jesuit has to pass before it can be published, was by itself enough to drive into despair and revolt a born writer and free-lance like George Tyrrell. This led him to the practice of pseudonymous publications, or papers printed for private circulation.

III

At the close of the nineteenth and the beginning of the present century the "Modernist Movement" caused agitation, not only in the Catholic Church centred at Rome, but, more or less, in all other religious organisations. This far-extending subject cannot be treated at any length within the brief limits of this Memoir, but readers should, I think, be reminded of the main events with which Friedrich von Hügel was intimately concerned.

In one sense the publication in the eighteenth century of Lessing's *Die Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts* may be said to have inaugurated

the modernising movement, and subsequent contributions of science swelled the stream, especially the Darwinian speculations as to modes of evolution, the results of historical research, and an evolutionary philosophy applied to history. The all-pervading influence of the evolution doctrine had this main effect, that, whereas formerly men had always felt that in religion, at all events, truth in its most perfect form lay in the past, they were now led to think that the more perfect, and ever more perfectible, form lay in the future. This view shook the very foundations of the old-style Protestantism, the belief in the absolute and final and literal truth of the biblical books. Science also now proved that many statements in these books, hitherto supposed to be actual history, were merely early imaginations about the universe, and critics threw great doubt upon the dates and authorship of most of them. And in this last respect criticism extended itself to the New Testament also. Catholicism could stand the storm better than Protestantism, because, although the Church gave a general guarantee to these books, it had never rested solely upon them, but upon its divine foundation, its continuous history, its claim to ever-present living guidance by the Holy Spirit in interpretation of doctrine. In this sense the Church always admitted "progress" in the development, or gradual revelation, from the original "deposit of Faith," explicit statement of that which was implicit; but to those who regarded religion as merely a branch of the natural self-evolution of all things the Church must be unalterably opposed.

The mind of John Henry Newman had been formed in the pre-evolution thought-world, and he had never read the German philosophers who even then followed in the line of Lessing. But no doubt his sensitive spirit was affected by the ideas in the air when he wrote his "Essay on Development," intended to justify to himself and others the existence of the later-explicitated Catholic doctrines and practices which were only to be discovered in germ in the New Testament and in the earlier Fathers, and not therefore to be justified either upon the grounds held in his evangelical youth, or upon those held in his High Church Anglican days. He pointed out that, if these doctrines and practices were not to be found except in germ in the New Testament and earliest writings, neither also were there to be found explicitly expressed those doctrines later defined at Nicea and Chalcedon and accepted by all Protestants of his day, and that, indeed, from this absence the Arians (like the Protestants against later doctrines and cults) had drawn a powerful argument only to be met by the theory of some kind of development. Gladstone said at the time that this book of Newman's (though a crushing reply to Protestant acceptants of the Creeds) placed Christianity on the edge of a precipice whence a skilful hand might throw it over. As Newman represented it, the process was one of gradual

unveiling *by the inspired Church, guided by the Holy Spirit*, as errors arose and had to be met. But it could also be represented as *self-evolution* by a purely natural process, corresponding in the intellectual world to that of the Darwinian in the material world. Thus, although Newman carefully distinguished between true and false developments, and although this was the road into the Catholic Church found by him and by many others, his theory was regarded with a certain suspicion as dangerous by the ruling ecclesiastical authorities.

Friedrich von Hügel, born a Catholic and remote from the Oxford Movement, had less than Anglicans in common with Cardinal Newman, but he was at one time, and for a time, much influenced by some of his writings. He says in the preface to the *Mystical Element* that the poem, the *Dream of Gerontius*, made a profound impression on his mind. Sometimes in his earlier days he visited the old Cardinal. He told me that the Cardinal was not easy to talk with, because he was so very sensitive and easily pained, "like a very refined sensitive old lady." In 1893 the Baron made his then new friend the Abbé Loisy acquainted for the first time with Newman's writings. They fell in with, and accelerated, the line of thought that Loisy was already pursuing. He says in his book of 1913, *Choses passées* :

"Je ne lisais pas que les auteurs hétérodoxes. Mon excellent ami le baron Friedrich von Hügel me communiqua les œuvres de Newman, et je les étudiai longuement. L'esprit de Newman me plaisait beaucoup plus que celui des théologiens protestants. J'étudiai surtout son *Essai sur le développement de la doctrine chrétienne*."

M. Loisy once said that Newman was the greatest, and perhaps the only great, religious thinker of the nineteenth century. M. Loisy is not, nor has ever professed to be, a philosopher *and* poet ; he is a scientific historian and critic. In 1893, the year when he first knew the Baron, whose junior he was by five years, he was lecturer, under M. d'Hulst, at the Institut Catholique at Paris, on Hebrew and Assyriology, and Bible Study. Just then he fell into trouble with the ecclesiastical authorities on account of his published essay, *La question biblique et l'inspiration des Écritures*, was retired from his post and made chaplain to a convent and girls' school. This gave him leisure to follow his natural line of historical criticism. In 1899 he resigned his convent work, and gave all his time to study and writing, publishing some articles in the *Revue du Clergé français*, under pseudonyms. In 1901 he gave a course of lectures at the École pratique des Hautes Études on "Babylonian Myths and Genesis," and afterwards published this as a volume, followed by his *Religion d'Israël*. In October 1902 he was an active candidate for episcopacy, but almost at the same time published his two volumes called *Études évangéliques* and *L'Évangile et l'Église*, and, he says, felt true relief when his applications for a bishopric failed

of success. *L'Évangile et l'Église* raised a storm. This work was in form a reply to Harnack's recent volume, *Das Wesen des Christentums* (Leipzig, 1900), from a Catholic point of view, but it was also a free and bold criticism of the evangelical sources, more radical even than that of the Berlin Protestant professor. M. Loisy says in his *Choses passées* :

" Ma défense de l'Église romaine contre certains jugements du savant professeur impliquait de même l'abandon des thèses absolues que professe la théologie scolastique touchant l'institution formelle de l'Église et de ses sacrements par le Christ, l'immutabilité des dogmes et la nature de l'autorité ecclésiastique. Je ne me bornais donc pas à critiquer M. Harnack ; j'insinuais discrètement mais réellement une réforme essentielle de l'exégèse biblique, de toute la théologie, et même du catholicisme en général."

Loisy, using modern sources of critical and historical information to which Newman was almost a stranger, extended Newman's carefully limited theory of development to the whole history of the religion, before Christ and after Christ, and applied it also to that which is still to come. He made a distinction, not very easy to draw, and in later years abandoned by himself, between the province of history dealing with facts, and that of faith, with its theological or metaphysical interpretations and formulations. The Church, for instance, might legitimately, and acting within its province, define the doctrine as to the nature of Christ, to be held by the faithful, but it was open to the historian to show how this doctrine, almost invisibly existing in the earliest phase of religion, was developed stage by stage through four centuries to the final formulation. This was in appearance dissimilar to, though perhaps really reconcilable with, the orthodox teaching as to the " deposit of faith," handed down from the beginning complete, " *in gremio ecclesiae*," and gradually revealed, as occasion arose, by the Church authority. Loisy maintained that everything in the Catholic Church was organically articulated, as in a tree, from the original vital germ, the actual life of Jesus Christ, by a natural and legitimate process, and, as against Harnack and other rationalist or evangelical Protestants, his argument was one of great power. If the process were vital, and not artificial, those who, like Harnack, admitted the essence-containing germ, the " Wesen," could not, as they did in fact, repudiate the tree.

The profoundly learned and deeply Catholic Kenelm Digby, in his *Mores Catholici* (bk. viii. p. 249), says :

" There being two classes of truth recognised in Catholic schools, of which one is the object of science and the other that of faith, there were necessarily two principles of certainty, one for the truths of faith, and the other for those of science ; according to the sentence of St. Augustine, ' quod intelligimus debemus rationi, quod credimus

auctoritati.' What we understand we owe to reason, including all its modes of application, which is one principle of certainty; what we believe, to authority, which is the other. The claims of authority and of reason to assent were not therefore regarded as antagonistic principles, but as resting on one and the same principle, rooted in the intellectual constitution of man, and essential in its duality to the safe and vigorous action of his mind."

M. Loisy, in his *L'Évangile et l'Église*, kept the way open to interpretation in this sense, and it seems a pity that he and his book could not have been left alone by the French Catholic authorities instead of being hunted into prominence. The matter is of importance here, because of the intimate connection of these events with the life and thought of Friedrich von Hügel. Loisy's position at this time was expressed in his own words: "Catholique j'étais; Catholique je reste; critique j'étais; critique je reste." One of his school wrote: "Nous ne disons pas que le Christ n'est pas ressuscité, car nous sommes croyants; mais nous serons forcés de dire loyalement que le fait de la résurrection n'est pas historiquement prouvé, car il n'est pas." Or, again: "En acceptant les données scientifiques établies, sans rien conclure contre ce qui est d'une domaine supérieure, celui de la foi, nous pouvons avoir confiance que nous ne sortirons pas de l'ordre surnaturel." The distinction, or relation, maintained, at this time, by Loisy, and by others, between, on the one side, belief in the purely religious sense, *i.e.* real acceptance, on faith, of the dogma formed in and handed down by the Catholic Church, and, on the other side, the holding facts for true on scientific and historical grounds (a distinction analogous to, though not the same as, that very real and very strange relation between poetic truth and literal truth), is one extremely delicate and difficult to state, and still more to define, and, even if definition is possible, it is dangerous to say that which may be so easily and harmfully misapprehended by those who are not practised in thinking or, perhaps, sound in feeling. This is a justification for careful supervision by those who are responsible for the general peace and welfare of the Church; but Loisy's book, *L'Évangile et l'Église*, published in November 1902, was surely too hastily and unreflectively condemned by Cardinal Richard, the aged and nervous Archbishop of Paris, in a decree dated January 17, 1903, on the ground that it had been published without an *imprimatur*, and also because it was of a nature to disturb the faith of the faithful in the fundamental dogmas of Catholic teaching. Other French bishops followed this lead. The book was also tried at Rome, but Leo XIII, in the last months of his life, refused to sign a decree of the Congregation placing it on the Index. He died on July 20, 1903. Those who believe in fair freedom for the historian and critic may be allowed to regret that this relatively tolerant policy of the greatest of modern popes

was not continued under his successor, so long, at least, as doctrines of the faith were not formally and expressly assailed or denied.

The Abbé Loisy, however, in the autumn of 1903, after the election of Pius X, increased his offence by publishing his *Autour d'un petit livre*, in which he replied with too much sarcasm and bitterness, and emphasising his previous positions, to the attacks made by bishops and others upon *L'Évangile et l'Église*. On December 17, 1903, Pius X approved a decree placing on the Index both these books and three previous ones. Cardinal Merry del Val, in a letter communicating this decree, said that the "very grave errors with which these volumes are full, chiefly concern the primitive revelation, the authenticity of the evangelical facts and teaching, the divinity and the knowledge of Christ, the resurrection (without doubt also the resurrection of Christ), the divine institution of the Church and the sacraments."

In March 1904 the Abbé Loisy, however, made ("par esprit d'obéissance envers le Saint-Siège") a written condemnation of his errors condemned by the Authority, which was accepted as, although not satisfactorily worded, sufficient to ward off, for the time being, the excommunication even then pending. He lived quietly in the country, and was allowed until the autumn of 1906 to say Mass in his own room. In the result of further events narrated in his *Choses passées*, he was formally excommunicated in March 1908, laicised himself, and was appointed by Government to be Professor of the History of Religions in the Collège de France.

When Pius X became Pope, in July 1903, he found himself in face of a tide of "Modernism" which had for a long time been flowing in increasing volume. In France there were the writings of the Abbé Loisy, of Marcel Hébert, a distinguished priest and professor at the École Fénelon, who seceded after publishing in 1902 his daring *La Dernière Idole, étude sur la personnalité divine*,[1] Professor E. Le Roy, Maurice Blondel, the Abbé Houtin, who, after a long virtual secession, finally laicised himself in 1912, the Père Laberthonnière, the Oratorian, the Père H. Brémond, once of the Jesuits, but later a secular priest, Pierre Batiffol, in some degree, Paul Viollet, and others. Monseigneur Mignot, Bishop of Aix, and finally Archbishop of Albi, gave a certain amount of support to the Liberal School of writers. In Italy the movement was led by the priest Romolo Murri, creator of a "democratic Christian League," and by Antonio Fogazzaro, a distinguished layman, author of the famous book, *Il Santo*, the Fathers Genocchi and Semeria, the Counts Scotti, Casati and Alfieri, among others. The chief leaders in Germany were Franz-Xavier Kraus of Freiburg and Hermann Schell of Würzburg, whose works had been

[1] See *Un Prêtre symboliste, Marcel Hébert*, by Albert Houtin (Paris, 1925), a book of much interest.

placed on the Index in 1899. Professor Joseph Sauer of Freiburg and Karl Muth, editor of the Modernist review, the *Hochland*, were also distinguished personalities among the German Catholics who took this line. All these were thought leaders, but a large number of clergy and laity were in sympathy with them, more or less.

The Modernists were, naturally, of all shades of temperament. Archbishop Mignot, for instance, the Abbé d'Hulst, Maurice Blondel, were cautious and temperate. Monsignor Duchesne, whose earlier historical writings had started some of the French Modernists on careers which closed in utter shipwreck, ended himself by combining a high position at Rome with secular distinction in France as member of the Academy.

In France a man entirely outside of, but deeply interested in, the Catholic Church was immensely busy during these years, by correspondence and interview, and by communications to the Press of France, Italy, and England, in bringing together and stirring up those connected with the movement. This was M. Paul Sabatier, the Protestant Calvinist pastor, or ex-pastor, the fortunate expositor of St. Francis of Assisi—the "biggest Colporteur," or go-between, the Baron called him in one of his letters. It was entirely against M. Sabatier's policy that any Catholic should secede from the Church. He held the Protestantism sprung from Luther and Calvin to be an outworn phase of religious development, with no future at all, but he hoped and believed that a revolution from within, fostered by himself and others from without, would destroy the Roman Government and the received tradition.[1]

Friedrich von Hügel was in correspondence or personal touch with all the men above-mentioned in France, Italy, and Germany, and, up to a certain point, in sympathy with their views. He had become well known among savants through his paper read at the International Catholic Congress at Freiburg in 1897, in which he made a complete exposition of the results of criticism, so far, upon part of the Old Testament Scriptures.[2] His position in 1903 was nearly the same as that stated on the face of Loisy's *L'Évangile et l'Église*, although there was a deep-lying difference which, with its results, became apparent as the lines followed by the two thinkers diverged, and led at last to very opposite conclusions. He claimed that the means to reconcile actual knowledge of facts, honestly and freely pursued, with the sublime truths or realities of the Christian and Catholic religion, did exist, and must, somehow, be found. He wrote to a friend in June 1903 that :

[1] Interesting information as to the rôle played by M. Paul Sabatier is given by M. Albert Houtin in his books, *Une Vie de Prêtre*, pp. 287–299, *Un Prêtre symboliste*, p. 153, and in his *Histoire du Modernisme catholique*, pp. 137–141, 158, 209–210, etc.

[2] Published later in English and French under title of *The Historical Method and the Documents of the Hexateuch.*

"We have to live and to create, not a simple thing, sincere science, but a complex thing, complex, costly, but consoling, as is all life that is real and lived . . . sincere science in and with profound and historical religion, in and with a Catholicism living because always renewed and re-experimented. Now it is exactly in this combination that lies the difficulty; to dedicate one's life to it is that, I believe, which is the most gloriously devoted and painfully costing thing in the world."

Leo XIII, in his warning Encyclical of 1893 (*Providentissimus*), had reproved the new tendencies in the study of Scripture, but, as in the case of Loisy, had refrained, on the whole, from taking action against individuals. This policy of forbearance came to an end with his life. The books of Loisy were condemned in 1904, those of Paul Viollet, Laberthonnière and Antonio Fogazzaro (*Il Santo*) in 1905. In January 1907 appeared the first number of the Modernist journal, the *Rinnovamento*, at Milan, on the lines of the existing *Demain* of Lyons, founded in 1905. The *Rinnovamento* was directed by the laymen Alfieri, Casati, and Gallarati Scotti, and contributions were promised by von Hügel, George Tyrrell, and other leading men in the movement. The Baron placed much hope in the success of this review, conducted by men whom he knew personally and esteemed. But on April 29, 1907, Cardinal Steinhuber, Prefect of the Index, instructed Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, to call upon the editor to cease publication of a review "notoriously opposed to the Catholic spirit and teaching." The Fathers of the Congregation, he said, deplored the pride with which such writers posed as masters and doctors in the Church, and regretted to see among them "names already known on account of other writings animated by the same spirit, such as Fogazzaro, Tyrrell, von Hügel, Murri and others."[1]

Certainly, the last person in the world who could justly be accused of pride, arrogance, and vanity, was Friedrich von Hügel. After explanations the editors of the *Rinnovamento* were allowed to continue for a time, under observation, but before long the publication of this review, and also of the French *Demain*, had to be suspended. In May 1907 the Archbishop of Paris interdicted M. Le Roy's book, *Dogme et Critique*, and prohibited the clergy from collaborating with the *Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature religieuses*. On July 17 appeared the papal decree known as *Lamentabili sane exitu*, condemning sixty-five propositions, drawn for the most part from the works of Loisy, as the

[1] M. Loisy wrote on May 12 a letter to Cardinal Steinhuber to protest, and on the same day began a polemical correspondence in the *Univers* stating his conclusions as to the Gospel narratives in the most radical form. In his copy of *Choses passées*, on p. 340, where M. Loisy relates this, the Baron has pencilled a marginal note in French: "Ni Mgr Mignot ni moi n'avons jamais compris cette correspondance de Loisy avec l'Univers. Elle m'a beaucoup affligé! C'était une action d'âme amère et dure, chose à pardonner, à oublier, mais qui ne peut pas se justifier."

main statement of the Modernist views, but striking at the writings of the whole group, and it was understood that another Roman thunderbolt was soon to be launched. At the end of August there was a meeting for a few days at Molteno, in the Italian Tyrol. Those present were the Baron von Hügel, the Senator Fogazzaro, Mgr. Fracassini, the Abbés Buonaiuti, Brizio, Casciola, Mari, Murri, Piastrelli, the Counts Gallarati Scotti and Alessandro Casati, friends made by the Baron in his Roman winters. M. Paul Sabatier, in his book, *Les Modernistes*, says of this reunion :

" During three days they exchanged ideas as to action and hopes. . . . Friedrich von Hügel was there also, but with his usual humility he listened, effaced himself. However, on the day of departure he assembled all the friends into his room, and addressed to them words at once so simple and so burning that those who had the happiness to hear them have kept them as the souvenir of one of those moments when life appears to us at the same time transfigured and yet real, when we become conscious of the mysterious forces which are within us and yet dominate and go beyond us. The priest who, lowering his voice through emotion, described to me this scene some months later, added that those present thought of St. Paul taking leave of the elders of the Church of Ephesus."

The Baron himself, in a diary which he kept at the time, enters this note :

" Thursday 29th August. Breakfast at 6.30. Made a little parting speech, reading them Loisy's last letter, and dwelling on the necessity of sincere, thorough critical work, of deep, self-renouncing Christian life, of careful charity and magnanimity towards our opponents."

In the same diary he describes one of the company, Piastrelli, " a young, round blue-eyed, strong-chinned, thin-lipped, crop-haired, very clean, neat, alert, composed man of 24, in lay dress." This is characteristic : he always attached importance to the outward appearance, and began thence inwards his observations of character.

A few days later, on September 16, 1907, appeared the Encyclical of Pius X known as *Pascendi Dominici Gregis*. The first sentence affirmed the traditional " Deposit of Faith," which it was the duty of the Pope to defend against " profane novelties of speech and the contradictions of false science." The Modernists were diagnosed into philosophers, theologians, historians, critics, apologists, reformers ; and their various errors were attributed to pride, curiosity, ignorance of scholastic philosophy. Remedies were then set forth, close study of that philosophy, exclusion of all teachers tainted with Modernism from chairs in seminaries and Catholic universities, prohibition of books and reviews with like tendencies in such seminaries and universities, deprivation of bookshops which sold such of episcopal patronage, exercise by

bishops of severity in granting *imprimaturs*, prohibition to the clergy of taking part in the direction of journals and reviews without episcopal permission, appointment of censors over each such periodical. It was also enacted that the bishops should not permit, or very rarely, congresses of the clergy. To ensure the execution of these measures each bishop was to institute in his diocese a "Council of Vigilance," which should meet under his presidency every two months and whose deliberations should be secret. These Councils were especially not to permit that those whom they controlled should speak of "*new* order of Christian life, of *new* doctrines of the Church, of *new* needs of the Christian soul, of the *new* social vocation of the Clergy, of *new* Christian humanity, and other *new* things of this kind."

The Pope also proclaimed his intention, in order "to refute the calumny that the Church was the enemy of science and progress," to create a special Institution, "which should assemble the most illustrious representatives of science among Catholics, and should have for its purpose to further, with Catholic truth for light and guide, all that could be called science and erudition."

This Encyclical brought to its crisis the long-drawn-out affair of George Tyrrell, the Baron's most intimate friend.

Father Tyrrell's mind, already well prepared for this development, had been deeply affected by the writings of Loisy, especially by *L'Évangile et l'Église* and the *Autour d'un livre*, published in 1903 and 1904. He became increasingly and at last most bitterly hostile to the principles of the Jesuit Society, to which he had belonged since early youth, and to the Curialist administration at Rome. He had more than once expressed formally his desire to resign from the Jesuits and become a secular priest. At the end of the year 1903 he wrote his anonymous "Letter to a [fictitious] Catholic Professor of Anthropology"; it was printed and a number of copies were privately circulated. The Baron assisted by placing some among his friends abroad, and thus took the responsibility of general agreement with the contents. In this letter Tyrrell suggested a distinction between the collective subconsciousness of the *Populus Dei* and the consciously formulated mind and will of the governing section of the Church, and more than hinted at the necessity of revolution. "How often," he said, "is revolution the only possible remedy of bad government based on total miscalculation of the disruptive forces . . . the ideas, sentiments and tendencies buried in the collective subconsciousness."

At this time Tyrrell had arrived at more than a half-born conviction that the course of Liberal Catholicism will run parallel to that of early Christianity with reference to Judaism, and work as a graft out of, and not a growth from, the existing Church. It contained, he said, "heterogeneous indigestible principles that can never possibly work into one

system with Ultramontanism, any more than the Gospel of Jesus could blend with and transfigure the legalism of the Pharisees." [1]

In January 1906 one of the recipients of the privately printed "Letter to a Professor," Fogazzaro apparently, made quotations from it in the Milanese *Corriere della Sera*, ascribing them to an English Jesuit. The Archbishop of Milan referred the matter to the General of the Jesuits, and Father Tyrrell, when challenged, admitted the authorship. He was then formally dismissed from the Society, and suspended from the administration of the Sacraments, that is, not excommunicated, but not allowed to say Mass, even in private. This is, of course, a mere summary of the affair. The full account can be read in Miss Petre's *Life*, where the letters and documents are fully set out. The deprivation of his *Celebret* was extremely painful to Tyrrell, almost strangely so, since his old faith was now in ruins. But, as he said in a letter to a friend, "You and I are incurable Mystics, with Voltairean minds." Miss Petre, his most loyal and faithful friend and adherent, says of him at this time :

"It is not surprising if he was, for these reasons, exposed to new influences from the side of a party more aggressive than that with which he had hitherto been associated, and inclined to a line of action more directly militant than that which he had hitherto followed. In his nature was a curious blend of pugnacity and peacefulness, of reasonableness and perversity. His quickness and power of resource made him a good fighter ; his sensitiveness and disposition to anger made him a bad one." [2]

Tyrrell all his life, too, had bad health, and in these last years suffered from torturing headaches. His English Jesuit colleagues had been, and continued to be, kind to him, and even the General of the Society, a German at Rome, had been rather remarkably forbearing so long as he could. His best friends thought in 1906 that he would have done wisely to retire, for the time at least, from the fray, and lead a quiet life, but it was not in him to do this. Renan and Loisy, when they found that their opinions made it impossible for them to continue work in and for the Church, became laymen quietly enough, and proceeded on their lines of study, treating the Church with calm denial, and formal, if ironic, *politesse*. But they were Catholics born and bred ; a convert is apt to be either "more royalist than the king," or, if he suffers a disillusion, to be more bitter than the king's natural enemies.

The Baron was not, I think, in full touch, notwithstanding their continuous correspondence and many meetings, with Tyrrell's mind and its rapid developments. Of all men he least adapted himself to the

[1] In letter of November 20, 1904, to Mr. W. J. Williams, quoted by Miss Petre in her *Life of Tyrrell*, vol. ii. p. 219. This letter should be read as a whole.

[2] *Life of George Tyrrell*, vol. ii. p. 282.

varying characters of his friends. He was always one with his true self, and exact statement of the subject on which he wrote was the one motive that guided his pen. But Tyrrell, like so many of us, was a good deal influenced by the character and opinions of his correspondent for the time being. He wrote and, no doubt, said things to others which he would not have written or said to the Baron. Often, in his letters to the Baron, he spoke of the ecclesiastical government as bad, stupid, mad, certain to guide the ship, if they would not take Modernist advice, within a few years to utter shipwreck, but he would not to the Baron, as he did to others, have used certain expressions of extreme violence.[1]

M. Albert Houtin, in his *Histoire du Modernisme catholique* (p. 55), quotes a letter to himself from Tyrrell, in which he says that "to scourge the imposture of ecclesiastical celibacy is to give the Pope and the Devil a trump card against oneself."[2] This, says M. Houtin, recalls what Bossuet said of Luther: "He has always in his mouth the Pope and the Devil, as enemies whom he could beat down."

Another French critic, Père Maurice de la Taille, S.J., said of Tyrrell: "Il y a du Luther dans cet homme, la remarque est d'un Protestant." But Tyrrell had not the massive and coarse solidity, physical and mental, of the mighty Saxon revolutionist, who drew whole kingdoms in his wake. The lighter Irish temperament is a flame that blazes rapidly and is gone. He felt like Luther, however, and often applies to himself in his letters the famous "Ich kann nicht anders."[3]

Could a man who had arrived at Tyrrell's point of view honestly remain an officer of the Church, since the Church could not possibly change its whole foundation to meet his views? Tyrrell hardly thought so himself. The question is especially difficult for a priest. There was indeed the resort of "symbolism"—that is, of continuing to accept in appearance, and vocal use, the old creeds and doctrinal statements, while attaching to them a meaning never dreamt of by the authors or by any Christian till quite recent times. Tyrrell asked himself and

[1] See, for instance, in Miss Petre's *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 265, 355, 407, and *G. T.'s Letters*, p. 105. The Baron, in a letter of 1909, says that he "cannot but wish" that Fr. Tyrrell had not "left his friends to form, sometimes, simply false notions of where he stood with others."

[2] "Flageller l'imposture du célibat ecclésiastique, c'est donner au Pape et au diable un atout contre soi."

[3] M. Loisy, in an article in the *Revue critique d'histoire, etc.*, July 15, 1911, said of Tyrrell's book, *Christianity at the Cross-Roads*: "Entre son modernisme et celui de *l'Évangile et l'Église* il y a la distance qui sépare un mysticisme très ardent du simple examen d'une croyance, d'une institution, d'une situation données. De *l'Évangile et l'Église* on a pu dire que c'était un livre assez catholique mais peu chrétien (au sens protestant du mot). Le livre de Tyrrell est très chrétien, mais, en vérité, il est peu catholique. L'un ne contenait qu'un programme très discret de réformes peut-être nécessaires; l'autre est une prophétie de révolution. Tous les deux peuvent dormir ensemble au cimetière des hérésies."

others whether this symbolism was honest? Was not John Morley, he asked a correspondent friend, more right with his famous "No Compromise"? Tyrrell no more, now, accepted the decrees of Nicea and Chalcedon as in any sense true or final statements than he did those of Trent or the Vatican. Virtually he had reached, on the negative road, the same point as Alfred Loisy or Marcel Hébert. But his tragedy was that, more by far than these Frenchmen, he clung with his affections to the Sacraments of the Church, while his intellect condemned the foundation upon which they rested, the doctrinal authority, from the beginning till now, proceeding through the utterances of popes and general councils. And yet his heart clung also, until the end, to the idea of the Catholic Church. He thought that, in some vague way, it might continue without its old traditional doctrinal foundation, and unbound from its connection with the See of Rome.

Professor Sauer, the Rector of Freiburg University, wrote to the Baron in December 1908, after reading Tyrrell's *Mediaevalism*, that he was struck, not less than by the "cutting and deadly sharpness of his polemics," by "the convinced, warm-hearted religiosity of his thought. Through this, that which Tyrrell writes distinguishes itself essentially, however annihilating it may be for opponents, from that which people like F—— and H—— write. For theirs is only the spirit which denies continually, which has nothing more which it can build up on the ruin which itself has made. These are not only sceptics, but the religious thought is extinct in them."

During the two and a half years between his leaving the Jesuits and his death, Tyrrell was occupied in book and article writing, correspondence, and visits to the Continent, where he met some of his allies. He rapidly became the leading figure in the whole militant Modernist movement, the centre of active resistance to Rome. He had schemes of a war of tracts, after the model of the Oxford Movement, and of establishing a fund to support priests deprived of their living on account of their ideas. When the Encyclical *Pascendi* was published, in September 1907, Tyrrell took his decisive step. On September 26, in the *Giornale d'Italia*, he published a violent attack upon it, and followed this up by two signed letters to *The Times* in the same strain, and, a few days later, by an article in the *Grande Revue*, thus declaring war in three countries.

The Roman Government of the Church regards bishops and priests as its officers, who, whatever they may think privately, are bound not publicly to attack its declared policy. It is exactly the same view as that held in England with regard to officers in the civil and military services. If an official in the Foreign Office assailed in *The Times* the actions of the Foreign Secretary, he would find himself in trouble. It is true that Tyrrell, suspended from his functions, might in 1907 have been

regarded as withdrawn from the active service ; still he was not only a spiritual subject, but a priest. He well knew, when he wrote his letters, that he would incur the penalty of excommunication—that is, of being debarred from receiving as well as from administering sacraments. He was informed of the excommunication, ordered from Rome, by Dr. Amigo, Bishop of Southwark, on October 22, 1907.

Tyrrell now half desired to re-enter, and as a priest, the Church of England, in which he had been born and bred. No doubt he would have been gladly received into that service, as another Catholic Modernist, the Rev. Alfred Fawkes, once an Oratorian, had already been. But Tyrrell felt that, although his position would have been easier in that less disciplined organisation, he would not have been at home there either. The Baron was much opposed to the idea of this transmigration. Tyrrell wrote to him, of course with humorous exaggeration : " I believe you would sooner see me an Atheist than an Anglican." The Baron had always a most friendly feeling for Anglicans, and was even inclined to dissuade any of them from entering the Catholic and Roman Church, so afraid he was of subsequent disillusion, and of a last state worse than the first, but he felt bitterly the lapse of any Catholic, even into a communion so respect-worthy as the Anglican.

Father Tyrrell's tragic life ended at Storrington on July 15, 1909. Friedrich von Hügel, faithful till death to his dearest friend, came down on the 9th and spent the last week there. Father Tyrrell's old and intimate friend, the Abbé Brémond, also arrived in time to give some or the last religious ministrations, and the Prior of Storrington gave extreme unction. That which happened as to the funeral can be read in Miss Petre's Memoir, with the fine address of the Abbé to the little band of mourners. The Baron was among them, with his daughter, Countess Salimei, the Baroness Gertrud of the early correspondence.

The death of George Tyrrell closed a period in the life of Friedrich von Hügel. A movement in the Catholic Church, just because it is a Church of many nations, holds together with difficulty, and the Modernist movement, as such, now broke up. It had never touched the mind or heart of the great mass of Catholics. Pius X, in 1910, imposed the anti-Modernist declaration upon all Catholic teachers and clergy, a step certainly repugnant to modern English ideas (since at any rate the repeal in 1829 of our Test Acts) of what is right and wise. Signature was required to a statement condemning the Modernist views therein condensed and summed up. The statement was worded with complete mastery of the subject and perfect lucidity, and, after this, there could be no doubt as to the frontier line fixed between the position held by the Church Authority and that of those who disowned the Authority. The oath did not condemn pure historical and scientific research, so long as the researchers did not draw inferences hostile to the

faith. Pius X, in fact, the "peasant-born Pope," called the clergy to order, enforced discipline, and stated once again the fundamental principles by which the Catholic Church stands or falls. In forming an opinion as to this action, we should not forget or ignore that Rome was in face of a long-continued, bitter, and widespread attack upon not only the Catholic and Roman, but upon even the most purely and barely deistic positions. In France, above all, from the beginning of the Third Republic the war against the Christian religion, as expressed in the Catholic Church, had been ever increasingly supported in word and deed by the Government and Legislature, the bureaucracy, and those who have anything to gain from these, the teaching profession, and the most influential part of the Press. There are a thousand documentary proofs of this, and M. Viviani, then Minister of Education, only voiced the dominant will more frankly than, not all, but many, when he said in the Legislative Chamber, on November 8, 1906 :

"By our fathers, our elder brothers, ourselves, we have attached ourselves in the past to a work of anti-clericalism, to a work of irreligion. We have torn away human consciences from the belief (*la croyance*). When a poor wretch, fatigued with the weight of the day, bent his knee, we raised him up. We told him that behind the clouds there was nothing but chimeras. Together, and with a magnificent gesture, we have extinguished the lights in heaven, lights which none will ever be able to rekindle."

This peroration was hailed by "vifs applaudissements à gauche," and the Chamber decreed, by 240 votes against 128, that the speech should be *affiché* in the 36,000 communes of France.[1] And Italy, then, was in somewhat similar hands, and so were some other countries. It was a specially critical time.

Pius X, in 1906–10, resembled an Imperator restoring discipline among the officers of his army in face of an arduous external war. The Catholic and Roman Authority does not, moreover, conceive itself, primarily or as such, as a learned society for promoting research, but, above all, as a Government charged with the tradition of doctrine and moral order, with maintenance of the rule of peace, and with the care and protection of souls, curbing the strong lest they should injure the weak. Order, peace, and unity are not to be had without cost. And, as J. de Maistre says truly, if rightly understood, "Les plus ignorants des hommes sont ceux qui prennent pour un mal l'inconvénient du Bien." Almost the whole of the Catholic clergy, it is said, except in

[1] An expensive proceeding, since to *afficher* a speech then cost about 30,000 francs. Five months before the Great War the same M. Viviani, again Minister, spoke to substantially the same effect before the Senate, though less picturesquely, and was again *affiché*. An admirably well documented account of this long war against the Church and the Religion has been given by M. Eugène Tavernier in his recent book, *Cinquante ans de Politique*, which ought to be read in England.

Germany, though the exact facts are not known, accepted the anti-Modernist oath, with whatever mental reservations in the minds of these or those. Some abandoned the attempt to reconcile their views with the fundamental doctrine of the Church and seceded. The Italian leader, Antonio Fogazzaro, who died in 1911, wrote in the preceding year that "Alfred Loisy is to-day neither Catholic nor Christian. I shall never be wanting in respect to a man who thinks that he is in the truth, but, Christian and Catholic as I am, such as I profess and have always professed to be, I can absolutely no longer meet him on a common ground of discussion."

That is typical of the cleavage and separation of paths which were now taking place between impatient revolutionists and patient reformers. Friedrich von Hügel believed in patience and charity, and knew that the sifting of the real from the unreal, the essential from the secondary, the transient from the eternal, as in the parable of the wheat and weeds, could not, and should not, be effected by sudden and violent action. Of all men in the world he most firmly believed that Truth, or Reality, in religion is an actual but infinitely complex thing, costly even in the most gradual apprehension by our limited faculties. Like Fogazzaro, he was now essentially consciously divided in thought, though not in regretful affection, from his old friend and still frequent correspondent, Alfred Loisy. Letters written in 1910 show how wide the dividing gulf had become. The final ideas of M. Loisy are lucidly stated in his book, *La Religion*, published in 1917. There may, conceivably, according to him, be some Power of or in the universe, source of beauty and moral order, but, if so, it is absolutely beyond our reach and touch. The real object of religion turns out to be *l'Humanité*, the till now Unknown God, whom men, according to M. Loisy, have always and everywhere ignorantly worshipped under many personifications or self-projections, as Jehovah, Zeus, Christ, and so forth, adapted to their stage of social and intellectual evolution. Morality is duty towards this idealised Humanity. Faith is faith in it. It is in the future, for M. Loisy believes in worship, to be worshipped, as under some disguises it is already, with patriotic, or superpatriotic, forms and ceremonies on festival days such as for France, he suggests (disapproving of July 14), should be the relief of Orleans by Joan of Arc, or the defeat of the Germans on the Marne. England and Germany could have like religious celebrations—Trafalgar Day, say, and the anniversary of Leipzig—and so, perhaps, in the future would the League of Nations. M. Loisy strongly holds, and with much force urges, that, to save mankind, there must be religion and co-related morality, and that both must ultimately be based, not upon the philosophic reasoning, which influences so few, but upon innate instinct, social tradition, and a certain mystic or not-rational sentiment. But his religion of the future seems

to be a new and rather tribal polytheism, with France, England, etc., as practical deities to adore, and a fainter worship for the supreme deity, Humanity, still dim in the background.

If this is a religion at all, it is one very different from that of those who, with Friedrich von Hügel and the Catholic Church in all ages, believe in the Reality of God, as actual Being, other than, yet somehow like to, ourselves, not merely our conception, and other than, though in some sense creating, upholding and inbreathing the whole universe of things, more or less dimly apprehended—never comprehended—by men in all ages, and worshipped and adored under more or less imperfect representations. Catholics should, von Hügel thought, adhere to the Catholic and Roman Church, regarded as a whole in time and space, as a guide in faith and morals, and not abandon what he called the nucleus of factual and historical happenings, but, at the same time, should claim and obtain full freedom in all regions of history and science, and fearlessly face and adopt the fully demonstrated results of such research. To him religion seemed a rope interwoven of three main strands—the institutional-historical, the mystical-intuitive, and the intellectual-rational —of which none is more or less essential to the whole than another. Each of these, pursued without regard, or with too little regard, to the others, leads by itself to great dangers. The Catholic Church has, on the whole, always maintained the equilibrium, and this is its great merit, but from time to time, or indeed perhaps always, there has been some disturbance of the equilibrium—at present, he thought, in the institutional direction —which has to be so far passively, at least, resisted that, with patience, the equilibrium may be restored. The forward advance of the religion should be made on the whole front, and not upon any one section.

This is a more difficult position to hold than that of the Absolutists in right and wrong, just as, in the political sphere, the position of Edmund Burke required more genius and thought for its holding and maintaining than that of the English sympathisers with the French Revolution. Father Tyrrell once wrote to the Baron that he suspected him of loving complexity for its own sake, and asked whether all the great advances in religion had not been in the nature of great simplifications? Friedrich von Hügel did not love complexity for its own sake, but he saw it as a reality, and he believed that great simplifications meant great losses of spiritual values.

Thus the roads of Loisy and von Hügel, and their respective followers, ran parallel so long as it was a question of asserting freedom in scientific and historical research, and then diverged. Their *attraits* had been different from the beginning.[1]

[1] M. Loisy now really follows Auguste Comte, who wished to borrow as much as possible from the Catholic form and cult, merely substituting Humanity for God. "La Foi [Comte wrote] qui, substituant les lois aux causes et les devoirs aux droits,

IV

The Baron, in these troublous times, often feared that he himself would, like Tyrrell, be deprived of the sacraments, and as late as 1913, when some non-Catholic friends were arranging for an invitation to M. Loisy to visit Oxford, asked, although he did not disapprove, that his name should be kept out of the matter, lest he should suffer this loss, since, as he wrote, the cup of official grievance against him was already filled almost to overflowing. Probably there was not much danger of this, although he was certainly regarded at Rome with suspicion and treated with coldness down to the end of his life. His books were not condemned. Dom Butler, O.S.B., formerly Abbot of Downside, said, in a record in the *Tablet* after the Baron's death : " The Authorities no doubt knew the religious influence he was wielding in circles outside the Catholic Church, and did not think it advisable that that influence should be weakened, or that work impeded, especially as the writings were of a kind little likely to be read by many beyond those for whom they were intended ; and also the Authorities well knew the man himself."

What were these " circles " ? Father Butler well defines them : " Trained intellectual men, high-minded, often either outside the pale of Christianity or on its borderland, with felt religious needs, yet not seeing how to accept the basic position of Theism." " With these," he adds, " von Hügel was a quite extraordinary religious influence, bringing home persuasively to minds enmeshed in the theories of Pantheism, Monism, Idealism, Materialism, all the various philosophical misbeliefs that hold captive such great tracts of the modern thinking mind, the great theistic truth of the transcendent, spiritual, personal God, and man's relation to Him. The range of his influence over religious philosophical thought in Great Britain, in America, and also in Germany, may be gauged by the sale of his books, phenomenal in the case of such very tough reading, calling for equally tough thinking."

remplace Dieu par l'Humanité " (*Appel aux Conservateurs*). The French *Catéchisme positiviste* teaches children that " en un mot, l'Humanité se substitue définitivement à Dieu, sans oublier jamais ses services provisoires "—the provisional services of an assumedly non-existent Being ! Virtually this is the kind of teaching that French governments have adopted for all grades of schools, the trouble being that *Dieu* appears so incessantly in older books taught as literary classics. M. Loisy's later writing is quite in this line. The chief difference between him and Comte is that Comte posed as the originator and founder of a new universal religion, whereas Loisy, more wise and modest, represents the religion of Humanity as being evolved by the usual nature processes as the latest, and therefore best, form taken by the eternal instinct or spirit of religion. Pius X said in 1907, with *L'Évangile et l'Église* chiefly in mind, that the Modernists were not trying to lop branches, but were " laying the axe to the root of the Tree "—true of *some* comprehended under that wide designation, certainly.

Friedrich von Hügel, in 1908, at the age of fifty-six, completed and, about Easter, published his first and largest book, *The Mystical Element of Religion*, to the composition of which he had devoted immense labour for years. In the autobiographically interesting preface he says that the work "embodies well-nigh all that the writer has been able to learn and to test, in the matter of religion, during now some thirty years of adult life." It was a book not made of set design, but gradually growing, like an outbranching tree in every direction, out of a study of St. Catherine of Genoa on which he had embarked in 1898. I do not attempt in this memoir to make observations upon the Baron's books except where they specially illustrate his life—they are there for those who are wise enough to study them, and also are able to give the time to writings that cannot be read cursorily. But, at this point, I must give an extract from the preface to the *Mystical Element*, precisely because it is autobiographical.

"Born as I was in Italy, certain early impressions have never left me; a vivid consciousness has been with me, almost from the first, of the massively virile personalities, the spacious, trustful times of the early, as yet truly Christian, Renaissance there, from Dante on to the Florentine Platonists. And when, on growing up, I acquired strong and definite religious convictions, it was that ampler pre-Protestant, as yet neither Protestant nor anti-Protestant, but deeply positive and Catholic, world, with its already characteristically modern outlook and its hopeful and spontaneous application of religion to the pressing problems of life and thought, which helped to strengthen and sustain me, when depressed and hemmed in by the types of devotion prevalent since then in Western Christendom. For those early modern times presented me with men of the same general instincts and outlook as my own, but environed by the priceless boon and starting-point of a still undivided Western Christendom; Protestantism, as such, continued to be felt as ever more or less unjust and sectarian; and the specifically post-Tridentine type of Catholicism, with its regimental Seminarism, its predominantly controversial spirit, its suspiciousness and timidity, persisted, however inevitable some of it may be, in its failure to win my love. Hence I had to continue the seeking and the finding elsewhere, yet ever well within the great Roman Church, things more intrinsically lovable. The wish some day to portray one of those large-souled pre-Protestant, post-Mediaeval Catholics was thus early and has long been at work within me."

Then, he says, came Newman's influence, with the *Dream of Gerontius*, a deep attraction to St. Catherine's doctrine of the soul's self-chosen, intrinsic purification; "much lingering about the scenes of Caterinetta's life and labours, during more than twenty stays in her terraced city that looks away so proudly to the sea." But then, when

he had entered deeply into the religion and soul of Catherine, he wanted, he says, "to try and get down to the driving forces of this kind of religion, and to discover in what way such a keen sense of, and absorption in, the Infinite can still find room for the Historical and Institutional elements of Religion, and, at the same time, for that noble concentration upon not directly religious contingent facts and happenings, and upon laws of causation or of growth, which constitutes the scientific temper of mind and its specific, irreplaceable duties and virtues. Thus, having begun to write a biography of St. Catherine, with some philosophical elucidations, I have finished by writing an essay on the philosophy of Mysticism, illustrated by the life of Caterinetta Fiesca Adorna and her friends."

Thus, by natural growth, a book which was originally intended to be a short study (in 1898 to consist of 120 pages) ended by becoming one of nearly nine hundred pages, and only limited to that by excessively close packing of the thought. If any man ever suffered from *embarras de richesse* it was Friedrich von Hügel. At the beginning of their friendship the Baron told Father Tyrrell that he had not, till then, been able to find in England, as he had found abroad, any Catholic with whom he could intimately share his thoughts; and after Tyrrell's death this was also, it would seem, the case. Perhaps Abbot Butler, of Downside, and Professor Edmund Gardner came nearest to this. It was a want, because between a Roman Catholic and others there must inevitably be certain reserves and sometimes misunderstandings which preclude, not, indeed, the most friendly intercourse, but the most intimate intellectual communion. But, after the publication of the *Mystical Element*, the Baron became better known to outside circles in the English-speaking countries. His large correspondence was not now so much with Modernist friends in France and Italy, some of whom had taken roads which disappointed him, as with Anglicans and Non-conformists of various shades, and with learned German Lutheran Protestant-born men, as Professor Rudolf Eucken of Jena, and Ernst Troeltsch of Heidelberg—old friends of his, "whose care for religion never flags," he wrote—Professor Heiler of Munich, now of Marburg, Heinrich Holtzmann, the New Testament critic, and others. His German-Scottish mind was far more in real touch with these than with Frenchmen and Italians, or even Englishmen.

In England the Baron was amicably, and a little complacently, regarded as a "broad-minded Roman Catholic," who could understand and sympathise with those "of other denominations," and that he had been in some trouble with Rome was not thought other than a kind of recommendation. He now frequently received invitations to contribute to reviews on religious matters, and to give addresses to societies, with which he complied as far as he could. He was an early member

of the Synthetic Society, started in 1896 (much owing to the exertions of its secretary, Mr. Wilfrid Ward) as a kind of successor to the old Metaphysical Society, but with a more special view to possible religious approximations. Here he met distinguished men, as Mr. Arthur Balfour, now Earl of Balfour, and his brother Gerald, most lucid of thinkers, Bishop Talbot, afterwards of Winchester, always a warm friend of the Baron, and Canon Gore, later Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Haldane, afterwards Lord Chancellor, Mr. James Bryce, Lord Rayleigh, Dr. Martineau, Sir Alfred Lyall, Edward Dicey, Richard Jebb, R. H. Hutton, an old friend, editor of the *Spectator*, Dr. James Ward of Cambridge, Henry Sidgwick, also of Cambridge, so like a Greek sage, Frederick Myers, Dr. T. B. Strong, Dr. Rashdall, the Anglican Modernist, Dr. Bigg, Dr. Henry Scott Holland, philosophers like Professors Seth and McTaggart, admirable amateurs like George Wyndham, Alfred Lyttelton and Hugh Cecil, and others. Father Tyrrell was also a member, and I myself also had that honour. This Society lasted until 1908, and then, without, I think, any formal dissolution, came to an end.

The Baron also belonged to the end of his life to another Society, still flourishing, in which, I think, he felt more really at home, the London Society for the Study of Religion, founded in 1903. The L.S.S.R., as it is usually called, is composed, in certain proportions, of men belonging to definite religious bodies, and taking serious and special interest in religious and moral questions. To this Society also I myself belonged, and I can vouch for its great value as a stimulant to thought, and as creating and maintaining the most friendly relations. The practice is that some one should read a paper, and that then those present should in turn make their observations upon it. The Baron's deafness prevented him from hearing either the paper or the discussion following—there could be no greater trial than this to a man who loved so much to exchange thoughts—so the custom was that the writer of the paper should send it beforehand to him to study. He then spoke first and said what he thought. In thus speaking, as also in those letters to authors in which he criticised their books, he invariably began by praising as warmly as he could all with which he agreed, and then stating any points on which he was not in agreement. He held, he once told me, that this was the right method in all criticism, and that, if praise and assent came first, the recipient was more ready to accept subsequent disagreement, whereas, if adverse criticism preceded, subsequent praise only seemed like an attempt to soothe wounded feelings.

In these discussions the Baron, as we invariably called him, "the Baron," *par excellence*, was seen at his finest and noblest. He spoke with a singular fire and sincerity which made one feel oneself, at least made me feel myself, relatively cold, empty and insincere. Mr. Edwyn

Bevan described vividly and most truly the Baron at these meetings, in an article, after his death, in *The Times*.

"Those who heard the Baron speak at one of these meetings will never forget it—the grey hair standing up from his forehead, the large dark eyes in a face as of fine ivory, the divine fire which seemed to fill him, the passionate sense of the reality of God, which broke forth in volcanic utterance, strange bits of slang and colloquialisms mingling with magnificent phrases, and left him, when he ended, exhausted and trembling."

The Baron used many exclamations when he spoke. When he repeated with approval something said by the writer of the paper, he would say, in his deep and broad accent, "That's fine!" or "How good and true that was!" or "I was so pleased to hear him say," etc. Or, when he pursued to its conclusion some train of reasoning to which he was adverse, he would end with "No, no; that won't work"; or "it will not do." In private conversation the Baron excelled in narrating a course of events, and in describing characters. To win his praise it was all-essential that he should believe a man's life to be "clean," a favourite word with him, and his conduct to be in all respects "straight." It was a real pain to him that anyone whom he knew should fall away from higher ideals once held.

Another member of the same Society, Claude Montefiore, wrote of the Baron after his death (in the *Jewish Guardian*):

"The feeling deepened with each conversation one had with Baron von Hügel that one was in the presence of a very big man, and a man, moreover, who was a peculiar, beautiful and rare combination of scholar and saint. He was immensely learned in philosophy and theology, and all he knew he had assimilated. But that was the least of it. He was much more than learned. *The Times* Memoir speaks of the religious fervour which was so harmoniously united 'with the philosopher.' And it was so pure and purified a fervour. This man, one felt, had a noble character as well as fervour, a grand soul as well as a grand mind. He knew a lot about religion and God from endless books and much thinking, but he also knew a lot about them from experience and from life. When he talked about God, one felt, somehow, that he had a triple right to do so, because he had studied and thought so much, because he had felt and experienced so much, and, above all, because he was good and pure and devout. I do not think he would have given this impression if he had not been also perfectly simple, very open-minded and very humble. Saintliness and conceit do not, I fancy, ever go together, and the Baron was amazingly modest. He was so charming to lesser men and ordinary people; so appreciative, so ready to learn from anybody. His friendship made one proud, but it also humbled. One talked to him as an equal, and yet all the time one

felt one was talking to somebody so big, so far beyond one in learning and in nearness to, and knowledge of, God."

After referring to the Baron's writings, Mr. Montefiore adds :

" But the books, great as they may be, are but a fraction of the man. The great scholar-saint was much more than any book, and a much greater evidence than any written words of the God in Whom he so passionately believed. In spite of all the appalling perplexities of evil, I find it harder still to think of von Hügel as a toss up. Somehow for such souls as his, one seems to need God to account for them."

Friedrich von Hügel's second book, *Eternal Life*, was published in 1912, in his sixtieth year. This book, like his first, rose rather out of accident than of set purpose. He says in the preface : " The Rev. Dr. James Hastings invited me to contribute to his *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics* ; and his instructions concerning ' Eternal Life,' the first of the articles thus undertaken by me, were to make the paper as long as the subject-matter might seem to deserve or require. He was, in this, doubtless thinking primarily of his Encyclopaedia as a whole ; whereas I myself became so engrossed in my subject that I allowed my composition to grow as long as its great subject-matter pressed it to become. The result, anyhow, was that the article, when sent in, was found to be far too long for the scope of the Encyclopaedia ; and Dr. Hastings kindly arranged with Messrs. T. and T. Clark, the publishers of the *Encyclopaedia*, to issue my article as a separate book—the present volume."

" This little private history," the Baron adds, " is recounted here in order to explain how any writer possessed of even average modesty could venture on so bewilderingly vast a subject. I sincerely doubt whether I would ever have dared directly to undertake a volume upon this subject-matter. Yet this task, thus originally undertaken as but one of several articles, did not, somehow, appear as preposterously ambitious ; the work, once it was started, seemed to grow under my hands ; and nothing as yet attempted by me has flowed so readily from my pen. The subject had doubtless been occupying my mind and life for many a year ; and thus there is some reason to hope that these pages may, in their turn, live for a while, and that they may, here and there, help some religious students and strugglers."

This fine book, of nearly 400 pages, more symmetrical, and more lucidly written than the *Mystical Element*, is, mainly, a condensed review of great thinkers on the subject—the Hebrew prophets, St. John and St. Paul, Plotinus and Dionysius, Augustine and Aquinas, Eckhart and Spinoza, Kant and Hegel, and then Schleiermacher, Troeltsch, and other modern philosophers. The concluding chapter, entitled " Institutional Religion," is not, perhaps, very intimately connected with the main theme, but is of great interest. Probably the Baron

wished to take this opportunity to state fully the thoughts which had so long occupied him as to the character and position, the virtues and defects, of the Catholic and Roman Church, to which he so faithfully belonged. Readers will forgive me if I try to restate his position. But, first, I wish to quote a passage from the preface to *Eternal Life*, biographically important because it marks the line of division between him and some of his old Modernist allies who had fallen into pure subjectivism, or, as it might more clearly be called, the theory of self-projectivism. He here says, after speaking of " the central position occupied, in the fullest experiences and articulations of Religion, by the Reality, the Difference, and yet the Likeness of God " :

" A critical Realism, a Realism not of Categories or Ideas, but of Organisms and Spirits, of *the* Spirit, a purified but firm Anthropomorphism, are here maintained throughout as essential to the full vigour and clear articulation of Religion. It is plain that this difficult subject is indeed inexhaustible, and that much discussion and discrimination will be required in this matter from ourselves and from our successors; yet it is, surely, quite as plain that Subjectivism has had its day for a good long while to come. Certainly, nothing can well be more arid, more drearily reiterative and useless, in face of the entrancing richness and the tragic reality of life, than is most of the still copious literature, not seldom proceeding from thinkers of distinction and technical competence, which attempts to find or to make a world worthy of man's deepest, ever costly and difficult, requirements and ideals, within avowedly mere projections of himself. We have thus everywhere man's wants and man's illusions—illusions which, at their best, are of a tribal or even racial range and utility, but which, one and all, convey no trustworthy intimation of any trans-subjective, more than merely human validity and reality whatsoever."

Friedrich von Hügel's first book, the *Mystical Element*, was written during the storm and stress of the Modernist controversy. In the preface he speaks of himself as " one who would be a proudly devoted and grateful son of the Roman Church," and he adds that " only if there are fragments, earlier stages and glimpses of truth and goodness extant wheresoever some little sincerity exists, can the Catholic Church even conceivably be right. For though Christianity and Catholicism be the culmination and fullest norm of all religion, yet, to be such, they must find something thus to crown and measure ; various degrees of, or preparations for, their truth have existed long before they came, and exist still, far and wide, now that they have come." In the same preface he says of Cardinal Newman : " It was he who first taught me to glory in my appurtenance to the Catholic and Roman Church, and to conceive this my inheritance in a large and historical manner, as a slow growth across the centuries, with an innate affinity to, and eventual incorporation of, all the good and true to be found mixed up with error,

and with evil in this chequered, difficult but rich world and life in which this living organism moves and expands." Thus what Friedrich von Hügel stood for, all his life, was Catholicism, Roman Catholicism, as the best and highest development of the Christian religion in history, but wider and more free in its range than now, tolerant in seeing good in all that is sincerely religious outside itself, both in the past and in the present, not afraid of scientific ascertainment of facts in any direction. He thought that the task of science was gradually, not violently, to purify religion from unessential accretions gathered through its long course, and so to lighten it for higher and wider flights in the sublime regions of its true element. Science should be to religion and the Church like the waters of the sea in Keats' sonnet,

> "... at their priestlike task
> Of pure ablution round Earth's human shores."

In the last chapter of *Eternal Life* (pp. 336–368), Friedrich von Hügel begins by saying that he has "long and profoundly benefited by Institutional Religion, and he watches wistfully its present-day operation and men's alienation from it; he does so from within the most ancient, the most powerful, and the richest of such Institutions, the Roman Catholic Church; and he is fully certain that what he may accurately diagnose here applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to all Institutional Religions throughout the world." Then, following his favourite method, he takes five heads, two primarily intellectual, and three moral-political, in which the "essential strength and attraction, and the actual weakness and repulsion," of the Roman Catholic Church are closely intertwined in "nearly related power and defect." Thus he gives the qualities and defects of those qualities, or the bright side and shadow side, the obverse and reverse. He does not in the least tone down what he deems the present defects, but in each case he gives reasons for thinking them a passing phase, and for patience. These divisions are finely and delicately, and most frankly, drawn, and those who wish to see the author's exact position should refresh their memories by studying this whole section of *Eternal Life*, which cannot be condensed here without injury to the meaning. In the preface to this book he said:

"If man's spirit is awakened by contact with the things of sense, and if his consciousness of the Eternal and the Omnipresent is aroused and (in the long run) sustained only by the aid of Happenings in Time and Space, then the Historical, Institutional, Sacramental must be allowed a necessary position and function in the full religious life. No cutting of knots however difficult, no revolt against, no evasion of abuses however irritating or benumbing, are adequate solutions. Only the proper location, the heroic use, the wise integration of the Institutional within the full spiritual life are really sufficient. The writer is no

Quaker, but a convinced Roman Catholic ; and hence, do what he will, he cannot even minimise these for himself utterly intrinsic questions."

At the close of this preface he submits his conclusions, "which cannot fail to be at least imperfect in many ways and degrees," "to the test and judgment of my fellow Christians and of the Catholic Church."

In his address on "Progress in Religion," delivered in 1916 to the summer school meeting at Birmingham, the Baron said :

"This permanent necessity of Religious Institutions is primarily a need for men who will teach and exemplify, not simply Natural, This-World Morality, but a Supernatural, Other-World Ethic ; and not simply that abstraction, Religion in General or a Religious Hypothesis, but that rich concretion, this or that Historical Religion. In proportion as such an Historical Religion is deep and delicate, it will doubtless contain affinities with all that is wholesome and real within the other extant historical religions. Nevertheless, all religions are effectual through their own special developments, where these developments remain true at all. As well deprive a flower of its 'mere details' of pistil, stamen, pollen, or an insect of its 'superfluous' antennae, as simplify any Historical Religion down to the sorry stump labelled 'the religion of every honest man.' We shall escape all bigotry, without lapsing into such most unjust indifferentism, if we vigorously hold and unceasingly apply the doctrine of such a Church theologian as Juan de Lugo. De Lugo (A.D. 1583–1660), Spaniard, post-Reformation Roman Catholic, Jesuit, Theological Professor, and a Cardinal writing in Rome under the eyes of Pope Urban VIII, teaches that the members of the various Christian sects, of the Jewish and Mohammedan communions, and of the heathen religions and philosophical schools, who achieve their salvation, do so, ordinarily, simply through the aid afforded by God's grace to their good faith in its instinctive concentration upon, and in its practice of, those elements in their respective community' worship and teaching, which are true and good and originally revealed by God. Thus we escape all undue individualism and all unjus equalisation of the (very variously valuable) religious and philosophical bodies ; and yet we clearly hold the profound importance, next to God's sanctifying grace, of the single soul's good faith and religious instinct, and of the worship or school, be they ever so elementary and imperfect, which environ such a soul." [1]

Friedrich von Hügel certainly did not, as was said of Lacordaire, make *l'apologétique au grand orchestre*, or as Bossuet, to whom he preferred Fénelon, did so grandly and sonorously in his day. No, his method was that of facing severally each doubt and difficulty, stating what could be said for and against it, with minute care and consideration

[1] This address is printed in the volume of *Essays and Addresses*, p. 92. The reference to de Lugo is given there.

of facts, and reconciling as far as possible, in this dim world, the pros and cons, and arriving at the mean conclusion—which is, in effect, though more dynamically used by von Hügel, the method of St. Thomas Aquinas, adapted to our very different modern conditions. He did not actively desire to make converts from Church to Church, or to disturb those whom he found peacefully and contentedly grazing in their native pastures, and finding there all that they need, though he believed that the Catholic and Roman Church was richest in spiritual possessions and potentialities, the most complete and the most abiding. But he did wish ardently to make others believe, really believe, in the Reality, the objective Reality of God, and his influence lay in the fact that a man of his wide learning, mental power, piety and soul-quality, did so himself believe. If, by his own faith and personality, he brought to this real belief some who felt doubt as to this and everything else, and if, then, such persons found that the world-wide, all-uniting, and historically continuous society of Christians, centred visibly at Rome, gave them, as it did to himself, the form, more than any other, for themselves at least, adequately aiding the worship and adoration of the God whom they had found—this, I think, would have been the only kind of conversion to the Catholic Church, through his assisting influence, that would have given him complete satisfaction. He had great pity on those whom Byron calls "the Orphans of the Heart":

> "Oh Rome, my country, City of the soul,
> The Orphans of the Heart must turn to thee."

It would, then, be entirely wrong to think that the Baron, fair as he was to those outside, and unwilling to disturb them, was in any sense a lukewarm Roman Catholic. In his Address of May 20, 1920, delivered to Junior members of the University of Oxford, he expressed his "very deliberate, now long tested, conviction that, be the sins of commission or of omission chargeable against the Roman Catholic authorities or people what they may, in that faith and practice is to be found a massiveness of the Supernatural, a sense of the World Invisible, of God as the soul's true home, such as exists elsewhere more in fragments and approximations and more intermittently." And, two years earlier, in October 1918, in his address in London to the Executive Committee of the British branches of the Christian Student Movement, on "Institutional Christianity," every word of which is of the greatest interest and importance, he said:

"It is well that von Gierke, F. W. Maitland, A. L. Smith, J. N. Figgis, and P. T. Forsyth—Lutheran, Agnostics, Anglican, Congregationalist—should, during these last three decades, have been busy (more fruitfully than with sheer abuse, or even than with discreet silence) with the immense, unique services of Rome, precisely also in this matter of Unity.

For myself I do not doubt that the day may—the day will—come when Rome (what is true in the Protestant instincts even more than in the Protestant objections having been fully satisfied) will again unite and head Christians generally, and this in a temper and with applications more elastic than those of the later Middle Ages and especially than those of post-Reformation times. The Visibility of the Unity is doubtless here the central difficulty ; yet nothing which falls deliberately short of Visible Unity can or should be the goal. . . . For a Catholic, the full end and the deepest centre of the Church can never be simply the Church, still less the simply human social virtues taken as such, virtues which, by abstraction from much else, we can more or less segregate from out of the Church's total fruits. For the Catholic, the Church essentially possesses, seeks, finds, and leads to God, Who alone can and does constitute the fully adequate home of the supernaturally awakened soul. The Church is doubtless, historically speaking, rather the substitute for, than the expansion of, the Kingdom of God. But whether this Kingdom of God, for which the Church waits and for which she prepares, is to come suddenly or slowly, in this world or in the next, or a little here and fully hereafter, in any and every case the Kingdom of Heaven will, for the human soul, doubtless include the society of this soul's fellow-creatures, each contributing to the joy of all the others. Nevertheless, the root, the centre and the crown of all this social joy will be God—God apprehended as more and other than all men, than all possible finite beings put together—indeed as more and other than are His life and love in and for all His creatures. The Church, the Catholic Church in its fullness, the Roman Catholic Church, here again has fathomed the needs and implications of religion : the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, even the seemingly Pantheistic insistence upon Substance in the Trinity and upon Things in the Sacraments are, at their best, grand preservatives against all sentimental humanism—against everything that would make God into but a mirror, or into a mere purveyor, of men's wants. Man's deepest want is, in reality, for a God infinitely more than such a mere assuager of even all man's wants. Especially also is He more than the awakener of all, even of our noblest, national aspirations. And thus again we persistently require One great international, supernational Church which, by its very form, will continuously warn us of the essentially more than national character of all fully awake Christianity.

" A sense and spirit religion and a single world-wide Church : God thus becomes, not only the sole possible originator, preserver and renovator of such a Church, but also the central end and attainment of such a Church. We shall thus in the One Church, through the One Christ, reach, most fully and firmly, the infinitely rich One God."

V

After the publication in 1912 of *Eternal Life*, the Baron began a book intended to be a study of the character and writings of his friend Sir Alfred Lyall, who died in 1911. He was much interested in Lyall, who seemed to him a God-hungry soul, trying, perhaps, to emerge from the sceptical philosophy of Hume and others which had fascinated his youth, and from the effects on his mind of the Eastern Paganism and metaphysics so closely studied during his Indian career. They had met first in the Synthetic Society. The Baron once said to me, " I think that Sir Alfred Lyall likes to come sometimes to talk to me, because it interests him to find a man who *does* believe in God." Mary Sibylla Holland, a sister of Alfred Lyall, became a Catholic in 1889, and the Baron was much interested also in her published letters, and often gave copies of this book to his friends.[1] He wrote part of this study of character, with long critical excursions into the sceptical philosophy and into Lyall's views as to the natural process of deification in Hinduism, but then abandoned or adjourned the attempt, so that the book was never completed. It might have grown into a considerable work, as did the study of St. Catherine of Genoa He intended to call it "Agnosticism and Faith, as exemplified in the religious opinions and writings of Sir Alfred Lyall."

The next book written by the Baron was *The German Soul*, published in 1916. The outbreak of the Great War hit Friedrich von Hügel very hard. He was heart and soul with the cause of the Allies, as a matter of right and justice, but could not bear to hear the wild generalisations as to the character of the *whole* German people, then so rashly broadcast, and his German descent and his many warm friendships in Germany made the thing heart-breaking, especially since some of the men whom he most admired and respected signed the manifesto in which German thought-leaders at the beginning of the war stated their belief in the justice of the cause of their Fatherland. The Baron had never gone through the process of naturalisation as an Englishman, and, when the war came, he was registered as an " enemy alien," and not allowed to leave his house for a night without a police permit; but this was soon put right by a formal naturalisation. In the latter part of the book, *The German Soul*, there is a piece of autobiography which must be given here. The Baron says :

" Many a pure Englishman has lived much more in Germany, especially amongst Prussians proper, than has been the case with myself.

[1] *Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland* (3rd edition ; Arnold, 1907). Another book of somewhat the same kind, which in the last year or two of his life the Baron gave to friends, was *Journal et Pensées de chaque jour* of Elisabeth Leseur.

Of my sixty-three years of life, well over forty have been spent in England ; and only twice has a full year been lived unbrokenly amongst a Teutonic people—in Vienna and in the Austrian Tyrol. Moreover, though my father was of pure German blood, he was entirely West German ; his father was from Coblenz, his mother from Mainz, and this whilst those territories had still some twenty years to run as Catholic Prince-Bishoprics strongly opposed to Protestant Prussia. My father was born at Ratisbon (Bavaria) in 1795. My grandfather had moved, from the chancellorship to the last Prince-Bishop of Trèves, into the diplomatic service of Austria—at first under the last two Holy Roman Emperors, Leopold II and Francis I. And my father himself continued this general and genial, quite un-Prussian, German spirit, as an Austrian military officer and diplomat, and as an oriental traveller and botanist, up to his death in 1870. The racial, national attraction which, increasingly since his Indian travels in 1833, rivalled that of German Austria was, assuredly, never Prussia, but always England.

" In my own case it was inevitable that England, almost from the first, equalled, and then, fairly early, out-balanced, in social and political matters, the *attrait* of Austria, even though I have never received anything but kindness from that country, and though I felt keenly having to decide against her in her present unhappy involvement against England. Born in Florence, when my father was already fifty-seven, of a young English, or rather Scotch, mother ; seeing Austria for the first time, from seven to eight, and then, practically for the last time, at eighteen ; never at school or university there or indeed elsewhere, but coming away from Vienna in 1871, an invalid for many years, and exempted, as such, from military service ; Italy, then Belgium, with my seven years' residence at my father's Embassy in each, could not fail to be more real to me than Austria. And since those early years it has been England that has been my home, except for nine winters spent in Rome, a summer in Westphalia, and two short visits to Jena, Heidelberg, and Würzburg, and one (further) visit to the Tyrol. And an English wife and British-born daughters of course strengthened these British ties.

" Nevertheless, I am continuously conscious, by the mental methods and habits natural to me, in matters of history, philosophy, theology, of a certain subtle difference in temper and instinct, throughout a considerable range of my nature, from even the dearest of my many dear English friends, and indeed, in a lesser degree, from the non-German blood and range within myself. This consciousness of difference and of isolation, with its sadness, all but wholly and promptly disappears in the society of Scotchmen, so that it probably springs as much from my Scottish blood as from my German. In any case the general German affinity I am tracing here brings me, I find, no nearer to the Prussian

mentality than the pure Englishman is brought, by *his* affinity, to the Prussian state of soul; nor does this affinity prevent my social and political outlook and sympathies from being thoroughly, consciously, gratefully English. Even in 1858 I remember feeling strongly, in Florence, with the Italian movement for an Italian Italy; and I have never lost this feeling, even though I early came to realise how pure was the administration, and how light the taxation, by Austria, of Tuscany, Lombardy and Venice; and ever since eighteen, Edmund Burke (in all but his latest, shrill utterances) and, hardly less early, Samuel Johnson have been amongst my chief inspirers in such large social and political matters.

"Yet my much loved tutor, from eight to fifteen, was a Rhenish Prussian Lutheran, and my education was, for those years, supervised by the well-known Catholic historian, the Rhenish Prussian diplomat, Alfred von Reumont. And my late initiation into Hebrew I owe to the Hessian convert, the strongly anti-Prussian Catholic Priest-Professor, Dr. Gustav Bickell. Most of the recent books that have influenced me much—the great works of Rohde, Oldenberg, Gunkel, Bernard Duhm, Heinrich Holtzmann, Otto von Gierke, Ernst Troeltsch—are all German. And then there have been the friendships, with roots too deep, I trust, for even this terrible war and its poignant differences to destroy, with such Catholic laymen as Martin Spahn and such Catholic clerics as Albert Ehrhard and Joseph Prenner; and with Protestant University Professors, such as Rudolf Eucken and Ernst Troeltsch. Heinrich Holtzmann, that utterly guileless soul and ceaselessly generous friend, has already gone to where wars are no more."

The sorrows of this time were increased by a private grief. The Baron had not been in Italy since December 1907, when he attended the marriage of his daughter Gertrud to Count Francesco Salimei at Genoa. In that year, 1907, so especially trying through the position of ecclesiastical affairs, and the misfortunes of some of his friends, Friedrich von Hügel had lost from his home two daughters, one to religion and one to marriage; for his youngest daughter, Thekla, had in the spring, at the age of twenty-one, entered the Carmelite Convent at Notting Hill, and at the end of the year his eldest, Gertrud, married and went to live in distant Rome. Sad losses, whatever the natural or supernatural consolations, for a father whose affections are tender, and whose life lies entirely in his own house. And now the death of Gertrud deprived him of his dearest correspondent. Always of consumptive tendency, she became very ill in the spring of 1915, and her father, who had not seen her for three years, went out to Rome with his daughter Hildegard to be with her, and remained there until her death in August. After this last sad visit he saw Rome no more.

In 1917 the Baron was asked to be member of a committee convened

by Bishop Talbot, of Winchester, which was to inquire into religion in the Army. There is a shorthand report of some of the remarks, protesting against too great simplification of religion to meet the understandings of the least educated, which he made at a sitting of this Committee, and they are so characteristic of his way of speaking, at the L.S.S.R., for instance, and also so autobiographical, that I have given them as an Appendix to this Memoir.

The remainder of Friedrich von Hügel's life can be summed up shortly for the purpose of this, as has been said, mere outline. His way of living had always been very different from that of the "Average Englishman." He never, I suppose, took part in any game or sport, unless it were croquet, though he required to spend a good deal of time in the open air. His only exercise was walking or, at one time, bicycling. In his earlier days he could do this over the heights of Hampstead in the summer, and abroad in winter. In later years his diversion mostly took the form of strolls along the glades of Kensington Gardens, where—an advantage to age or weakness—one can always find a chair or bench at short intervals. Here he could often be seen, a singular contrast to the thought-free faces of nursemaids and children round him, with his soft wide-brimmed black hat and cape-cloak, and with his little intelligent pekinese dog, Puck, for a companion. He said that he had learned much from Puck, and in one of his Essays he points out how incomprehensible is man to dog, and yet how indispensable, and how the dog sometimes needs to relax the strain on his mind by resorting to the company of other dogs, and yet, unsatisfied, always must return to his master; and he indicates an analogy in the relations between God and man. The Baron was a frequent victim to the insatiable desire of the children in Kensington Gardens to know the exact time of day, because they were instinctively attracted to him and knew that he loved them. In July or August the family usually left London for a few weeks for a change to the Malvern Hills, or to Thursley, or the healthy slopes of Hindhead, or to some house lent to them near London, such as Lady de Vesci's at Englefield Green, where he could walk and muse in Windsor Forest or by the banks of the Thames. He was always fond of observing flowers and trees and creatures in country solitude. He went sometimes for a few days to Cambridge to see his mother till she died there in 1913, and his brother Anatole, or to Oxford, where he had numerous friends. Sometimes also he visited Downside Abbey in Somerset, where his friend Dom Butler was abbot, and afterwards Dom Ramsay. He rarely made country-house visits; now and then to Wilton, near Salisbury, the home of his wife's family. He went also to Farnham Castle to visit his friend, Dr. Talbot, Bishop of Winchester. He belonged to no Club, not even to the Athenæum, notwithstanding its library, and very rarely "dined out." His deafness precluded him

from theatre and concert-room, also from hearing lectures or speeches. He did, however, in his later days much enjoy kinema shows, where deafness is no obstacle. He needed, he knew, some change from the great subjects which absorbed his thought, and rather systematically, and more on principle than from desire, sometimes took a bout of light literature. But even this was, for him, hardly a relaxation. If he were reading a novel of Trollope, he could not help doing so with minute and critical attention, recording on the page-margins notes and cross-references, as if it had been a work by Troeltsch or Eucken. After dinner in the evening he usually relaxed his mind, or rather gave a change to it, for this was also with him strenuous occupation, by piecing together jigsaw picture puzzles. He did not, I think, take that kind of pleasure in poetry or other forms of *belles lettres* which, in another sphere, one obtains from the fine flavour of various wines or the scent of divers flowers, the pleasures of fine taste. He rarely quotes from the poets. Those whom he read most were those who give most food for thought—Dante, Wordsworth, Robert Browning. Perhaps Browning was his favourite English poet, as a stater of moral and religious enigmas, and hunter after solutions, and with something in his work nobly akin to the jigsaw picture puzzle. One has to fit many queer-cut pieces together before one can see the picture as a whole, and even then not very clearly. He liked some novels, especially Meredith and Trollope, and used in earlier days to read aloud Scott and Dickens and Thackeray to his family. He found much amusement in the pictures and text of *Punch*, and in the words and music of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Academic honours came to the Baron in his last years. He was made an honorary LL.D. of St. Andrews University in Scotland, to which University he bequeathed his library by his will. In 1920 he received the degree of D.D. from the University of Oxford. He was offered in 1922, and accepted, the Gifford Lectureship in Edinburgh for 1924–26, but was compelled by the ever-worsening state of his health to withdraw before any lectures were ready for delivery. But in these last years he worked on a book which contained the substance of these abandoned lectures, with the title of *The Reality of God*. On this he laboured to the very end of his life, so far as his failing physical powers and interruptions would allow. The book was left not quite completed. Some of these interruptions were numerous letters from all quarters which he was too generous not to answer with his usual care and thought. Others were lectures and addresses which he would not refuse to give. Some of these were published in 1921, in the volume entitled *Essays and Addresses*, and others in the second series, published in 1926, containing some of his latest thought and most interesting and lucid writing. One of these addresses, delivered to young men at Oxford in May 1920, was afterwards printed in the

American *Constructive Quarterly*, and some prefatory words of the Baron are so characteristic that they may fitly be given here.

" I have still vividly before me the sea of eager youthful countenances upturned in welcome to the substance of this paper, when I was privileged to speak it to them at Oxford in May last. It then struck me once more with a wistful delight that in very deed Christianity flourishes through its Saints, and that the surest way to rob it of its congenital attraction is to shrink from its heroic heights. And further it struck me afresh that this great fact, and the apprehension and presentation of religion with this great fact maintained, as its very life-blood throughout it : that these are visions and utterances which youth must not be expected of itself to see and to proclaim steadily and whole. It is for the trained and experienced seniors to hand on this steadily flaming torch of life and love to the as yet fitful juniors. If Lucretius was right to see the successive generations of mankind transmitting, each to the next, the light and warmth of civilisation, in a sort of gigantic torch race : still more applicable is this noble simile to the history of heroism and holiness.

" Now let us observe that not only young individuals but also young nations, and with them more or less every at all pure democracy, are not likely of themselves to perceive the full costliness of the deepest life and richest wisdom. The arduousness, the rarity, the straightened circumstances in and for this our earthly life, of all things greatly beautiful : this can hardly be felt very widely by young countries, still less by materially prosperous democracies. Amidst such conditions the equality of external opportunities (even this and even here rather an ideal than a sheer fact) is readily taken, by the average citizen, a man nowhere much of a thinker, as somehow effecting, or as even identical with, an actual equality of insight, of character, of heroism. We had better leave out holiness from the list, since holiness is apprehended too little to be taken as distributed at all. Yet all these greatest gifts of God and of mankind as fructified by Him, remain, after all the glib talk on both sides of the Atlantic, ever costly and uncommon, although this, not as curios or eccentricities, but as genuine glimpses of the ideal, the final measure of man—an ideal and a measure ineradicably inherent to our poor minor insights, characters and duty-doings.

" May the deliberately homely form of the following pages bring clearly before us what is the sole sufficient yeast to our heavy Philistinisms, the sole sufficient antiseptic to our deeply ingrained unwholesomenesses : the expansive pang, the majestic peace within conflict, the freedom and the wide-spreading fruitfulness of the heroic act, the heroic life—the life in and for God and Christ."

A beautiful feature in Friedrich von Hügel was his love of, and faith in, youth, and his ardent desire to encourage in it all higher moral

and intellectual life. This will be seen in some letters in the present collection addressed to quite young girls and boys.

The Baron's work on *The Reality of God* was seriously interrupted in 1923 by the correspondence involved in arrangements, which he was promoting, for a visit of Ernst Troeltsch to England, in order to give some lectures at Oxford, Cambridge, and to the London Society for the Study of Religion. The Cambridge authorities simply refused, even five years after the war, sanction to lectures there by a German professor; those of Oxford only gave assent upon being assured that Dr. Troeltsch had, on account of certain insufficiently "patriotic" utterances, been denounced by a more militant German professor as a traitor to his own country. Then, after all this trouble and letter-writing by the Baron, who also had to supervise translations of the proposed lectures, Ernst Troeltsch unexpectedly died a short time before the date fixed for his visit, a cause of great sorrow to the Baron, who valued so highly his friendship and contribution to religious thought. Had it not been for this affair, it seems possible that he would have been able to complete his last book, in the race against Time and Death, but it was like his generous heart not to fear sacrificing his own dearest ends in the cause and interest of a friend. His health at this time did not allow him to do more than an hour or two of real work in the day, and he was more and more tormented and exhausted by the sleepless nights which had always been among his trials.

Friedrich von Hügel's inborn devout spirit led him to the fullest practice of his religion, and in this he was strengthened by a sense of duty, because, he thought and said, the wider the claim he made for freedom of expression in philosophical, critical, and historical matters, the more exact in life and practice he was bound in honour to be. He often, indeed, spoke with impatience of what he called the "frills" of religion, too numerous and soul-dissipating minor devotions, but no one took part more sincerely and regularly in the central and sacramental rites, or was more constant in private prayer, meditation, and spiritual reading. He set aside a fixed time every day in which he read either the "Imitation," or St. Augustine's "Confessions," or the Bible. He made regular use of the Rosary. The Church which he most constantly attended was that of the Carmelites, near his house on Campden Hill; sometimes also, for evening Benediction, or for a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, the Chapel of the Nuns of the Assumption in Kensington Square. The intensity of his devotion struck those who saw him before the Altars. Dr. Sauer, Rector of Freiburg University, said to Madame von Schubert, a lifelong friend of the Baron, after his death:

"He was one of the most remarkable of men, and, in consequence, not to be understood by such as knew him not intimately. I have seen him, after the sharpest critical argument, or after slashing away at some

abuse or faultiness in clerical or Church questions, go into the nearest Church and pray, rapt and absorbed like a saint—or a child."

Abbot Butler, in his article in the *Tablet* after the Baron's death, after ably stating von Hügel's position in, and influence upon, the world of modern thought—" the powerful intellect, the acute, massive, highly trained metaphysical mind, compelling attention by the manifest value of the message delivered "—adds :

" But beyond all compare greater than the intellectual appeal was the moral appeal of von Hügel's personal religion. The warm flow of deep unaffected piety pulsates through every page of his greater writings as their very life-blood. Everyone who reads them, and still more everyone who came into close personal contact with himself, could not but feel that religion was the great all-absorbing interest of his life, the one thing he supremely cared about. And not merely religion, but Catholic Religion : in how many places of his writings does he proclaim Catholicism to be of all religions the highest, fullest, richest, most helpful, most powerful, true ; and again and again he says he could not think of himself as anything else than a Catholic. Nor was his any sort of esoteric philosophic Catholicism : he practised the recognised popular devotions of workaday Catholicism.

" For some twelve years, from 1894 to about 1906, while he lived at Hampstead, I used frequently to stay with him for three or four days. In the afternoon we every day went for a walk over the Heath ; it was while ' Saint Catherine ' was in the making, and he used to discourse of how the work was shaping itself in his mind, and develop the proposed treatment of the various parts, following up any train of thought that emerged—Fénelon, Bossuet, Père Grou, St. Teresa, or other favourites. Such talks were as walks over the mountains in the fresh keen breeze, in the light and warmth of the sun, in view of a panorama of wild scenery or spreading landscape—exhilarating, bracing, deepening, broadening, uplifting : I have never experienced quite the same with any other man. And we always returned home by the little Catholic Church in Holly Place—it was his daily practice—and went in for a long visit to the Blessed Sacrament ; and there I would watch him sitting, the great deep eyes fixed on the Tabernacle, the whole being wrapt in an absorption of prayer, devotion, contemplation Those who have not seen him so know only half the man.

" It was this combination—the knowledge that this powerful, keen, sympathetic intellect was in union with a vital warmth of deep over-mastering religiousness—that made Friedrich von Hügel to be, if not an ' apologist,' certainly himself an arresting ' apology ' for those religious truths, for that Catholicism, that were the very life of his life." [1]

Most Englishmen shyly avoid in conversation the deeper subjects,

[1] *The Tablet*, February 14, 1925.

and so perhaps we almost lose the power of thinking about them. Not so Friedrich von Hügel. His religion was so intimately one with him that he could speak about it in the most natural way in the world. He had not had that Public School education which, if it fits English boys to succeed in the world, and is right enough in its own way, yet does only too effectually repress development through free expression of the deeper side of human nature. If an Englishman does in public speak of these deeper things, he is usually not one with his subject and therefore self-conscious, as a man always is when he acts a part not really his own. The Baron notices this characteristic in his book, *The German Soul.* He himself could talk with equal ease and absence of self-consciousness of high things and low ones, not really low to him, because in all things, however apparently small and insignificant, he saw the greater signified and expressed, the universal relation. It is this which made one feel him so extraordinarily and richly human, this and his great humility, which preserved him from the slightest trace of the *nouveau riche* in learning. He suffered some great afflictions—his deafness, his frequent ill-health, his loss of a most beloved daughter, misapprehensions by many who should have understood him better; but he had also that blessed life which, as St. Augustine says, is nothing else than Joy derived from Truth (" beata vita quae non est nisi gaudium de veritate "), and this one could see and feel illuminating his whole personality. And then there was in him the affection, the expressed affection shining in the eyes and toning the voice, the unique affection fed by keen and disinterested love of souls. A lady writes of him : ' He had the innocence of a child, and was always in the presence of God. I shall never forget when in the Tyrol he talked to me of God, his whole soul absorbed in God." Of how many men whom one has met could one say that ? And, above all, of how many men of vast learning ? One imagines St. Thomas Aquinas like that, and Sir Thomas More.

He believed not only in the " prayer of union," but in the utility and duty of prayer for others. A lady, a very old friend of his, writes : " The very last time I saw him, in October 1924, he was full of the old eager interest in all my dear and much-tried children and their families, and reminded me that for over forty years he had prayed three times a day for each and all of them with their little ones. I saw then that in his expression which convinced me that I should never speak to him again."

The essence of actual religion lay for Friedrich von Hügel in heroic Virtue and in Adoration. I remember his saying, " A religion is not worth much unless it produces heroic acts." What he meant by heroic or supernatural virtue appears very clearly in the fine address given to young men at Oxford in May 1920, on " Christianity and the Super-

natural." [1] Here he groups his examples under "seven heads, seven great virtues, here at their supernatural level, which together, like the seven prismatic colours, form a rainbow of thrilling, ceaselessly rejuvenating, reconciling beauty, truth, and goodness, thrown in splendour over the swampy tracts and murky atmosphere of poor, average and less than average human ugliness, insincerity and mediocrity of all kinds and degrees." Courage, purity, compassion, humility, truthfulness, self-abandonment in the hands of God, spiritual joy—these are his seven great heroic virtues, and each of them he illustrates by striking examples.

And of adoration he said: "The sense of the Objective, Full Reality of God, and the need of Adoration are quite essential to Religion." [2] For him, not benevolent philanthropy, on the one side, nor intellectual dogmatic statement, on the other—but Adoration, was the last word and final end of religion. Mrs. Cecil Chapman, a lifelong friend, writes that "it was in the early spring of 1924 that I had my last visit from the Baron. We were living in London, and he came to tea with me. I thought him looking very ill, and it was just before his breakdown. He had been working hard for a year over the Troeltsch affair, and had had no proper holiday. We talked much of a book which had greatly impressed him—'Journal et Pensées,' by Elisabeth Leseur. He spoke of the effort it sometimes cost him to get his mind to work on his great book—it was painful to realise what it cost him—and he got on to the subject of Parkman's long writing on Canadian history. He described how Parkman never spared himself, and, in spite of bad health, worked on and on until he got his book completed—the great earnestness of purpose which he had displayed.

"'And yet,' said the Baron, 'it wasn't Religion. There was no Religion in the hard work and sacrifice.'

"'What is Religion, then?' I asked.

"'Religion is Adoration,' answered the Baron.

"I have thought of it ever since."

To this same friend he said, about four weeks before his death, with intense earnestness, "It is very awful to think of the unbelieving soul" —the soul void of God-consciousness and Adoration.

The Baron's health, never good, had been badly shaken in the last few years. In the autumn of 1918 he had to undergo a grave operation. After this he was better for a time, but in the spring of 1924 he had a very serious illness. On March 18 his doctor thought that he could only live for a few hours, and he received Extreme Unction. After this he rallied a little, though he looked as frail as possible, and could work for a short time each day at his book, dictating to his secretary, Miss Adrienne Tuck. He did so, until the day before his death.

[1] *Essays and Addresses*, p. 284. [2] *Idem*, p. 90.

The end came on January 27, 1925. He had a nurse in the house to take care of him, one of the Sisters of the Little Company of Mary, and every morning, after seeing to him, she went out for half an hour, as he desired, to the 8 A.M. Mass at the church close by on Campden Hill. On that morning he said to her, as she went out, "Pray for me." When she returned, she found him lying on his bed, just drawing his last breath. It must have been a quick and gentle death. He was in the seventy-fourth year of his life.

The burial was at Stratton-on-the-Fosse, in Somerset, in the ground of the Catholic Church there, close to Downside Abbey, next to the graves of his mother and of his sister Pauline.

The inscription is from Psalm lxxxiii: ". . . For what have I in heaven but Thee; and beside Thee what do I desire on earth?"

VI

The notices in journals and reviews appearing after his death testify to the remarkable position held by Friedrich von Hügel in the universal thought-world. Still more intimate witness to the effect of his character and teaching upon the souls of individuals is to be found in letters received by Lady Mary von Hügel at this time.

"Tous ceux qui l'ont connu," wrote M. Loisy from Paris, "garderont le souvenir de sa bonté, de sa loyauté, de sa sainteté."

Claude Montefiore wrote of "the dear and great Baron," and said, "I think you would have been pleased to see at the last meeting of the L.S.S.R. how people spoke, and still more, how deeply they obviously felt, about the beloved and distinguished and noble member who had left us."

The Abbot of Farnborough wrote:

". . . Vous n'ignorez pas combien j'admirais la grande intelligence de votre cher Mari, et je le vénérais pour la profondité et la sincérité de ses sentiments religieux. J'étais fier de compter parmi ses amis. J'ai donc quelque droit d'associer mon deuil au vôtre et à celui de vos filles. Je vais célébrer la sainte Messe pour le repos de sa chère âme; mais je n'ai pas moins confiance qu'elle est maintenant dans la lumière vers laquelle elle s'est toujours orientée."

Dr. Josef Prenner, of Vienna University, wrote:

". . . Ich werde den grossen, edlen, frommen Denker, dessen ungemein tiefes, reiches, fruchtbares inneres Leben um die grossen Grundideen, Gott und ewiges Leben, sich bewegte, nie vergessen; meine persönliche Verpflichtung gegenüber seiner Gedankenwelt ist so gross, dass meine Dankbarkeit gar nicht erlöschen kann."

Some letters show the feeling of members of the Protestan Lutheran Church. Dr. Söderblom, Lutheran Archbishop of Upsala, wrote:

"No one can but heartily rejoice with the great and good man of God, who has now been called to enter into the rest of the Lord, that he has been allowed to rest from his works. And my first thought and act, when I understood that the Baron Friedrich von Hügel had finished his days on this earth, was to praise the Almighty on my knees, because He has given to our age that lover of mankind, that penetrator into the very mysteries of the human heart and religion, that universal teacher and that blessed saint.

"If you allow me to tell from my far-off seat the impression and conviction that I got already in 1908 and that has been strengthened continually during the following years, that lay-Bishop in the Church of God was not only the foremost religious and theological thinker and writer of the Roman Church to-day, but no other man in our age has, as far as I can see, become a teacher and an initiator to seeking and believing souls in all the chief sections of the entire Church and communion of Christ, as von Hügel.

"With an evermore accentuated and wholehearted solidarity with his own Church of Rome, he combined a genial and generous appreciation of Christian thought and devotion in other mansions of God's great house, and that generosity got a wonderful expression in his essay on the late Ernst Troeltsch.

"Thus the Baron von Hügel represented in a very rare sense the *Una Sancta Catholica*, and he appears to me as a fulfilment, as it were, in his person of the ancient Christian Prayer :

> "'Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
> Reple tuorum corda fidelium,
> Et tui amoris in eis ignem accende,
> Qui per diversitatem linguarum cunctarum,
> Gentes in unitate fidei congregasti.'

". . This world has become poorer and emptier through his departure. Such losses concentrate our longing faith still more upon the eternal world of God.

"But his spirit, who is living in God, and who will be glorified in Him as well as he has been sanctified in the truth, will continue its blessed action in the Church on earth through the personal impression, received from him, and through his writings. I wonder how far he has been able to accomplish the manuscript of his great, eagerly expected work on God? . . .

"Here the words of the prophet find the full application. 'Qui docti fuerint, fulgebunt quasi splendor firmamenti ; et qui ad justitiam erudiunt multos, quasi stellae in perpetuas aeternitates.'"

Professor Friedrich Heiler, of Marburg, wrote :

". . . Was sein Hinscheiden für die Christliche Kirche und

Wissenschaft bedeutet, glaube ich ganz besonders fühlen zu können. Ich war nicht nur ein eifriger Leser und dankbarer Bewunderer seiner Werke ; sein Schrifttum hat vielmehr den denkbar tiefsten Einfluss auf mein ganzes Denken und Leben ausgeübt. Meine Veröffentlichungen zeigen auf Schritt und Tritt wieviel ich von seiner hochsinnigen Frömmigkeit und geistestiefen Forscher Arbeit gelernt habe. Ich kenne ausser ihm nur einen Mann, der in ähnlicher Weise meine innere Entwicklung bestimmt hat, und das war sein wärmster Freund und Bewunderer, Erzbischoff Söderblom. Friedrich von Hügel war der grösste römisch-catholische Laientheologe, ja, der grösste katholische Denker der Gegenwart, so schrieb ich in einem Aufsatz, der vor acht Tagen erschien, und ich wiederhole es heute in dem wehmütigen Gedanken, dass er nicht mehr unter uns weilt. Aber mag er auch äusserlich von uns geschieden sein, das grandiose Lebenswerk, das er geschaffen hat, bleibt bestehen. Das hohe Ideal der Katholizität, das er erfochten hat, ist unvergänglich. Sein Name wird in Ehren genannt werden, so lange Christen an die una sancta, catholica Ecclesia glauben."

Anglicans felt as warmly as Lutherans. One wrote :

" He held up a light for us all in the misty and confused world . . . a light which still burns in his words, even if he himself is taken from our sight. But I hope and believe that, nearer to the Divine Presence, he will still help us with his prayers through what remains to each of us of our way through the shadows and confusions, and that we may be kept by divine grace from stumbling, and meet him again, please God, without shame."

Another wrote :

" He will be mourned for and thought of in many countries and in very different circles, for his influence was far-reaching, and his work was rather for the morrow than the day. He was one of the chosen few who laboured for peace, and now he has gone to receive the reward of peacemakers. Anything from his pen commanded immediate attention, and in dark and troublesome times he did very much to sustain the faith of men in perplexity, and to warn them from desperate steps. I have often been surprised, for instance, to find how English Non-conformists were influenced by his writings."

Another, in Anglican Orders, speaks of the " profound reverence and the affectionate gratitude which will always stir within me at the bare mention of his name. Among thinkers and writers he was the greatest religious influence of my life."

A Catholic Priest wrote :

". . . I feel sure that it must be some consolation to keep with you the memory of a great man, who used all his talents to help so many in their intellectual difficulties, and to guide others along the dark paths to the light of true faith. God rewarded him in this life with great faith

and a profound insight into mysteries to which he brought a pure life and a singular piety. I cannot imagine him doing anything he conscientiously knew to be wrong, or even wasting an hour of his time."

" He brought wisdom [wrote an old lay friend], sympathy, and joy to our hearts whenever he entered the house, and he never left it without our longing that he might be spared."

A distinguished professor of Edinburgh University wrote :

" I have myself known the Baron only for some seven years, but in that time he has, in his extraordinary kindness to me, come to mean so much to me, and has exercised so profound an influence upon my whole outlook on life, and, in his own personality, presented so much that I had never before met in any man, and upon my philosophical studies, that even I cannot easily reconcile myself to the thought that I shall never again have the delight and instruction of his society and counsel."

Another non-Roman Catholic wrote :

" It was a great thing in my life to have had the privilege of knowing him, and to have been among the many, many people who had their sense of the visible and invisible sharpened and strengthened just by seeing him."

M. Réné Guiran, Professor of Theology, of the Église Libre of Canton Vaud, wrote to Professor Heiler to thank him for a fine article in the *Christliche Welt* upon Friedrich von Hügel, and said :

" Tous ceux qui ont aimé et porté en eux le respect de cette grande personnalité chrétienne vous seront reconnaissants d'avoir parlé d'elle avec tant de compréhension et de vraie sympathie, et d'avoir attiré sur elle l'attention de notre public si indifférent en général aux valeurs intimes et profondes que M. von Hügel a si magnifiquement et si humblement incarnées."

One might add many more to these very genuine tributes of affection, esteem, and gratitude, but it is more than time to close, with, however, a few letters from women who loved the Baron as their teacher and friend. One such wrote :

" It is impossible for me to exaggerate what I owe to your Husband. He has taught me all that I know which seems worth knowing, and to how many people it must appear the same. For he stood quite alone in the world in his deep insight, sympathy and comprehension, coupled with his profound piety and devotion. But I cannot use the term 'lost,' as having lost him, for his great personality remains alive and present, and, please God, the inspiration of his influence may not leave me."

Another wrote that the Baron's death seemed like the end of an epoch in one's life, and said : " I owe him, literally, everything I value most, and hundreds will be telling you the same, for no one could be in any contact with him and remain unchanged."

Another, quite a stranger, said : " I want to tell you what reading of the two books, the *Mystical Element* and *Essays and Addresses*, has done for me. It has opened a new world ; it has cured my soul of sickness ; and helped me where no priest helped me. Since I have had those books I have had such veneration for him that, but for a feeling that it would be a vulgar impertinence, I would have gone a pilgrimage to him, and thanked him. And now he is dead I feel nearer to him, and I pray to him."

And another :

" . . . dear, holy, kind friend that he was of half a life-time ! I can hardly realise it. What a loss to all who knew, loved and appreciated him throughout the Catholic world ! And yet, with all our sorrow, I can only feel a certain joy and elation to think that he is now there with God, where his soul and mind and being had ever longed to be, and, one may say with truth, always were, even in life. He certainly lived ' in Christ.' "

In another letter the same lady speaks of " his intense love of God which was the motive force of all his life," and says :

" His great soul and wide sympathy will only be understood by one who realises that it was a reflection of the eternal holiness which shone through his words and actions, a wide and open heart for every struggling soul in search of Eternal Truth. In difficulties and troubles none ever came to him or wrote to him without finding help and encouragement, often a stern reminder where one should seek and find one's own mistakes, a clear, unhesitating judgment if, in one's youthful presumption and folly, one tried to shift some responsibility off one's own shoulders, and yet the tender and warm understanding for one, often crushed down by life's difficulties and life's pain."

And one who was very near and dear to him, and who was one of the very last to see him, wrote :

" . . . I have lost the best friend I ever had, or could have had. His care for little insignificant people, and the way he spent himself for them ! I think it was more wonderful even than his great mind. It comes to me, and people like me, most. He looked so frail and transparent yesterday that I was not unprepared."

After his death the same lady saw him, and speaks of " that great and infinitely beautiful presence," and adds :

" All hope seems hallowed in a strangely penetrating way. I cannot try to say in words the gratitude and reverent love that is in my heart, and all that his great goodness to me has been to my life, for it is far beyond all telling, but it dwells enshrined in my heart. So many, many souls will feel simply bereft."

I close these testimonies by one, of much truth and beauty, written to myself, by Bishop Edward Talbot, formerly of Winchester. He says :

"I always felt very unworthy of the extraordinary generosity and humility with which he treated me—he who was such a tower of strength and treasure of learning, and master in character and saintliness. How wonderful he was in his intellectual scrupulousness and accuracy, his quick and warm sympathies, his splendid inclusiveness of outlook, his love of small people and his humble ways.

"Why, one asks, are there not more such hero-saints, such loving sages?

"How deep, and how large, he made one feel Truth and Life to be! How splendidly he fused loyalty and independence!

"It will be no easy task for you to portray him, with loyalty to yourself and to your Authorities, and yet so as to explain how he drew us, who were not of the same allegiance, to himself, and made us feel utterly at home with him. May God bless you in a holy task of truth and charity."

I do not know whether I have at all succeeded in the difficult task, but the letters themselves will explain the drawing power.

APPENDIX I

The following notes were taken by Friedrich von Hügel of the sayings to him of the Abbé Huvelin, in Paris, during a week of May 1886, when he was thirty-four years old. The Baron from time to time gave a copy to a friend; the present copy has been given to me by Dr. Sonnenschein. They show the impression of his character and special spiritual needs made upon an observer of experience and genius. It must be remembered that these are all special counsels addressed to one person.

In sending the notes to Dr. Sonnenschein, the Baron wrote:

"I am keenly aware how much less living and probing these, to me, winged words and fiery darts will come to anyone not in precisely the sore need I was in at the time when all this, and much more, was said to me, by one whose spiritual greatness and piercing vision were already palpable facts for my experience. Still they may help you, if, as I expect, you are continuing more and other than literary in your hunger and your search."

Those who have read the Memoir of Charles, Vicomte de Foucauld, will remember that remarkable conversion completed by a stroke of spiritual genius, surely an inspiration, of the Abbé Huvelin.

Some of the Sayings of Abbé Huvelin

Advice given to F. v. H., Paris, May 26–31, 1886

I

Vous ne trouverez que très rarement des âmes qui vous comprennent ; ce seront toujours des âmes solitaires, fort individuelles, qui ont *beaucoup* souffert.

II

La Prière sera, pour vous, plutôt état qu'acte précis et délibéré.

III

La vérité est, pour vous, un point lumineux qui se perd, peu à peu, dans l'obscurité.

IV

Il n'y a pas de règle de sécurité dans les travaux critiques : la prière, éviter l'obstination—voilà tout.

V

Ne lisez jamais les journaux religieux ; ils vous jeteraient en toutes sortes de tentations, ils vous feraient un mal inouï. Jamais moi-même je ne les lis. Lisez les Actes du Saint-Siège, mais séparément.

VI

Quant aux Scolastiques, il paraît qu'ils possèdent une langue d'initiés, et que ceux qui n'ont point passé par ces études, n'ont point de droit de parler. Moi, je n'y suis jamais passé. Aussi me fait on savoir que je n'ai point le droit de parler. Mais moi, je tiens les réalités ; eux, ils ont les formules. Ils ne s'aperçoivent point que la vie, toute vie, échappe à l'analyse. C'est du cadavre mort, ce qu'ils dissèquent. C'est fort peu de chose. Passez-les avec un doux, un bien doux, sourire.

VII

Pour vous, vous prenez l'apologétique telle qu'elle se trouve dans la vie, telle qu'elle se présente à l'esprit candide et seul en face de la réalité. L'apologétique ordinaire ne vaut rien ; elle est souvent ingénieuse, mais toute fausse. Ce sont des figures géométriques : elles ont une grande régularité, elles n'ont aucune réalité.

VIII

Le détachement ne doit jamais être pratiqué pour lui-même ; je ne me détache que pour m'attacher. Je lâche le mauvais ou le moins bon, pour saisir le meilleur ou le parfait. Jamais je ne lâche, pour tomber en un trou.

IX

Les théologiens se trompent parfois ? Je le crois bien—ils se trompent, et *souvent*. Les sciences, les expériences ont fait beaucoup de chemin depuis que la théologie s'est arrêtée.

X

Il vous faut une très grande liberté d'esprit avec une très grande pureté de cœur : vous pourriez être très orthodoxe aux yeux des hommes, et très mauvais aux yeux de Dieu.—Jamais l'on ne parviendra à limiter, à restreindre votre esprit : soyez très conscientieux,—l'orthodoxie suivra la conscience. Et pour vous—je dis pour vous en particulier—ne blessez *jamais* la charité ; la charité et la foi, chez vous, c'est la même chose—elles s'abaisseront et elles monteront ensemble.

XI

Laissez les autres vous faire souffrir ; ne faites jamais souffrir les autres.

XII

Vous comprenez fort bien les autres, vous êtes dans l'obscurité sur vous même.—Ce ne sera jamais ce que vous donnerez, ce sera toujours ce que vous retiendrez qui vous fera souffrir.—Il vous faut la religion très belle, toute belle : c'est sa beauté qui toujours vous retiendra. Ce n'est que l'essence pûr du Christianisme qui vous tient et vous retiendra dans l'Église : c'est très bon signe.

XIII

La petitesse ne se saisit que par contraste avec le grand : vous ne deviendrez vraiment humble qu'à force de travailler. Ne rabaissez jamais votre idéal ; qu'il aille toujours croissant. Ne traitez point vos études, leur idéal, comme bagatelle. Reconnaissez le contraste en ce que vous voudriez faire et ce que vous faites.

XIV

Vous devez souvent être tenté d'expliquer tout par le physique. Cela provient tout simplement de ce que vous êtes malade. Un peu comme chez les médecins : la maladie est ce qui se présente tout d'abord et continuellement à vous tous les deux.

XV

Pour la contrition, il faut que vous ayez une haine de vous-même, mais calme, paisible, qui vous vienne à la prière, par contraste avec la vue de Dieu, et qui ne soit point détaillée, mais générale.

XVI

C'est votre état que de trouver plus de douleur à l'église qu'ailleurs. Pour moi, la semaine la plus douloureuse de toute l'année, c'est la Semaine Sainte, et de toute la journée, les moments de la consécration à la Communion en ma Messe. Il faut tout doucement s'humilier et se patienter. La religion vous devient très facilement trop détaillée et trop intense. Le recueillement, les choses divines en général, vous échappent à mesure que vous les cherchez ; elles vous viennent, quand vous ne les cherchez pas. C'est de l'eau qui s'enfuit toujours d'au dessous de vos pas.

XVII

Vous ferez toujours beaucoup de bien en vous ouvrant aux personnes qui vous seront sympathiques. Vous leur prouverez qu'elles ne sont point tout-à-fait seules dans le monde.

XVIII

Pas de réunions Catholiques, pas de confréries : si l'édifice s'élève sans échaffauds, d'autant mieux.

XIX

Les Protestants seront, d'ordinaire, plus attrayants pour vous que les Catholiques. Ces derniers portent souvent le soleil en leur poche. Mais ne vivez pas de comparaisons. Allez votre chemin ; laissez les autres aller le leur. Ne prétendez point forcer les autres à voir de votre manière ; vous n'y parviendriez jamais. Dieu se sert de tout. Moi-même j'ai assisté à des sermons qui m'auraient fait beaucoup de mal, dont j'ai cependant constaté les très bons effets sur un grand nombre des auditeurs.

XX

Oui, il y a eu des Saints, des grands Saints de votre attrait. S. François d'Assise (je ne dis pas les Franciscains) voilà un saint tout de forme de vie, mouvement, lumière et chaleur.

XXI

Oui, il faut agir. Vous êtes malade ; l'activité aura donc en sa forme quelque chose de plus ou moins maladif chez vous. Mais n'ayez

pas peur : agissez, aimez ; vous avez un besoin infini d'expansion, la contrainte vous tue.

XXII

Oui, je comprends. Ce que les autres appelleraient des preuves, n'est pour vous qu'indication, ébauche, échantillon. La scolastique, prenez S. Thomas le plus grand des Scolastiques, n'explique pas tout ; la vérité vivante échappe aux définitions de tous côtés. Ils croient pouvoir mettre la lune en une bouteille ; cela pourrait se faire, si elle était un fromage.

XXIII

Oui, vous avez horreur de " bonne philosophie," " bien-pensant," parceque vous cherchez la vérité, point l'orthodoxie ; il faut que l'orthodoxie s'arrange avec la vérité—c'est son affaire à elle.

XXIV

Il y a dans l'Église le sacerdoce ministériel et le sacerdoce médiatorial. Tous les deux viennent de Dieu. Leurs rapports exactes nous ne pouvons point connaître ici bas, mais nous savons bien que ces deux sacerdoces ne sont point identiques.

XXV

Il y a dans l'Église des âmes d'une très grande indépendance d'esprit, qui ne peuvent, qui ne doivent, point se faire à aucun des procédés ordinaires. Comme la recherche du bonheur prime tout en la Morale, et que l'on ne doit ni ne peut demander à personne ce qui l'entraverait, de même l'on ne peut et ne doit demander à personne qu'il se détorque et se défigure l'individualité que Dieu lui a donné.—Mais ne l'oubliez jamais : la majorité, elle aussi, a ses droits : droit à votre silence, droit à vos ménagements, droit à votre respect. Pourquoi tenter de changer les autres, pourquoi tenter de les amener à vous comprendre ? Vous ne parviendrez jamais ni à l'un ni à l'autre.

XXVI

Il n'y a pas d'ennemi plus profond et plus dangereux du Christianisme que tout ce qui le rapetisse et le rend étroit.

XXVII

Jamais vous ne perdrez, jamais vous affaiblirez votre foi, si vous ne cherchez toujours que *la* vérité et jamais la *vôtre*. Vous pouvez être bien sûr que si vous ne vous attachez à une idée qu'à mesure que, sans

passion, sans personnalité, elle vous semble vraie, Dieu vous donnera toujours une lumière intellectuelle sur votre erreur, si vous y êtes.

XXVIII

Oui, l'Église est toute positive, toute indépendante. C'est quelque chose de bien plus grande qu'un anti-Protestantisme, qu'un anti-Rationalisme. Souvent les convertis n'y voient que cela ; ce n'est que la très petite surface de la vérité qui touche ces négations qui leur est apparente.—Moi aussi je ne cherche, je ne vois, dans les autres que ce qui nous réunit. Ce n'est que par la part qu'elles ont à la vérité que les âmes vivent ; aimons cette vérité en elles, aidons-la à se développer—elle finira par étouffer l'erreur.

XXIX

Non, vous n'êtes point " catholique libéral." Vous êtes beaucoup plus dogmatique qu'ils ne l'étaient, vous êtes très dogmatique. Aussi s'occupaient-ils surtout de politique ; la politique n'est que peu ou rien pour vous.

XXX

L'esprit pour vous, c'est un esprit de bénédiction de toute créature.

XXXI

Le miracle m'est très antipathique.

XXXII

Ah, oui, voilà ; n'allez pas plus loin : la sainteté et la souffrance, c'est la même chose. Jamais vous ne ferez du bien aux autres, qu'en souffrant, que par la souffrance. Notre Seigneur a gagné le monde, non pas par ses beaux discours, par le sermon sur la Montagne, mais par son sang, par sa douleur sur la croix.

XXXIII

Vous pensez, n'est-ce pas, à la manière d'écrire l'histoire comme l'a fait S. Jerôme, quand il traite la fameuse dispute entre S. Pierre et S. Paul comme une affaire à effet, arrangée d'avance. Ce n'est point aimer Dieu, ce n'est point respecter sa Providence, que de chercher ainsi, non la vérité pleine et vivante, et d'édifier par la simple exposition des volontés et permissions divines, mais de se fabriquer une petite idée toute personnelle, *a priori*, du convenable, à laquelle on sacrifie tout.

XXXIV

Jamais vous ne vous sauverez par une mutilation.

XXXV

Pour vous, tout ce qui se rattache à la créature aura toujours la beauté du pathétique, du contraste entre l'idéal et la réalité, entre ce que les individus et les institutions symbolisent et ce qu'ils sont.

APPENDIX II

Remarks made by Baron F. von Hügel at a Meeting of the Committee to inquire into Religion in the Army, 1917.

"What I should like to make clear first is the point in Miss Dougall's letter as to the need for being practical with the Tommy. Before the war, before our inquiry, ends, we want to look at this thing properly. I have now reached the age of sixty-five, and I have come through life frowned at by people who think me a learned man and regard me as incurably a German,—one who always gets beyond the practical question. Well, when I look back to the time of my own crisis, what is it that I find?

"A man like that workman from the Potteries has been won to the frame of mind we want to see; what is the fundamental thing which has won him? It is precisely the same thing as that which won myself, now nearly half a century ago. He has had the privilege to come across people who have impressed him with the fact which he never knew before—the fact of the richness of life and of religion. It is impossible to confine any at all adequate statement of the richness of life within the kind of formula that Tommy can understand; and, if we do not get him to feel that the richness is there, all round him and within him, we shall never have him; indeed it is not worth trying to have him.

"People think, 'Oh, it is quite simple to grasp all that really matters! Why should we spend our time at the sort of things that do very well for a poor devil like that silly German Baron?' It is folly to think *that*, because the reality of life is not *that*—I wish it were,—in that case, at all events, Tommy could have an easy time of it. Do you consider it really a genuine frame of mind, to think that the world, even for Tommy, is such a miserably poor thing that Tommy can understand it at once? We are sitting round a table, with the assumption that we are going to find a formula that Tommy can understand at once; but, undoubtedly, there are huge surpluses, for him as for us, and those surpluses—the need for the sense that they exist—*that* is what we have to face. I cannot, for the life of me, see that *that* is not the practical question, and I hope to show you, if I have time, that I am right. I pray God that that amount of an impression may remain from my poor words.

" Certainly, for myself, I know very well that, when my adolescence came, it was *that*, the successful awakening me to the fact of deep reality, encompassing me on every side, that saved me. When the Roman Catholic Church came forward, it awoke the knowledge in me of the immense world of richness into which I had been born, and in the midst of which I had slumbered until then. Meanwhile, it had a huge lot of pressing things to teach me. It gave me the idea that I had to organise *myself*. Is that pedantic ? Is that notion, which came to me then, pedantry ? Is my life since then a piece of pedantry ? I am not a pedant—I do not want to be a pedant—kick pedantry to perdition ! That is not pedantry !

" You see what a danger we are in. Our good Chairman is so humble and simple ; I am sure he thinks Tommy could teach him a lot—not only about courage, and friendship, and so on, but as to what questions really matter, as to how to put them—almost as to how to answer them. We are going to reduce our Theology to ' Tommy-ness.' Such a reduction would be foolish, would give us nonsense ; and you see what a danger the Englishman runs of falling into that extreme. Look at our upper-middle and upper classes ! Did you ever see such boys ? They are boys throughout their lives—they never get beyond it. That is why Nonconformists, as a rule, are so refreshing to me ; I am comfortable with them ; if I get among a lot of jolly, middle-class Nonconformists, I feel at home. Look at the young men from our large Public Schools ; they have not had the boy knocked out of them ; it will remain in them to the end of the chapter—the self-consciousness of the boy,—the boy who does not dare to come out of his skin,—the boy who is ashamed to be even accused of thinking. You have there something, if you like, that is not intellectualist, or subtle, or Greek ; it is, I suppose, English, but slipshod, go-as-you-please,—a poor kind of Englishness.

" And then, again, those classes pride themselves upon escaping the unhappy tendency to extremes of truth and of religion,—they have found something in the middle. It is not the truth which includes the extremes that draws them, somehow ; but they keep looking nervously to see that they carefully keep outside of and exactly between those poles of fact and thought. To be operative those poles must be alive within me, and above me, and not be complacently smiled at by me as outside and beneath me. I had an old grandfather, with a funny fad of telling us grandchildren always to put things in the very middle of the table,—but, of course, the *via media* did not work out right in that case ; the things accumulated so in the middle, we had to put them right down to the two ends.

" I think, myself, that, with Tommy on the one hand, who knows nothing, and the upper-middle classes on the other hand who are

ashamed of knowing something, there is a very great danger that we shall end in putting forward the wrong programme. By all means let it remain as simple *as possible*. Indeed, literal simplicity would be the right note, if it could only convey what neither Professor Cairns nor any other human mortal can ever properly fully articulate : the richness of life. All the Churches, all the Chapels, have got a marvellous advantage over the ordinary, simple individual. Without richness, without suggesting entire worlds, our message would lack all, profoundly, in truth, I do feel that so strongly. There are things beyond Tommy, and, the minute he wakes up to this primary fact, we shall have a sign that he is saved.

" I will now, if I may, go on to the Christology : I may have the misfortune of being an involuntary ' has-been ' now ; but, when I was 19, I was not that ; then the passions burned within me,—they would have burnt up any house of cards like the excessive, abstractive Christocentrism I am now thinking of ! What was it that gave me to Christianity at that moment ? When you get an orthodoxy of any kind, the danger is that it inevitably tends—left to itself—to be respectable, to be model, to be correct—' take care not to burn your skirts to the right-hand side or to the left.' Such an orthodoxy inclines so to exalt Christ above all Prophets and Philosophers, the Church above all non-religious groups, the Reason, or Reasoning, or obedience, or safety, above the nobler among the passions—Courage, Initiative, Love of any and every kind and degree of beauty, truth and goodness—as to abolish the friction, and to withdraw the material, always necessary for the full fruitful operation of Christ, of Church, of Reason, of Obedience and Safety, within man's many-sided life. It was long before one who saw and who lived this with a burning vividness came who taught me this ; I never saw this great spiritual law by myself alone. It was he who saved me completely ; and more than ever the life (well within, and through, and for the Roman Church) was one rich in the working, richer still in the apprehension of it, and richest in the glimpses of it, glimpses which surpassed so greatly all that little working of it and all that hardly larger clear apprehension of it. The whole thing, in that great leader, was on fire. It was granite on fire, such as grand old Dr. Temple was said to be. At its best, this rich, burning life comes from the Churches at their best. Mr. Tatlow gave me such pleasure when he spoke about all that.

"As to Our Lord : I want us so much to be careful. Let us not underline St. Paul too much ; he is the first of our cataclysmic converts —do take him, for Heaven's sake, ' cum grano ' ! God has, in various degrees, in various ways, been coming into the world ever since He made it. It is a certain kind, the supreme kind, of incarnation (which gives their completion, interpretation, and standard to all those lesser

preveniences) that we find and adore in the incarnation of Christ. If you raise Christ simply outside of every other manifestation of God, there is a danger of thinking, 'Because my flesh is not my spirit, it is simply bad.' Because Plato and Socrates were not Christ, they are not sheer nothings; still less are Amos, Isaiah, or Akiba sheer nothings. It will not do;—it will not do! Plato's and Socrates' work was a touch of the real God working within them; and still more was this the case with those great Jewish prophets and teachers whom, with the Synagogue, the Christian Church reveres."

APPENDIX III

Rough Notes by Baroness Hildegard von Hügel

My father was the most lovable of men. When we were children he loved to play with us. My earliest recollection is of him carrying me on his shoulders singing Gilbert and Sullivan operas to us. In fact, when we were quite babies, we knew "Pinafore" and "Iolanthe" almost by heart through him.

He took the greatest interest in our religious and also general education, engaging our governesses himself and examining us twice a year himself. His friends laughingly told him that his examinations of us were far more exacting than those of Public Schools or even the Universities. Gertrud, my eldest sister, always gave him great happiness in her work; she had a very good mind and memory and was most keen to learn. I had neither, but he was so understanding and gentle with me over it, never forcing me unduly and always appreciating and stimulating any practical usefulness he might find in me, and always gentle over my lack of memory, for which he naturally would have had no understanding, as his own memory was simply amazing until the very end of his life. All through my life he took the very greatest interest in anything that interested *me*, though it was probably quite other and outside any interests of his own. But his wonderful sympathy, and humble, keen wish to learn from anyone, made him such a marvellous companion and friend all through my childhood as well as in mature life

He loved nature, and taught us about birds and animals and trees on our constant walks with him. Our holidays we always spent together, and he used to love to go long rambles with us over the Malvern Hills, coming back in the evenings to delightful readings of, in early days, Scott and Dickens, and, later, Thackeray, George Eliot, Meredith, Browning, etc. At Clonboy, Evelyn de Vesci's house, where he went often, he would sit in the garden reading Schiller and Goethe to an old German maid of Lady de Vesci's and our dear old nurse who has been in our family some forty-three years and who nursed him, with the Sisters, so devotedly to his death.

He was always most kind and considerate to servants and all those about him—always going at Christmas to choose them their Christmas presents himself.

In spite of his great deafness, he always made friends with all the people he came in contact with in post offices and shops, etc., so that he was on friendly terms with everyone. Little children loved him and would always come up to him in Kensington Gardens, rather than to less formidable people, to ask the time or talk to him. He loved homely, simple people, and never felt anyone too ignorant or small to try and do his best for. A parlour-maid of ours evinced great interest in her religion and used to come to him for advice and instruction, as she belonged to the Catholic Evidence Guild. On one occasion she answered some questions put to her so ably that the Cardinal and several ecclesiastics present asked her who had taught her so well. She promptly answered "The Baron"; and she would often be seen on her knees asking his advice over answers to the questions that had been asked her in the Park.

He was the most faithful friend. In spite of his health, which had always curtailed his energies, he never would let it interfere when it came to giving sympathy and interest to people who wrote to him in distress, or came to him, as they did from all over the world, for help and advice. I used sometimes to begrudge the labour and pains he took in answering some very trivial and superficial person who wrote to him long pages of doubts, etc., but to whom he gave his whole mind and failing strength to advise, to stimulate to greater faith, more perseverance, etc.

If ever one was tempted to doubt or grow slack, to think for a moment of my father and see that bent head in adoration before his God, is enough to stimulate and revivify the flickering lamp to any of the souls he has dealt with, I feel sure.

NOTE AS TO THE LETTERS

I have to thank all those who supplied letters in response to a request made through some newspapers and reviews. Naturally, I have not been able to make use of all those so kindly lent. Except in a few instances I have not asked for letters except in this public way.

The letters now published are only a small minority of those written by the Baron. He had long and consecutive correspondence with many friends in France, Italy, and Germany—such as M. Loisy, Archbishop Mignot, M. Maurice Blondel, Professors Troeltsch, Eucken, Sauer, and many others, as I know from their letters preserved by him; but, with one or two exceptions, I have not received his letters to them, nor have I made much effort to obtain them.

Many of the Baron's letters were concerned with temporary phases and tactics in the Modernist movement, not of lasting interest, and

many others were critical, approving or questioning, comments to his friends, or even to strangers, upon their own books or utterances, which they sent to him, with detailed references to passages. These comments, also, would not be of much use to readers who had not before them the books under comment.

I have, therefore, in my selection been guided, as a rule, by the aim of choosing, mainly, those letters which most vividly make manifest the mind and heart of the writer, and are of personal and biographical interest. After all, his philosophic and critical results are fully set out in his various published works, and many of his letters give thoughts afterwards, often in almost the same words, embodied in his books.

It will be noticed that almost all the following letters are those written within the last twenty-five years of his life of seventy-three years. The reason is (1) that earlier letters are always more likely to have been destroyed, or can less easily be disengaged from their hiding-places, especially where their recipients have often long been gone, and (2) that as, rather late in life, the Baron became more widely known, his letters, especially to English friends, increased in number and were more carefully preserved.

I do not think this a disadvantage. Letters written when the character has been fully formed, and lying condensedly near to each other in point of date, give a more massive impression of the writer than if they are scattered over a long life, beginning, as so often in such publications, with a letter "Written to his Mother at six years old," and following through all the stages of immaturity. Such, at least, is my own feeling. And if these letters show nothing of Friedrich von Hügel's youth in the ordinary sense, yet they do breathe the wonderfully youthful freshness which in him endured to the end, and never faded. He himself wrote in 1913 :

"Aubrey de Vere, the Catholic Poet, was 87 when he went, and I saw him repeatedly every year till close upon his end ; and James Martineau, the Unitarian Preacher and Philosopher, was 92 when I conferred with him for the first and last time. And both these otherwise very different men exhaled a freshness which refused to fade, and they carried with them a steady tonic influence which now, some twenty years since they last braced me, is with me still."

These words, which he wrote to show the effect of religion as a *Fontaine de Jouvence*, apply exactly, also, to Friedrich von Hügel.

BERNARD HOLLAND.

HARBLEDOWN LODGE,
Near Canterbury.
1926.

THE LETTERS OF BARON VON HÜGEL

To Basil Champneys

Pension Lermann, 62 Via Buoncompagni,
Rome: Dec. 13, 1896.

Dear Mr. Champneys,—I have been thinking so much of you during these last few days,—ever since reading of Mr. Patmore's death in the *Tablet*,—that it will be a real relief to me to write and tell you so, and of how sorry I am to think that that now turns out to have been the first and last time I saw him,—that day on which you so kindly got me to know him, and when we all three went out on to the Heath, and there sat down, below the Flag-Staff. You must be already missing him much, and will be doing so more and more, although you were hardly, I fancy, quite unprepared for such an event. At least, I remember your telling me,—I think the last time we met,—that his heart's action was getting bad and alarming.

I like so much to think that I owe that sight of him to you, and that you and I can, on the subject of him also, so heartily sympathise, and can vie in admiration of that combination of deep and quiet passion of positive conviction with a fine distinction of mind and an open and uncontroversial spirit: a combination, necessarily but none the less sadly, rare at all times, but surely rarer than ever in these days of the apparent triumph of the rule of thumb.

It is such men, such combinations as that, that I find I must do all I can to cultivate, and that, not for their sake, but for my own. Such an unimpoverished believer, such a rich and by Faith still further enriched mind I have been having such happy intercourse with at Genoa, in the person of that most refreshing creature, Padre Semeria, the Barnabite; and here too, I try to learn much from two who are like that.

I hope you will not drop Wilfrid Ward, but will be seeing him, if not at Hampstead, at least at the Athenæum. Without Patmore's poetic gift, he has much of his all-round perception and of his candid straightness of outlook. And Ward would I know be very glad, for he has much to learn from you.

I have just been finishing up, at last, James Seth's *A Study of Ethical Principles* (Blackwood). What a noble and delightful book it is!

Do read him some day. And if you write on Patmore, don't forget please to let me see your performance : you would be sure to do it so well.

Yours, my dear Mr. Champneys, very sincerely,

Fr. v. Hügel.

To Mrs. Henry Drew, on the death of her father, Mr. W. E. Gladstone

4 Holford Road : May 23, 1898.

Dear Mrs. Drew,—Mary wrote her letter of condolence to you on Saturday, without my knowing that this was so : I had wanted so much to add a line of my own, and I now venture to add one more note to the many, the endless number, that will be reaching you still.

It would indeed be conceit and pretentiousness, were I to attempt to praise or to discriminate. But I should much like to say one little word, though thousands have felt and said it already, each in their own way. Still, it is most entirely sincere, and hence may have its little place and little fruitfulness. It is this : that there is surely, for us Christians, no surer test of Faith on our part, nor truer proof of Love on God's part, than suffering nobly borne, and fully sent, and nothing that unites and reunites at all as does such suffering. And, if we all, and I with all, believed most truly in your ever admirably active and earnest Father's goodness, even at a time when he could but show it by his actions, and when, from the very nature of the case, one could not always subscribe to more than his intentions : it was and is a consolation for us all, and for myself with all,—a pathetic and costing consolation,—to have, during these months of most touching heroism, been most respectfully and completely at one with you his near and dear ones, in gratitude to God for the example and inspiration He has deigned to give us in your Father. I have always loved to think of devoted suffering as the highest, purest, perhaps the only quite pure form of action : and so it was a special grace and specially appropriate, that one as devoted and as active as your Father, should have been allowed and strengthened to practise the most devoted action possible for a sentient and rational creature of God.

I am, dear Mrs. Drew, with deep sympathy with you all,

Yours sincerely,

Fr. von Hügel.

We were so pleased that our good old Priest up here told us, his Congregation, yesterday, twice, how much we all owed to your Father's noble life and example, as Husband, Father, Citizen, Statesman, and above all as Christian. It is most true, and we all thank God it is so.

To Father Tyrrell

4 Holford Road : Sept. 26, 1898.

In the midst of the pangs of literary production I venture to trouble you with a few, I fear very selfish lines,—all except the first point, which is simply to send you the enclosed letter from Blondel, which, I think, will interest you, if only because of the paragraph about your own Sabatier paper. We have quite settled not to leave England (this, and Herbert House) before the beginning of February, and have almost settled to at least begin our little three months' foreign outing, by (after a week or so of Paris) a stay at Aix, taking Lyons, with Abbé Tixeront and Père Brémond, on the way. If you have any criticisms to make, in G.'s interest, you will kindly let me have it sometime before Christmas : it is, of course, above all in her interest that I have striven to avoid Rome this year, and wished to stay in England as long and much as possible. You will kindly let me have it back sometime,—perhaps when we meet, as I hope so much we may any time in or after the second half of next week, till then all my poor brains must go to my St. Catherine article, only two-thirds written, so far. The point I venture to put on paper to you is this : I do not want to introduce it (however diplomatically) if you have any misgivings as to its soundness : but I must say, it has come home to me more and more, the more I have studied the mystical saints and writers, and the more I have come to find food and light in one side of their teaching—as, *e.g.*, St. Catherine of Genoa, and still more, St. John of the Cross.

My point is this, and it will be a kind charity, if you forgive my drawing it out thus on paper to you, before (perhaps) at least implying it in public (I could and of course gladly would show you the thing when in its proposed final form, but I want first of all to be quite clear as to my own point and its legitimacy to and for myself : I must know it, as I think I do already, to be true, before I cast about how to put it fruitfully to others).

Well, then, it seems to me that the Mystics,—I am of course thinking of the ecclesiastically approved ones,—and the whole mystical element in the *teaching* of all saints (I say " teaching " deliberately, for I think their *practice* generally comes round to what I would like to see modified in our present-day theory of the matter),—are profoundly right on the following points :

(1) God, our own souls, all the supreme realities and truths, supremely deserving and claiming our assent and practice,—are both *incomprehensible* and *indefinitely apprehensible*, and the constant vivid realisation of these two qualities insuperably inherent to all our knowledge and practice of them, is of primary and equal importance for us.

(2) This indefinite apprehensibleness becomes an actual ever-in-

creasing apprehension, more through the purification of the heart than through the exercise of the reason, and without some experience (following no doubt upon some light) the reason has no adequate material for effective conclusions.

(3) The primary function of religion is not the consoling of the natural man as it finds him, but the purification of this man, by effecting an ever-growing cleavage and contrast between his bad false self, and the false, blind self-love that clings to that self, and his good true self, and the true, enlightened self-love that clings to the true self; and the deepest, generally confused and dumb, aspirations of every human heart, correspond exactly to, and come from precisely the same source, as the external helps and examples of miracle, Church or Saint. The true exceptional is thus never the queer, but the supremely normal, and but embodies, in an exceptional degree, the deepest, and hence exceptional longings of us all.

(4) This purification must take place by man voluntarily plunging into some purifying bath or medium of a kind necessarily painful to the false, surface, immediate, animal man, and necessarily purifying where willed and accepted by the true, inner, remoter, spiritual self.

And now I have reached the points where I would part company with them.

(5) They teach as far as possible (their practice is generally fuller and about all I want) that the soul gains this purification by turning away from the particular, by abstraction, and absorption more and more in the general, as leading away from the particularity of the creature to the simplicity of the Creator. There seems, I think there actually *is*, no logical place in this theory for science, at least experimental, observing science; and the motives for (ever-costing) reform in and of this visible world are weakened or destroyed.

I would like the teaching to run thus:

(*a*) As the body can live only by inhalation and exhalation, nutrition and evacuation, etc.; and as the mind can only flourish by looking out for sensible material and then elaborating and spiritualising it: so the soul can live, to be fully normal in normal circumstances, only by a double process: occupation with the concrete and then abstraction from it, and this alternately, on and on. If it has not the latter it will grow empty and hazy, if it has not the former, it will grow earthly and heavy.

(*b*) Humanity at large is under *the strict obligation* (this, not simply because of the necessities of life, but *because of its spiritual perfection*) to practise *both these activities*; but at different periods excesses among the many of one or other of these activities, justify and require counterbalancing, rectifying excesses of the opposite kind. And as the many will necessarily only exceed in the concrete direction, the compensating activity of the few will be in the abstracting direction. Still, the most

difficult and yet most complete and most fruitful condition, and therefore the ideal, would be the plunging into the concrete and coming back enriched to the abstract, and then returning, purified and simplified, from the abstract to transform and elevate the concrete.

(*c*) The occupation with the concrete (I am primarily thinking of experimental science, critical scholarship, etc.) has profoundly changed or deepened its character, in proportion as the idea of *law*, of certain conditions, inexorably inherent to each observing mind, and to all observed matter, has become the necessary key to all work. Nature, history, all subjects of research first of all, now, present us with laws, with things, as neither the clamours of the petty self in front of them, nor, at first sight, the intimations of the Divine Person behind and above them, find here an echo or a place. Nothing breaks the purifying power of the thing and its apparent fatefulness ; the apparent determinism of the phenomena and the mentally and emotionally costing character of their investigation—I think the God of all phenomena as of all reality has now given us in these a purifying medium, which as many will and ought to use as have, in the past, striven to use the medium of abstraction alone.

(*d*) The recollecting of the soul, and its turning back to its own central necessities and dependence upon God, would of course remain exactly as they were, and as absolutely necessary ; only the running away from, or minimising, or illogical tacking on of, an occupation with the world around would cease : it would on the contrary have *its normal necessary place in the very theory of spirituality* : and every man would be taught in Retreats etc. that he must *study or work* at something definite and concrete, not simply to escape the dangers of idleness or to take off the strain of direct spirituality, but because, without them, he will, as we now know and see things, avoid one of the two twin means of growing lowly and pure, and of removing himself from the centre of his (otherwise little) world.

It would be easy, I think, to show how, even still in St. Catherine's day, science represented by such fantastic anthropocentric conceptions as those of Paracelsus, and scholarship, by such pretentious omniscience as that of Pico della Mirandola, could not as yet be the ready found purification I think they both can now be easily turned to ; and inasmuch as there was an inherent repugnance to all that is particular and concrete, one would have, I think, however carefully and respectfully, to admit that this was and is a confusion or theoretical misconception : for Blondel is surely right at least where he says that the true Absolute and Universal springs for us from the true concrete and particular : God, I like to think with Lotze, is the supremely concrete, supremely individual and particular, and the mental and practical occupation with the particular must ever remain an integral part of my way to Him. And this squares so grandly with the whole sacramental doctrine

and practice of the Church. One gets otherwise into a Neo-Platonic depersonalising of the soul.

You will please forgive me : it has profited me, even if you cannot answer much or anything.

Yours ever most gratefully and sincerely,

FR. VON HÜGEL.

To Father Tyrrell

4 Holford Road : Nov. 21, 1898.

My dear Father Tyrrell,—I am so sorry to have again to trouble you—but one of my two points need give *you* no trouble at all.

(1) I have carefully read, and much enjoyed Emmanuel de Broglie's *St. Vincent de Paul*, in the English translation. Miss Partridge,—I suppose I have the prefix right,—has done her work very well, it seems to me, although I judge without the original before me. I have come across but few printer's or translator's slips, and only here and there a passage which is obscure and would deserve improving. The enclosed slip might be worth handing on to her, with a view of reconsidering these few places : I always think such suggestions among the most sincere forms of genuine appreciation.

(2) The publisher of the *Hampstead Annual* has proposed to me to publish, at his own risk and expense, a little book on St. Catherine of Genoa, and the questions suggested by her life,—something six times the length of the article as finally accepted. It has 3000 words, 16 large print 8vo pp. ; I would now be given 24,000 words, and 120 pp. large print 12mo. I have accepted, since, as soon as pleases God I am physically all right again,—and I am going on well, and can hope to be at normal work again, I think, by Christmas,—it would, I think, be an actual relief and bracing, to be able to unfold at a reasonable length what I have vainly tried to pack into those short pages ; and indeed, even now, I have MS ready to fill, I think, quite 60 of these 12mo pages. I want to try and carefully abstain from introducing any new points, and simply to attempt working out, as soberly and clearly as possible, the points I have, or had, indicated. I would make five chapters of it : (1) Introductory ; (2) The Life ; (3) Sanity and Sanctity ; (4) Exterior Work and Interior Recollection ; (5) Pantheism and Personality,—and each chapter could be a little longer than my present whole article. Now my good little publisher, formerly with Macmillan, and hardly started as a publisher, is naturally anxious to insure himself against his venture turning out a financial failure, and thinks he would gain an important point, if some writer, well known or better known than myself, would undertake to write a preface to the little book, and thus god-father the child, in this rough world of ours. He even proposed his patron, Canon Ainger ; but I told him

I was sure that, if I have an Introducer, he ought, for a purely religious book as this, to be one of my own people. He then proposed either yourself, or Dom Gasquet, or Wilfrid Ward. I told him that Dom G. would not do, partly because we have, for these last two or three years, been on a less cordial footing and, perhaps still more, because he has always made no secret of his fear and dislike of even the moderate Mystics ; and that Wilfrid Ward would hardly do, because, far better known and more practised writer than myself as I recognise him, I thought the relations indicated by such a preface should be *real*, and that, in this case, such a preface would be pretty well reversing the usual rôles between Ward and myself. That towards you, on the contrary, I did not feel this, and knew very well, that, if you could and did write such an Introduction, it would add intrinsic value to the book, and would, I thought, probably facilitate and increase its sale amongst Catholics. As to outsiders, I did not know ; but Mayle thought that the kind of non-Catholics at all likely to buy such a book would not mind S.J. upon the title-page, and would attend to your recommendation. Anyhow, I promised him to write and ask you ; and told him I thought you would probably, in any case, be willing to give your most valuable help in reading over the proofs. I hope it is not impolite, and rudely simple, if I put it to you,—you who, if there had better be a preface, I so much hope will write it,—whether you think there had better be one, or not. I do not feel nearly as sure there had better be one, as Mayle does. Mr. Champneys is against one. I had thought of thanking in my preface Eucken, Loisy, and yourself, for kindness in discussing points with me, and then specially yourself for looking over the proofs, and putting this latter service in such a way, as, if necessary, to reassure any timid Catholics as to the substantial orthodoxy of what I say. I do not know how far an S.J. is free to approve of a book, which has not itself been submitted to the theologians of his order ; for, I take it, for me to do the latter would be to sacrifice one of the advantages of my position, which I can hope to utilise for helping matters on.

There is no hurry in this matter, as far as I am concerned, since I shall only be reading up slowly, in the books already utilised, till Christmas. But Mayle is anxious to get all the preliminaries settled, and this preface business largely fills his soul. I take it, he could in any case be promised respectful notices in the *Guardian* (perhaps Gore, or Champneys), *Tablet* (perhaps Dom Butler), *Spectator* (Ward ?). And one of yours,—yourself perhaps,—might say a kind word in the *Month*. All this looks sadly like log-rolling. But I see two things : that I cannot afford, at present at least, to publish at my own expense, and that my little man won't do so at his, unless he gets his preface or promises or something.

Gertrud has still got,—at Herbert House,—your *Hard Sayings*.

That is one of the books I want to read before finally working out my paper: the very titles of the sections show how much stimulation I shall find there.

Please kindly forgive this long epistle, and believe me, ever

Yours very sincerely and gratefully,

Fr. von Hügel.

To Father Tyrrell

4 Holford Road: June 18, 1899.

I have to thank you, and I do so most gratefully, for your very kind note; for *What is Mysticism?*; the rendering of Silvio Pellico's *Dio Amore*; and now also for *External Religion.*

As to your letter I can only say, most sincerely, that I am always most deeply grateful to God for the bracing, penetrating helpfulness of your life and ideas, writings and conversation; and that I shall always, please God, esteem any interview you may manage to procure for me as a very real advantage. I should be so glad to think that as often as you could and at all cared to come up here, you would kindly do so, without any special invitation, and with but a P.C. in the morning to give me fair warning to be in. As you know, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays are my best afternoons,—but almost any day, lunch and early afternoon are possible to me. I too,—you must feel it sympathetically,—am much and often, indeed constantly, disciplined, as our all-good and all-wise Lover knows how, by that isolation and interior loneliness which I notice is the marked lot and badge of all my close friends,—men who have constantly to fall back upon God to help make and keep them true lovers and helpers of their kind. And like these great large-hearted lonely ones,—Huvelin, Blondel, Laberthonnière, Duchesne, Eucken, and one or two more abroad,—I have so far found amongst our now living English Catholics but one,—yourself. I have, thank God, a fair number of English Catholic scholar friends, and amongst non-Catholics I have, also on this side of the Channel, several good and much-cared-for friends: but there is, amongst the Catholic Englishmen I now know, somehow no other one whom I feel and see to be one of those self-spending children of the dawn and of Christ's ampler day. May God keep and preserve you, ever more and more along this costing, but alone fully fruitful, line of light and life and love!

Miss Maude Petre came up last Monday: I was deeply consoled and refreshed at the ample proof our long talk afforded, of how fully and deeply that living mystical way of taking religion is working in her: I hope that she too will continue to give me such conversations as that one.

As to your writing, I have read and have been much touched by

the *Dio Amore*, although I do not, alas, know the original! But the article I have not yet been able to read: I will do so, very carefully. But above all do I look forward to the book: the very table of contents shows me how entirely you have been along the lines most specially dear to me: in fact they are the only ones along which the Church can live and prosper. All my little strength has now to be husbanded for the poor book, but this book of yours will, of course, be grist to my mill. . . .

Yours very gratefully and affectionately,

FR. VON HÜGEL.

To Father Tyrrell

Oct. 8, 1899.

. . . I want to thank you at once, most gratefully, for the proofs of "The Relation of Theology to Devotion" article. I have already read them, twice over, most carefully. They strike me as the finest thing you have yet done,—at least of those that I have read. It is really splendid. I thank God for it with all my heart. It is of course a deep encouragement to me in my work,—not only my book, but my poor life's work generally,—which is so entirely on these lines, which aims at them,—to find you giving such crystal-clear expression to my dearest certainties, to the line of thought and living which alone can and does bring me light and strength; and to find too, that you are let say these things, in your Order and by your Order.

To the Same

40 Via Montebello, Florence: Dec. 4, 1899.

. . . I have much to thank you for, and much to tell. For one thing, here is the charming little Duchesne note back. I am sure you value it at its true worth, for the fact is that, if he is always sincerity itself and indeed fastidious in his taste and praise, I have, I think, never yet known him to praise, or indeed carefully to read through, anything philosophical. It is but one proof the more how admirably direct and immediately practical and effective, how rarely lucid that article of yours is. I kept back the note till now, as I thought you would let me read it to various friends in Paris and Genoa, as probably the best reinforcement of my propaganda in favour of your writings. Then, next, I have to thank you for the very kind and handsome words of your letter to me. I am, of course, very glad and grateful to God, and why not to you also? if I have been of any use, along a way which is so dear to me,—I should love to think that it was the secret aspiration and

inspiration of my whole life: it certainly is so, of what may be not unworthy in it. And then, your *External Religion*. I have, at last! read it all, most carefully, mostly twice and three times, and with great satisfaction practically everywhere, and with deep delight in certain crucial passages. The skilful way in which you work the Earthly Paradise doctrine and picture (pp. 9, 84), and give the Fall-doctrine an exclusively human and spiritual application (13, 14), and make miracle a stretching of the physical under the pressure of the spiritual (15); the truly splendid teaching about the immanental and the historic, external Christ, and their proper functions and relations (30–36); the capital passage about the possibility and conditions of independence (70–72); the deep truth as to no two minds conceiving God or Christ identically; the rules of true helpfulness (81–84); effort great in proportion to degree of sanctity, hence greatest in Our Lord and His Mother (85, 86); "pray and watch" interpreted as "orate ut vigiletis" (88, 89); the noble protest against the elimination from religion of all its mystery and splendour (119, 120); the insistence upon conceiving grace as *mingling* with nature (146); perhaps above all, as practically clenching the whole argument, the sentences on pp. 149, 150: "Can you explain . . . we who have once felt can never doubt it"; "It is vitally important . . . however skilfully spun"; "Faith is produced . . . in a look or a word." All this has been and will, I trust and think, up to the end of life, be a deep and fruitful delight to me. But indeed there are many more pages which I like hardly less than these; but I have to be brief, and need only say, in one word, that I accept and subscribe to the whole of your argument with glad and grateful readiness.

I think that in what strikes me as its two main doctrines,—the unconscious or variously obscure, but most real and, when favoured, powerful presence within us of an inward Christ pushing us upwards and outwards with a view to join hands with the outward Christ Who is pressing inwards, these two as necessary conditions for the apprehensions of Faith and Love; and the illuminative character of action, which makes the Christianity of the individual soul continually to re-begin with an experiment, and re-conclude by an experience,—that in these two main points it is entirely Blondel and Laberthonnièrian, but, of course, with all the sound and sane mystics generally. How nobly and rightly modern these doctrines are,—modern only, after all, in the sense of being *also* modern, for they are at bottom of and for all times, indestructible as Life and Love themselves. If I may criticise: 1. I would hope that you could somehow restate, on p. 51, the thought expressed by the words: "mysteries of an entirely supernatural order, of which there is to be found no hint or suspicion in the natural aspirations of even the noblest, most immaculate soul." Perhaps it is asking for too much discrimination in any one passage, but I always long so

much to find everywhere a clear distinction between what I take to be the two very different questions: (1) as to how far, without the help of supernatural light and grace, man can have even a suspicion of the supernatural truths and facts of Christianity,—and I would gladly answer, that he cannot thus have it; and (2) as to how far such help is given or denied to any man, if not at any moment, at least at various stages and turning-points of his life,—and here I would strongly insist that every man everywhere is given such help,—in of course endlessly varying degrees. This latter doctrine I think you hold, and indeed proclaim in this your book as strongly as even I could wish; but with this doctrine the matter becomes one requiring, I think, some such words here as: "the merely natural aspirations," or something like them. 2. I ask myself whether on your otherwise admirable p. 85 there is not perhaps a confusion between the effort of doing always better and better, and at each moment the best, and the effort and suffering involved in avoiding sin; and whether it would not be sufficient to keep the former only for Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin. Still I see how even such a limitation (of course, even so you would be well ahead, on a *most necessary* point, of our poor at bottom docetic manner of looking at this question) empties Our Lord's temptations of at least some of their mystery and helpfulness. 3. On p. 82 you have "our personality and individualism," and throughout the book the second word recurs, bearing, I think, no definite connotation of either praise or blame. I think it was James Seth, in his attractive *Study of Ethical Principles*, who taught me to strive after helping to fix in English a distinction between "individuality," in a good sense, and "individualism," in a bad. "Personality" would in any case remain the highest term, and one absolutely above reproach. I should much like to see you, too, always using these terms in this way. 4. On pp. 129, 130, you at least *seem* to waver between the conception that the Church's prominence in the world depends upon our efforts, and that according to which it does not so depend. I note that your words do make some distinction: still, I wonder, even after rereading them, whether it would not be truer simply to say that Our Lord has not guaranteed more than that the Church would continue to *exist* to the end of the world, but in what state and degree of attractiveness would depend upon ourselves. 5. On pp. 149, 151, you say "those that are true to conscience, recognise exactly the same voice in Christ and in the Church"; and "if a conscientious Christian resists Catholicity, it is only because the truth has not yet been duly set before him; God's voice has not been allowed to sound alone in his ears," etc. At first I tried to read the first sentence as meaning that such a Catholic as leads a life faithful to his conscience, will know by experience that conscience, Christ, and Church, all three speak the same language and lessons. But the second sentence seems

to show that *that* is not your meaning, and that you really teach here, what you so rightly and clearly deny elsewhere, that if only a man is fully faithful to his light, he will, here below even, come to the explicit acceptance of the Church : at least his not coming is not from any insufficiency of clearness in God's call to his individual soul. But I take it, that this will not work, and that it would be just exactly blurring the edges of the mystery which Catholics require so constantly keeping before them,—viz. that though there is but one Truth, one Way, one Goal ; and though Catholicism is the full and ultimate earthly form of all true religion,—yet that our God, all-wise, all-good, all-powerful as He is, gives to different souls, even though they be equally faithful, different degrees of this same Truth, and starts them at various distances from the goal, along the same road. No one sees or teaches this more plainly than yourself : it must, then, be some little obscurity in your text or density in myself that boggles over your words here.

As to things to say, I have more than I can write. Still, I want to say at once, that, during those but two full days in Paris, I managed twice to see Brémond, distinctly depressed and wistful, but valiantly working away at getting a good circle of friends to give to and get from, and at keeping foolish things out, and getting reasonable things into, the *Études*. I think he is very sensitive as to the uncertainty as to even many Catholics' feelings towards, not him personally, but himself *qua* S.J. I have managed though, I hope, to increase his circle by three or four capital and most active persons, friends of Huvelin's or Duchesne's. Then I went out to Bellevue, and saw that valiant Loisy, all pale or rather yellow from his bad illness, and very weak, and as yet unable to resume his writing ; but valiantly determined to do so as soon as possible, and already reading a bit, and continuing to publish articles. Then, too, I saw Abbé Touzard, that really excellent O.T. scholar and Professor at S. Sulpice, pupil and friend of Loisy, and a lover and understander of souls into the bargain. He feels naturally sad about France, and told me as to how M. Stinnes Lamy and a few others had wanted the Vatican to let them attempt to work in public and political life, along thoroughly Christian and Catholic lines, but without looking for political directions from Rome, and without identifying religion with one political regime or group rather than another ; how this would have been the beginning of salvation for religion in the country ; but that the Vatican had been as plain and energetic in its refusal as evidently its worst enemies could have desired. Sad.

And, finally, I had a good long talk with that capital Laberthonnière, who told me that in the Grand Séminaire at Rheims, I think, one of the Moral Theology Professor's cases of conscience is : " Supposing a Subjectivist were to come to you, to Confession, how would you work to free him from his error ? " Also, that Père de la Barre has been

writing in a double and really hostile way about him. That he, L., is intending to write a short Essay on Pascal, and manages to get now about three hours' study a day, and gives this chiefly to preparing his Dr.'s dissertation on "Charity." He also begged me to tell you, how much he has enjoyed and appreciated your "Theology in Relation to Devotion" article.

Then, at Genoa, our three whole days there were very happy, since I managed to see that astonishingly rich-souled and overflowingly expansive Semeria twice a day. He also introduced me to two young Milanese nobles, friends and admirers of the good van Ortroy, and as zealous and open-minded young Catholics as heart could desire. They told me how that they held it direct from van Ortroy (a generally good and accurate source of information) that now Laberthonnière has been denounced to Rome, and that some censure might well come of it. It is, alas, so evident that they really fear as much, and understand as little, even sane and sober Mysticism, as they do critical and scientific method. I have been thinking well over what little I could do to help ward off what would be a blow delivered at deeply dear convictions and influences ; and my difficulty is, partly, that many of those who are entirely right on the dry, critical side of things, have nothing and will know nothing of what I am profoundly convinced is its corrective and supplement, mystical aspiration and action. The good V. O. himself, for instance, and many others. I have ended by writing to Cardinal Matthieu, who is open-minded at all events on historical points (he volunteered to Loisy to at any time fight his battles for him at Rome, where, as you know, he is resident French Cardinal), and to Cardinal Perraud, who as himself an Oratorian, and as having, at M. Ollé-Laprune's instigation, worked some three or four years ago in Rome to ward off a threatened blow from Blondel, can hardly in consistency, I hope, now refuse to do the same for L. But he is a rhetorician : I doubt whether he sees really very clearly or very far into anything. Meanwhile Semeria tells me, as to how the present Nunzio in Paris is the most emphatic and active of Neo-Scholastics who (unless all these political preoccupations absorb him too much) will no doubt do his best to discourage or even if possible suppress all other tendencies. Padre Semeria also begged me to tell you that he has found a good Italian translator for *Hard Sayings*, that the work is already begun, and that he proposes to carefully revise it and introduce it to the Italian public by a very few carefully sober words ; that he supposes you will not object to this ; and that he only hopes the publisher will not require payment for the right of translation, as all S. will be able to do will be to find a publisher who would take the risk of this first translation of any of your books without having to pay. But, if not too much were asked, I could, and gladly would pay this. Only, I hope such a translation will not be

imprudent ; S. thinks it would not be that. It is extraordinary what things the Master of the Apostolic Palace has passed in S.'s own book on the Acts of the Apostles ; *e.g.* that *no* miracle, actual or conceivable, carries with it mathematically demonstrative force, but *always* requires and tests moral and religious dispositions. I take it, they passed these (excellent) things without understanding them.

Yours with ever grateful warm affection,

Fr. von Hügel.

To Miss Maude Petre

40 Via Montebello, Firenze : Dec. 5, 1899.

It was a very real disappointment to me, not to have been able to come to you on that Monday, my last afternoon in England. But sudden and quite unforeseen family business called me away, two days before, to Bournemouth, so that I had only those few afternoon hours to attend to my many final odds and ends, and could not manage to find room for our talk, so much looked-forward-to by me. As to the German Mystics, I will, in the following list, (1) assume that you are not taking them, at least primarily, as Spiritual Reading, but for critical study ; I will, then, group them *not* in the order of their immediate acceptableness, but in that of their power and influence upon subsequent thought. I will (2) include the Low German, Old Flemish Mystics. And I will (3) only give you translations direct from the originals. (This latter point is, I think, very important, *e.g.* Hello's pretty little French selection from Ruysbroek is, I think, insufficient for your purpose, since it is a French translation from Surius's Latin translation of the Middle-Low German original. I have *just* finished reading this latter, as regards R.'s masterpiece, and find that Surius is very faithful.) Among such translations I will always choose those made on the best, generally the latest, text of the originals. But please note, that most of both the originals and translations still only exist, printed, in quite old and largely inadequate editions. The fact of course is, that these good Mystics have, for later times, fallen between two stools. For many Catholics they have been "semi-Protestants," or "semi-Pantheists" ; for most Protestants, Papists after all—we must help *changer tout cela.* Let me suggest that, before reading any of these German Mystics, you should read :

(1) *Select Works of Plotinus* with Introduction. Engl. translation by John Taylor. London : Bell. 3*s.* 6*d.*

(2) *The Works of Dionysius the Areopagite.* Engl. tr. by Rev. John Parker. London : Parker. 1899. 2 vols. 3*s.* net each.

(The translation seems to be well done ; but the translator is utterly uncritical in his Preface : already, in the 16th Century, the attribution of these writings to the Apostolic age was cracked beyond all repairing.)

Of these writings I would read at least the "On the Divine Names" and "On Mystical Theology." They must both be in Vol. II.

As to the German Mystics, far and away the most important, although the least, materially, orthodox (his intentions were admittedly good and even saintly throughout), is Master Eckhart. All the others (I include writers such as à Kempis, who are only incidentally Mystical) are but modifications, corrections of the mighty Eckhart. Unfortunately, his German writings, which are much the most characteristic, can still only be read in their Middle-High German original (first published by Franz Pfeiffer, Leipzig : Goschen. 1857. 686 pp. of Text. I. 110 Sermons ; II. 18 Treatises ; III. 70 Sayings ; IV. "Liber Positionum," also M.-H. German !) But his Latin writings have been carefully edited by Fr. H. S. Denifle, the Dominican (our one living authority on the German Mystics, who has worked for years to claim and use them fully for the Church), in *Archiv für Litteratur- und Kirchengeschichte des Mittelalters, herausgeg. von Denifle u. Ehrle.* Berlin : Weidmann, 2ter Band, 1886. You will find here an excellent introduction by Denifle on "Meister Eckhart's lateinische Schriften, und die Grundanschauung seiner Lehre," pp. 417–532 ; and then the text of the Latin writings, pp. 533–615. And then some interesting documents concerning E.'s censure, 616–687. I think these two parts bound up as one cost 8 mks.

II. Tauler : *Sermones* (Latin translation by Surius. Cologne, 1548).

III. *The Imitation of the Poor Life of Christ.* English translation, from Denifle's (1st complete) edition of the M.-H. German original (Munich, 1877). London : Burns & Oates. (This book used to be attributed to Tauler, but wrongly.)

IV. *Œuvres Spirituelles du Bienh. Henri Suso* (traduit du texte publié par le Père Denifle. Munich, 1880). 2 vols. Paris. (I don't have the date and publisher handy, but the book is easily procurable.)

V. *Theologia Germanica.* English tr. by Catherine Winkworth. Macmillan ; Golden Treasury Series.

(See Charles Kingsley's *Life and Letters*, vol. 2, where you will find that, though what has been left has been carefully translated, some "Romanist" passages are omitted.

Miss W. and K. between them have also, I fancy, softened one or two "pantheistic" passages. But there is no other translation, Engl., Fr. or Lat., that I know of. The critical edition of the original is Franz Pfeiffer's: *Eine Deutsche Theologie*, 2nd Ed., Stuttgart, 1855, with Modern German translation, in addition to the M.-H. German text.)

VI. Ruysbroek. Either: *Opera, latine*, ed. Surius, Cologne, 1552, and several later editions; or Maeterlinck: *Les Ornements des Noces Spirituelles*, traduit du Vieux Flammand. Paris, 188– or 189– (easily procurable, and quite cheap, 2 or 3 frs.).

If I may, in conclusion, point out what seem to me the points we ought to clear up and, as may be, either eliminate or emphasise from and in the Mystics: I would say that they are three:

(1) To get rid of the Abstractive and Negative side of them, carefully and constantly, as a *final stage*, and as carefully keep them as means, but means, and means alternating with other, contrary means: terrible havoc has been worked along the opposite lines. It is delightful to find how *just* this weakness of so many of the Mystics is also *just* what alone makes them half-Catholic. To get and keep this point fully, constantly right, is to kill two birds, two odious vultures preying at the vitals of a most noble and most necessary element of religion, with one good stone.

(2) To get rid of too hard and fast a line—most of ours have dug as deep a trench as possible—between contemplative, mystical acts and states, and the acts of the ordinary spiritual and even mental life. Mysticism, indeed, anything and everything, becomes profoundly uninteresting, and indeed a pure and simple irritant, except it be conceived as existing, in some form and degree, in every mind. Only in its intensity and extension, in its quantity and quality will it then differ in various souls.

(3) To get rid of, I will not say abnormalities, for Joly already and others have well done this, following in the footsteps of St. John of the Cross and others: but of that dreary diabolic Mysticism business. Without that, we merely pump in pure water at the top of our subject, to have it pour out dirty and unwholesome at the bottom of it. Here I would rely, I think, especially on the two universally admitted but often woefully forgotten doctrines: that fear is ever only to take the place of love, when (always through our own faults) love, the real King and Vice-Regent of the soul, fails; and that God alone can ever directly touch our souls. Fight self constantly, and you need never think of the devil. You will notice that I look to find a position for our people which would combine an admission of the nature of that side of the

spiritual world with a keen sense of the danger for us of dwelling on it, primarily and directly.

Yours very sincerely,
FR. VON HÜGEL.

To Father Tyrrell

4 Holford Road : July 7, 1900.

. . . Then again, since writing I have read your capital last "Synthetic" Paper, which somehow, though I knew of its existence, had been overlooked amongst a mass of other papers. And I have got to about the middle of the "Ignatius of Loyola" book. This latter is being a veritable storehouse to me of observations and suggestions, just exactly suited to my present main occupation. I only hope that this great service you have, here again, been rendering to the true and lasting interests of religion may not, already again, raise any dust or turmoil,—however momentary. So far, I have neither seen nor heard anything to in any way portend this. When I have quite done the full and astonishingly pregnant little book, I hope to clear my brain by jotting down to you such definite impressions (if any) which special turns or interpretations of the book may suggest to me. I also duly read your little letter in the *Weekly Register*—so little yours, however, as to be barely grammar and to show little sense. Yet I was, of course, very glad that it amounted to so little,—indeed it would be impossible to specify what it amounted to.

Wilfrid Ward has lent me your MS. "Who are the Reactionaries?", and I have found it, especially in its quotations from yourself, full of deeply stimulating and suggestive writing,—with that enchanting note of spiritual aloofness and pathetic, patient, brave loneliness, which is ever characteristic of one side and aspect of all spontaneous and deep religion. I have had to express myself on paper to W. W. about these matters, and have found it difficult and costing,—not, I think, from real uncertainty as to my own instincts and affinities, but because I feel strongly that in such difficult, transitional times as these, it is wrong to multiply or intensify differences by unnecessary explicitations. I think that such difference as exists between him and me, is not so much one as to policy (as to what to say or how to say it), but as to one's own interior attitude (as to the estimate and practice of the driving forces of religion). If a certain arrangement, a kind of careful fitting together of externally separate pieces of fact and report, a continuous refusal to say and to admit, "fat and pat," things as they are, or as they first come to one, may be a necessity often, and is certainly so sometimes, in one's external dealings ; yet the fact is, I think, and I for one have to live in continuous accordance with it,—that not in policies and politics, not in

any external arrangements, however exquisite or wise, but in certain spiritual forces, experiences and freely willed humiliations, purifications and elaborations, lie the constituents of religion. Now I am never even tempted to think that you do not fully see, or that you neglect this. But I do feel in him the absence of this note of quasi-intuitive, first-hand experience which, I think, nothing can replace, and which is capable of leavening mountains of reticence and policy, should this latter be necessary. It is this, as I have tried to explain, which makes me, I think, so restive under much of the balancing and up-and-down literature. *That* may be a necessity; but the living waters flow, direct and simple, simple in their rich variety, in the sabbath moments of the soul, under all these quasi-political operations.

Mr. Basil Champneys has asked me to find out whether you would mind his printing your name in the Preface to his Coventry Patmore book, as that of one of those to whom he owed and acknowledged gratitude for help in its production. He has already printed an, I think, tactful and pretty bit of appreciative reference to you, in the book itself. But, as to the Preface, he says he would, on the one hand, even selfishly like to do so, to prevent the book seeming to appear without any support or knowledge of any of our people; and, on the other hand, he would readily deprive himself of this advantage, if it were likely in any degree to lead to embarrassment for you. An answer will be in good time if given when you look us up, which, I cordially hope, will be soon.

Mr. Lathbury and that surely touchingly noble Claude Montefiore I have also been seeing, and have been so glad at noticing that deep drawing to you which is certainly in both. It was the latter who told me clearly about your operation; and I see how entirely I can sympathise about it with you. One good thing about it is,—that you are likely to be free from any similar trouble for a good while to come.

Since I saw you, or even wrote to you, I have had a fresh proof and instance as to how living a substance the soul is,—maintaining its life always by a continual re-constitution, by effort, strength, temptation, growth, and new levels and starting-points, although all this is, no doubt, the case in very varying degrees and forms amongst various souls. But the greater the soul, the greater such development. I am feeling it with and for a much prized, closely watched soul, that is evidently, please God, moving on to another, a higher level, but with all the perplexity and danger of the transition: please pray for her. And I am observing it in my working at St. Catherine: it is simply comical to note the divergence between the *facts* of her continuous struggle, effort, and changing, growing achievements and horizons, and her biographer's emphatic insistence, at every halt in her life, or even of his narrative, that *now* at last (he has said so, as absolutely as language

permits, of even the first moment of her conversion) she is at the very summit of perfection. I want to try hard to make you read the 180 pp. of Bergson's *Essai*. What analysis and heart-knowledge ! He shows, in an utterly unforgettable way, how all will-affecting feeling and interior states necessarily change, in proportion as they are profound ; and how in them each idea tinges and permeates every other idea : it is only in the dead cold analysis, that one constituent gets juxtaposed alongside of the other. His distinction between the soul's direct experience of duration, with its mutually inter-penetrative moments, and that artificial, bastard compromise between duration within us, and extension, space outside us, which we call clock-time, with its minutes each outside of, and simply alongside of the other,—has now got bodily into my head and heart, and into my attempted presentation of St. Catherine.

But I really must stop.

It would be then beginning with Saturday next, 14th inclusive, that I would be free for you, till Friday 20th, when I have to go to Downside for two or three days, to be back, however, at your disposal, indefinitely, as far as my plans go at present.

Yours very affectionately and gratefully,

FR. VON HÜGEL.

To Father Tyrrell

4 Holford Road : Aug. 19, 1900.

I return you herewith the "Walla-Washee Tribe" paper, with very many thanks. I have read it all, much of it twice over, with very great attention, continuous sympathy, and rare *intellectual* delight. I have got, to be accurate, to qualify the delight in this way, because there is of course a profound and pathetic melancholy running through the paper, which does not become less so to one, because one realises how inevitable, indeed well-grounded it is, and because one cannot but ask oneself how long this constraint and trial is to last, and with what results. As to these latter, I am thinking of the loss to the cause of truth and religion, and the pain to yourself, if this limitation on your self-expression and spiritual radiation were long to continue. With your sensitive nature and delicate health, and immense need of indefinite activity and self-communication, a long course of silence and repression would be too painfully trying to yourself, for me to be able to bear to think of it as probable. I rather love to remember that all may still be better, much sooner, and in other ways and by other instruments, than we, in our blindness, can guess or foresee. And you have the quality which is as real an advantage, in the long run, with, I think, almost all

others, as it is the one refuge throughout life for oneself. I am thinking, of course, of your spiritual-mindedness, which is every bit as marked a feature of yours as breadth of sympathy or freshness of thought. And already years ago Duchesne said to me, and I have so often found him right, in the lives of my various friends and in my own : "Work away in utter sincerity and open-mindedness ; lead as deep and devoted a spiritual life as you can ; renounce, from the first and every day, every hope or wish for more than toleration ; and then, with those three activities and dispositions, trust and wait, with indomitable patience and humility, to be tolerated and excused. You will find that, if only you have patience and magnanimity enough to wait so long, and to work so hard, and to put up with, apparently, such a small result,—*that* result will not fail you : you will be put up with not more, not one inch more : but *that* much, you will achieve." And so far I have watched and seen this come true, in that in-the-long-run, and more-or-less way in which things *do* come about, outside of books ; and with times of crisis and interruption which, again, look romantic only in books, but which I have had to note as the bread of the strong. . .

To Miss Maude Petre

4 Holford Road : Sept. 26, 1900.

I find it difficult to lay hold of words sufficiently vivid as well as sober, to describe to you at all adequately the deep and abiding satisfaction, indeed delight, which your letter has given me. Here in England I have, just at present, got so few Catholic friends (whom I am seeing sufficiently often and closely to be able to judge about) who strike me as growing and opening out mentally ; and yet growth as deepening and expansion of the whole being, head and heart, are about the one profound refreshment which one soul can itself experience, and in doing so, can in some measure hand on to another. And that it should be my dear Professor Eucken, and his *Kampf* that are inspiring you so much, is additionally consoling to me. I have several letters from him in which he treats of your points (2) and (4) ; I could show you and read you the special bits, when you come up to us next time. But, meanwhile, I will try and draw out a little what I understand to be in his mind on the points you raise.

1. As to "*Wesensbildung*." You will no doubt yourself have felt all along how very anxious he is to dispossess one, as far as possible, of the very general and most tenacious prejudice, that we are born with "character" and "personality" ; and how hard he strives to make one feel and apply the opposite conception, that man is born with certain aptitudes within him, and certain mysterious helps within him and above him, of slowly, laboriously, painfully, obscurely *making for himself*

a character and personality. And to ensure this conception, he fights shy of all terms or figures which would encourage the conception of an automatic development, or mere quantitative change, as if, say, man began by being a true (developed) spiritual cell, with a mysterious capacity for adding to this first cell, any number of similar cells. No, the real state of things is much more mysterious and more apparently paradoxical than that; for though man, of course, begins by finding himself in physical and animal existence, and though his gradually developing intelligence, inasmuch as the latter is directed to his simple physical and generally purely selfish struggle for existence and advancement, can be conceived as a quantitative reality and growth; yet man begins with but the most rudimentary spiritual aptitudes and capacities—rudimentary, that is, in that which the individual himself can apprehend and turn into acts, habits, and qualities,—into spiritual tissue as it were. From the first there will be capabilities, inclinations and attractions upwards and downwards; but only gradually will the law and necessity of conversion appear, and with its operation, the whole further process of gain and conquest of character and personality, will acquire a new depth, intensity and pathos. And, up to the end, there will be no standing still, but only the alternative between shrinkage and expansion; between the deteriorating ultimate pain of self-seeking and self-contraction, and the ennobling immediate pangs of self-conquest and self-expansion. But the difficulty about the whole conception is of course that we are ready with an *ex nihilo nihil fit* objection: we cannot imagine how a mere individual can become a Person; a mere unit, a moral centre and force; an animal, a character. And yet it is clear, I think, that E. is right; and that, mysterious though it be, so it is: that with God as supreme and absolute reality, the moral Person in the world, we have been created and are helped by Him, in such conditions and according to such laws, as are conducive to our making ourselves into moral agents of a particular (our) kind and degree; and that He, being there to help us, He intends to help us only to make our own selves, and gives us to begin with our materials but not the results, and *never, at any time, in the materials practically the results already.* You and I will, in a most real sense, be to-morrow different, fuller or lesser, and truer or falser, Personalities than we are to-day, and this not simply automatically, but entirely through the more or less deliberate acts and acceptances of our volitional nature, and the countless effects and habits of its past volitional history as thus now again endorsed or revoked, and the grace of God working in and through these our acts that will take place within the next twenty-four hours. We shall be passing out of the light, the fact of what we are at this moment, through the right or wrong contraction, the darkness and the effort of the right or wrong act, out into the fresh and fuller, or the more dead and dimmer new light.

"*Wesensbildung*," I should then say, is the formation of character, conceived as a process by which our spiritual substance from being potentially moral becomes really so; as a succession of acts by which we gradually (but always only by ever fresh acts) change our possibilities into actualities, and again use the resultants as so many fresh possibilities for fresh acts and achievements. I think myself, the intrinsic difficulties of this (most deep) conception are greatly increased by our (Greek) habit of conceiving character and the moral being as something of an already fixed dimension, as a thing and fact, rather than an act and energy. Yet the soul is not only an energising substance: *it puts in substance* by right energising, and only by this means. I take it that we must remember how all our conceptions can be rendered fully clear only by means of images derived from and projected into space; and all such images are static and quantitative. Whereas when we come to the natures of the strictly spiritual and moral being and life, we are in the midst of the *dynamic* and *qualitative*, hence of what we can conceive only either truly and then with a conscious vagueness, or clearly and then with an unconscious obliteration or falsification of all its true characteristics. Better far will it be to choose the former alternative.

2. *As to a Personal God.* You have hit upon a marked peculiarity of his,—the obvious, constant, sensitive antagonism to all Pantheism, and yet the silence, all but complete, as to Him, and His Personality. But this hangs well together, I think, with No. 1. Deeply convinced as he is of the existence and constant action, and sustaining power of God in and upon the soul, and profoundly persuaded as he is that we cannot ever get to a deeper and more adequate conception of Him than as an Infinite Personality, which has and combines within itself (in a manner and degree quite beyond anything but a dim, analogical apprehension on our parts) at least all that we have of most truly spiritual and personal within us: he is yet equally certain that though it is this God Who made us and sustains us, yet that *He made us in order that in a sense we might* make Him,—in and for our minds and wills.—Not as though He were not entirely and equally, whether we thus make Him for ourselves or not; but because otherwise He is as though He were not, as far as we ourselves, as our knowledge of Him is concerned. What God is in Himself we, strictly speaking, do not know. All our true knowledge of Him is limited to what He is to us and in us. And this knowledge is necessarily not at the beginning but at the end of our struggles and endeavours, since it grows with the growth of our own personality, ever the joint work of ourselves and God. And hence it is, I think (apart from certain reactions in his life), that E. shrinks so much from definitions or even from frequent mentions of that Personality of God, which he is sure motives and decides *in fact* even our first instant of existence, but which *as a conception of our own* (if it is

to become and remain at all not an idol or a caricature, but is to be as true and helpful as possible) must, it too, be conquered and again reformed and reconquered by us, with and through the conquest of our own Personality. But the very depth of and insistence on his conception of human Personality of course requires and implies an analogous conception of and conviction as to the Divine Personality, and in his coming "Philosophy of Religion," I think, he will develop the conception of this latter more explicitly. And yet, I think he is right in feeling so strongly that the all-important point is to set all the latent positive powers of the soul in motion, and to remove all the obstacles, which can help or hinder the development of deep, true human personality, and together with it to perceive that this can only be conceived and achieved under the image and with the actual collaboration of a partnership, or rather of the all-penetrating help of an infinite spiritual power, which Itself gives what it makes us ourselves effect within ourselves.

This may help a little to show what I think he means by "*Geistiges Leben.*" He—like Blondel and Laberthonnière—is (I think rightly) deeply un-molinistic in his grace-doctrine. I know he feels the scheme of God *plus* man, grace *plus* nature, predestination *plus* free-will,—all this putting alongside of each other, as though they were two separate material bodies, what really are two living energies, completely interpenetrating each other, in various forms and degrees,—to be utterly misleading. With St. Bernard he feels that the grace and the free-will interpenetrate each other throughout, and that the grace is in the free-will, and the free-will in the grace. Here again, I think, the clarifying business (of which we are so immensely proud) misleads and impoverishes us ; and that so little is it true that, in the spiritual world, two realities cannot (as with two bodies) be in the same place, that, on the contrary, one spirit or spiritual force or idea has not really penetrated the other, unless it *is* in the same point and centre of energising as the other, each as it were passing right through the other, and not *adding* to the *quantity*, but profoundly *modifying* the *quality* of the other. Grace so little interferes with, or even simply adds itself on to, or runs parallel with the autonomy of the spiritual personality, that it actually constitutes that personality. Hence you will see, I think, that his "*Geistiges Leben*" is not precisely parallel to our ordinary "the soul's life with God," because this latter phrase implies so much the static quantitative view of the soul ; the soul is conceived of as made, and not in the process of making, and as contracting an alliance with God, not as itself constituted, *qua* truly spiritual energising, by that continuous action which is, throughout, God's work within the soul, and the soul's work in God.

3. Eucken's "*Substance*" *and* "*existence*," and scholastic "*Essence*" *and* "*existence.*" I think all the above will show plainly where the difference lies between these pairs of terms. In both cases "existence"

means precisely the same thing, but the whole connotation of Eucken's "substance" is different and ever so much more rich, vague, and difficult, than the scholastic "essence." I take it that throughout Greek philosophy (with but an inchoative difference in Plato) the whole scheme of thought is based just precisely upon the essence of everything, the human soul included, being and remaining for ever and aye what it is, that and no more; and though Aristotle has grandly true things about the gradual building up of character, and Plato is splendidly right in making the quest of truth and of goodness the necessary business of the whole man,—yet there remains the fact, that the whole bent and trend of their philosophy, of the Greeks in general, is, where at all consistent and characteristic, towards the static, the intellectual, the determinist, the perfection in limitation type and pattern. Things here are *real*, inasmuch as they endure and resist in their primitive quantities and qualities; things here are *known*, and adequately known, by the intellect, the abstractive process, and by that alone; *actions and character* here can be taught, for the will is not a power really distinct from the reason, but follows the latter automatically, as the shadow follows the light; and *perfection of all kinds is here strictly limited, is found in limitation*, because all things are made to move, begin and end within the scheme of reasoning, ever clear and definite, and under the image of concrete, especially sculptural forms, which are ever beautiful in proportion to their clearly defined proportions and outlines. Now in such a scheme there is no room for the conception of a slow, indefinite acquisition of spiritual substance, of a gradual change, through successive will-acts, in the quality and value of the spiritual entity in man, nor any tolerance for any real becoming, for any measuring of reality by the depth and significance of its growings and its changes, for any apprehension of perfection as necessarily infinite and eternal (not simply very great and immortal), above all for any at all adequate conception of Personality, its passion and its pathos. The Greek (scholastic) *essence* is then at the beginning; Eucken's *substance* is at the end; the former is previous to and independent of Action, the latter is posterior to it and its fruit; the former is fixed and stable, the latter is ever growing and shrinking; the former is adequately cognisable in its true concept, the latter is but partially apprehensible, from an analysis of the results of the experience of the reality itself, gained in and through action; the former can be as fully known by the bad as by the good, even though it be but the latter who utilise and build upon such knowledge, the latter can be really known only in and through moral devotedness, since it is the latter that alone supplies adequate material and sufficient earnestness, and the humility and livingness which will ever begin again and again the happy, enriching round of action and analysis, love and light.

4. *Religion everything? or but one thing among other things?* I consider this as the *articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiae Euckenianae*, and the point on which I think depends the future true and lasting peace between Faith and Science, and the introduction of the Christian-ethical, the divine spirit of the child and of the Cross, right into the still largely pagan intellectual life of the Church. Pray notice first that, when we say we believe in the Creation, especially when we profess belief in each single soul's free will, we profess the mysterious belief that God has somehow alienated a certain amount of His own power, and given it a relative independence of its own ; that He has, as it were, set up (relative but still real) obstacles, limits, friction as it were against Himself. And thus we may well wonder at this mysteriously thin barrier between our poor finite relativity, and the engulfing infinite Absolute, a barrier which is absolutely necessary for us, for though God was and could ever be without us, God is no more God for us, if we cease to be relatively distinct from Him. Let the drop be put in the ocean, and for the drop there is no more either ocean or drop. And pray note, that the difference is not by any means simply one of size, of quantity or relative degree of worth ; it is essentially quite as much one of quality, of the nature altogether. The similarity can not only never become identity, but it can never just simply and entirely correspond or supplement. And note further that this poor little shelter of reeds, with the Absolute ever burning down upon it ; this poor little paper boat, on the sea of the Infinite,—God took pity upon them, quite apart from sin and the Fall,—God wanted to give their relative independence a quite absolute worth, He took as it were sides with His own handiwork against Himself and gave us the rampart of His tender strong humanity, against the crushing opposition of the pure time- and space-less Eternal and Absolute of Himself. Here, more than in creation, we again get the friction ; the non-fit ; the law of one sort here, the law of another sort there. Yet though God and Christ are not simply things or forces within and amongst *other*, simply and absolutely independent things or forces, yet we cannot, I am persuaded through and through, show our apprehension of the secret of His law of spiritual life for us all, or co-operate in building it up, better than in ever remembering, ever vividly realising, ever practising, ever suffering the (within our world of relativities) *true and real independence* which God has chosen to give Creation, by the very fact of creating it, and still more by incarnating Himself in its head and centre, man. Never, as truly as creation will never be absorbed in the Creator, nor man, even the God-man, become (or become again) simply and purely God, will or can science and art, morals and politics be without each their own inside, their own true law of growth and existence *other than, in no wise a department or simple dependency of, religion.* The creature is not the Creator, either in

quantity or quality, it is not a little god ; and yet, though it is indefinitely lesser, the Creator respects its inferior and different nature. Even so are science and all the other departments of life not religion, or to be absorbed in it, or to be anything but as scrupulously reverenced by religion, as would be a bevy of young women by some strong, mature man. And this is immensely difficult to the natural man. For the very minute you have a deep and vivid religion, that very minute you have, almost irresistibly, the omnipresent conviction that either *religion is everything*, since it is admittedly the most important and most universal of all things ; and doesn't the greater ever include the lesser ; or, at all events, that, if the other departments require religion, religion does not require them. At most, it is felt that, since a man cannot be directly thinking about religion all day, he ought to have some non-technically religious occupation for a rest and hobby ; or again, that man has a body, a family, the State, and has duties towards them also ; or finally, it is even felt that science and art etc. can and do help fill out and deepen the conceptions of religion, and must be studied and considered if we would bring religion home to men at any period of the world's history. I do not think that even Fr. Tyrrell had, till quite recently, got consciously and consistently beyond this last point. But, all but always it is felt, with a hardly admitted pang, that, somehow or other, science does seem to suppose and proclaim another world than that of the soul's belief and requirements,—a purely phenomenal, mechanical, determinist world, governed throughout by various laws that know nothing of good or evil, of free-will, of Personality or of a personal, living God. And hence, most naturally, it is felt further that science must be cautiously looked at from between blinkers, and that careful apologies of ever-varying kinds must be constructed to lessen the friction, to help deny or ignore it, as a constant danger to faith. Now all this hopeless kind of thing Eucken has made me see clearly to be extraordinarily *just exactly wrong and dangerous*. His vivid consciousness of how the character and Personality, the spiritual substance of the soul, have to be won and conquered through constant effort, renouncement, conversion and purification ; of how selfish and self-centred, how animal and sensually sentimental is the natural man ; and how his childishness has ever to be turned into childlikeness, and even his apparently good aspirations be thwarted and broken, so as to grow in worth and range : all this would actually make him seek and postulate, in such a moral training school, just precisely the friction, the non-fit, the *otherness* of science and of religion, of the phenomenal determinism, and the noumenal libertarianism ; just exactly that scheme of things in the midst of which we are : in our foreground ourselves, selfish, sensual, childish individuals, mere *units*, but with the mysterious capacity (not more !) for constituting ourselves unselfish, spiritual, manly personalities,

real unities and organisms ; in the middle distance, the phenomenal curtain and, as it were, buffer-state, the resisting, but spiritually not irresistible, medium of the world of physical, mechanical, determinist fact, law, and science ; in the background, which is really the groundwork also of all, the noumenal reality, the world of spirits and of the absolute Spirit, of persons and the absolute Person, the world of liberty, morality, eternity and love. And though *of course* in the absolute mind of God *all this must have a certain true fit* even as it already is, for God simply *is* and has not to become ; it ought to be recognised as an equal *of course*, an essential necessity for the constitution of our spiritual character, that in the human mind it does *not* ever simply and wholly fit. Only through this friction, admitted, recognised, fully and carefully retained, will our soul be able to rightly and richly move on and grow and become. And notice, thus the Cross gets planted right into our intellectual life also ; for is it not a cross,—but like all crosses bringing with it the joy of life,—to renounce day and night, to any adequation between experience and analysis or synthesis, still more to any merely quantitative difference between the phenomenal and noumenal, between the determinism of matter and the libertarianism of spirit ? Not as though a far deeper ultimate, and indeed daily, *working* unity is not thus apportioned and felt to be in our very grasp ; but it is a unity ever reconquered through this very chastisement, a unity always to be regained through the obscurity and effort of action, and the beautiful profound asceticism of creaturely thinking and being, which plants the Cross everywhere, and which through willed and loved *friction* wins *fruit* ever and everywhere.

Hence if you ask : " Has not religion to do with everything ? " E. would answer, " Most certainly." If : " Does it not embrace everything ? " he would say, " Yes " and " No " : " Yes " if by religion you mean here a motive so all-embracing as to make you respect the various laws immanent to all the various departments of life ; " No " if you mean a set of laws or notions which can be taken as the simple regulators and commanders of those other laws. Hence religion will have to come to see that it cannot attain to its own depth, it cannot become the *chief thing*, if it does not continually renounce to aspiring after being *everything* ; for it cannot become its own fullest self without, not merely occasioning the love of the Cross in other departments, but also taking the Cross upon *itself*. And then all things will become food for such a faith, and it will become the base, and transfigurer of all things.

I hope I have written things which will be of some help, but the careful pushing on, slowly, to the end of the *Kampf*, and the repeated re-reading of various crucial passages in it, will no doubt do more.

Yours very sincerely,

FR. VON HÜGEL.

Perhaps you will kindly, if you care for further discussion, let the next one be by word of mouth. I cannot find time, alas, to rewrite ; pray forgive obscurities and difficult handwriting.

P.S.—On re-reading I notice that I have not said that my remarks on (1) and (4) are an amplification of Eucken by means of Bergson and Blondel respectively : in the first case, as to spatial imaging ; in the second, as to the philosophy of the Incarnation. Nor have I pointed out how well E.'s whole position fits in with the very deep and noble dread of Liberalism on the part of the Church. E. really gets to the true root, I think, of the mischief. He also makes one see both the true and the false in Neo-Platonist Mysticism, even *as theorised* by the Saints : it is true, inasmuch as it refuses to accept the phenomenal world either as ultimate, or even as a true likeness and direct help to the real, spiritual world, and right in insisting on the element of the world flight and self-renouncement. It is wrong in attempting to eliminate or evaporate the phenomenal world altogether, and in not allotting to the most careful, disinterested, objective study of and occupation with its matter, mechanism, determinism a permanent, irreplaceable place in the spiritual life in all its stages—and this *because* such science is *necessarily different* from religion, and because man wants to be widened by the *thing*, if he is to be sufficiently *deepened* to become a Person, and to apprehend God under *worthily* anthropomorphic forms. We are no Manichees, hence the visible world cannot be evil ; we are no mere optimists and Deists, hence there must be (quite apart from evil) a profound discontinuity somewhere. We require then just this otherness of the two worlds, worlds one *behind*, one *within* the other, and not *alongside* of each other ; worlds so related, that determinism is everywhere on the surface and nowhere at bottom or ultimately ; worlds of which you can hold, phenomenally, the phenomenal one without troubling about the spiritual one, but of which you cannot securely and deeply hold the spiritual one, if you will not find a place, *in and for the spiritual life*, for the phenomenal, taken with all its stimulating, purifying edges and othernesses. The day on which the Christian ascetical spirit shall have woken up to the *irreplaceable* value for it of *the thing*, of a preliminary *fatalism*, on that day will the good man, because he wants to be better, wish to be not "clever," God knows ; not "learned," God knows again : but he will have a horror of ignoring these bitter waters, prepared by God Himself to bring death to his merely natural, petty anthropomorphism, and will have done for good with all deliberate hankering after a juxtaposition of Faith and Science.

I must thank you too, most warmly, for *The White-Robed Army*.[1] It is very true and very opportune, and admirably expressed. I have read it with the most real pleasure and agreement.

[1] Article by M. D. P. published in *The Month*.

To Father Tyrrell

4 Holford Road : Sept. 30, 1900.

If I ought to answer your letters the more quickly the more pleasure they give me, then your last (of three weeks ago!) ought to have been answered by return of post ; for it was a keen delight to me. Partly because of all you feel and say, so truly and deeply, so humbly and yet trenchantly, of my dear Blondel ; partly because, to push right down to the root of this, and of my delight, your letter makes me note the still further development, or at least the still more emphatic expression, of that hunger for spiritual life and experience as the means, the end, and the test of all fully human truth and truthfulness, which I have ever so gratefully loved in you. It is a position which has, I think, about it a treble wistfulness. Where real and original, it is always, I think, the result of much and stubborn truth-and-life-seeking, athwart much isolation, trouble and suffering ; it is too, always and right to the end, as costing as it is enriching ; and it is, here below, hardly for more than a part of our life, if God bestows on us the very mixed blessing of a life, say, much beyond sixty. After all, many men, perhaps most men, never wake up fully even to the fact of the existence of such a method of living, and few if any don't fall asleep again, long before the physical life is over. But during the short, swift years of one's own awakeness, one's own thirsting to be awake and to keep so, of one's living to keep the sacred vigil of humbling action and of the wistful open eye,—one does long for the sympathy and stimulation of fellow-watchers. In England, among Catholics, I feel that at present I have got *two* such, Miss Maude Petre and yourself.

As to all you have said about Blondel, I most entirely agree with it. It, of course, has never seemed to me anything but a defect in him, that he should be, in places, so immensely difficult to understand, or that he should (and this would be the cause of that obscurity) have a language of his own, where the ordinary terms would do. But I feel as to this in him, as with Robert Browning. *Of course* Browning would be a still greater thinker and poet, if he were ever so much clearer and more easily intelligible. And if a man tells me he does not find Browning worth all the trouble that he gives ; that he finds all that B. has to say more accessibly elsewhere, or that what is special to B. is really nothing much : I can only disagree with him on the question of particular fact,—on the point as to whether or not there is this surplusage of truth and wisdom in B. over other men to a degree which amply repays all the additional trouble B. undoubtedly gives. And I think one ought, in justice, to go still further, and to maintain that though, *of course*, such a special language and consequent obscurity is no cause or even necessary ultimate concomitant of deep originality ; yet that it is an *effect* and an

all but necessary *early* concomitant of deep or at least youthful originality. It is, I think, well that a man should utter in the first place, at least to himself, his own thoughts in his own language; though of course, if he does so, he will perhaps be more impressive to the few who are anyhow already more or less at the same mental spot, or are moving in the same mental direction, but will certainly be a subject for more or less of astonishment and suspicion, amusement, dislike or patronage, on the part of such of the crowd and of the politic or political-minded public as become at all aware of his existence.

I am so glad that Blondel should have now in yourself in England so delicate and dignified, so distinguished and sober an admirer. For if the poor man has had his discipline through the ignoring of some, and again through the attacks and denunciations of others, not his least Purgatory has come to him from such "popularising," such *vulgarising* in the bad sense of the word as that of Abbé Charles Denis, a quick-witted Philistine; or from such reckless transformation as he has been made to undergo at the hands of Abbé Jules Martin, a clever but quite self-taught and highly paradoxical young thinker. It will be delightful if sooner or later, and in some form or other, you can help to get him known and studied. Certainly his book is a well-nigh inexhaustible mine of thought and stimulation, and is so delightfully free from any of that half-educated cleverness, or that paste-and-scissors work which even the better sort from amongst our people have now, for a century, been so liable to give us. He stands right in the current of the great thinkers, and has learnt in their school a perfect, restful seriousness, and a manly magnanimity. I venture to send you two other things of his. The one is those additional thirty pages or so, which I told you were added by B. to his book, when rather more than half the copies had been printed. Your copy is *word for word* the same as mine, except these pages from p. 436 or p. 440 onwards. But these additional pages, B. prizes very much; so I shall be glad if you will study them as part and parcel of the whole. When quite done with, you will please kindly return them *by hand or by registered post*; for it is all but impossible to get another of those longer copies. The second paper sent is an article by B. on the Passion Play. He has, though writing his signature on the copy, not indicated who is to have it; but I am sure he means me to choose between yourself and Eucken. And since you are just now specially full of him, I will send this paper to you. I think you will, with me, greatly admire certain bursts of truly spiritual eloquence which now and then seem to break forth in spite of himself, and will note the profound way in which the whole history of the Passion appears as an immanental drama still and ever going on throughout the wide, mysterious world of the souls of men. It is admirable too, I think, how he manages everywhere to imply and apply the truth that it is the

Divine which amongst us men grows and energises; only the purely human, strictly speaking only what *was*, nothing that still *is*, nothing that is, in us, eternal, is there simply fixed and static.

. . . . . .

Maude Petre has been giving me very great pleasure. She is evidently getting deeply into, and getting ever so much out of Eucken. How I wish you too could study him! I think you would find him perhaps as rich as, certainly more uniformly lucid than, Blondel. And there is in E. the same deep seriousness, the same touching sense of God within us and around, of our mysterious being and responsibility, and of the sustaining solidarity of all humble, self-denying seeking after truth and goodness throughout the ages. Hers, too, is certainly a remarkable mind and soul. I think of her always as the one woman whom I have ever known (amongst the living at all events) who quite naturally turns to thinking and philosophy as a necessity and as a help, and who quite undeniably gets from them an accession of spiritual light and life. . . . She is absolutely free from all the strain and "non-naturalness," the touches of pedantry or of affectation, the traces of an attempt to make such philosophising a (very poor) substitute for the life of faith and love, either lost or never fully found, or the indications of a mere, often unconscious and touching because affection-prompted imitation of others—which I have hitherto, I think always, found in women who have *thought* even half as much and half as formally as she does. It is all so very refreshing, because all so utterly and entirely prompted by her own inner needs, so completely the fruit and the food of her whole personality.

To Miss Maude Petre

Pembroke, Boscombe: March 26, 1901.

. . . I have not been neglecting the interests of your "Love-Letters" article, and have already had three or four estimates of it, of which two have respectively much pleased and surprised me. The pleasing and thoroughly appreciative one is by that rich, much-tried soul, that has achieved so much, and will, with time and patience, achieve so much more still,—she writes: "How good that review of Miss Petre's is on the Love-Letters. She has caught the key-note to my thinking of all that is deepest in life and of all that is best in religion, summed up in two interchangeable terms (or rather terms which naturally complete each other), love and suffering." I cannot somehow help attributing her sane and sensible grip as to the rightness and spiritual significance of the human relation and feelings which are the facts from which you start, in part to the fact of her having been married. Not but that, of course, the noblest, the thoroughly naturally-supernaturally

(1) Published in *The Month*.

comfortable and self-expansive type of virginity furnished by some nuns and some unmarried women living in the world can be and is as wholesome on these points as the most wholesome married woman can be. And also I think that Catholicism, taken by her in its true and best form and spirit, has helped her naturally large mind to take things massively. In any case, the curious and unsatisfactory other estimate I have had comes from a very quick-witted and cultivated, evangelistically brought up old maid of fifty, who has passed through any number of reactions from this and that, and who, I think, is just exactly wanting in that wholesome conception of things which the other has got. This second friend, who wrote first, writes with such an angry vehemence of feeling, such a flushed face and angry voice showing, somehow, in every line of her letter, as to make me pause, when first I got it, and make me go over the whole ground again. But I simply came to the conclusion that she is wrong and you are right. I think however that she has come across some very disagreeable Wesleyan mixtures of morbid sex-emotionalism and high-pitched religious feeling ; and that it is this, still distressing a very impressionable and reverent mind, that makes her see harm and unhealthiness in the most trite things. For can any human relation be more entirely trite, than a high and refined but very deep love between a man and a woman, engaged to become man and wife ? And can anyone suggest or require a higher standard and surer safeguard, than those insisted on by you,—of a love founded on and supplemented by and culminating in the invisible, in a real Faith, beyond and above all things sensible ? For it is obvious that only in proportion as the love sinks into the regions of the sensible, that it is even in danger of unhealthiness. And to require more is but, by excess, to topple into the very state that kind, self-tormenting correspondent thinks we have (unintentionally and unconsciously) got here,—one, at best, of mental dram-drinking ; or, at worst, of a plunge down into things of sense.

To the Abbé Marcel Hébert

Hôtel Motta, Airolo, Suisse :
Ce 17 juillet 1901.

Bien cher Monsieur l'Abbé,—Vous le savez bien, depuis quel cours d'année je suis venu,—toujours si fier et plein de gratitude à Dieu pour votre influence, d'une élévation et pénétration des plus rares, exercée si doucement et cependant si virilement sur tant de jeunes âmes, les maîtres et forgeurs du demain de votre pays et de notre temps,—vous voir et observer à votre école. Vous pouvez donc deviner s'il ne m'est point douloureux, et très douloureux, que de vous savoir si soudainement arrêté dans une carrière si belle, et cela sans que vous me puissiez dire encore quelle activité y succédera. C'est que vingt-deux ans, tous de

vie adulte, sont un bel et bon morceau dans la vie même des octogénaires. Et quoique vous, certes, êtes encore en pleine vigueur, et que vous trouverez, vous créerez s'il est nécessaire, quelque nouvelle occupation utile et consolante pour vous même et vos nombreux amis ; cependant il est aussi naturel que vous passiez par une,—que Dieu veuille, courte période de triste détachement de la vieille et chère occupation, sans avoir encore trouvé la nouvelle. Deux jours avant votre billet, l'Abbé Loisy m'avait appris la première nouvelle de ce triste coup ; et je m'apprêtais à vous écrire quand votre propre billet m'est parvenu.

Trois choses, un peu plus spéciales, me viennent en tête à dire sur ce sujet.

La première c'est que je connais bien la brochure dont il s'agit (l'Abbé Duchesne me l'ayant prêté (mais pour moi seul) à Rome, et vous même plus tard ayant eu la bonté de me la donner). Or de ses trois points principaux je ne me rappelle point le premier (sur l'Église), preuve assez claire qu'il me convenait, autant que la plupart de vos écrits que j'ai eu l'honneur de lire. Mais le second je semble me souvenir que je ne trouvais pas assez d'insistance sur l'indiscutable objectivité (et pourtant très croyable surnaturalité) des apparitions après le Calvaire,—je me rappelle très nettement que je ne pouvais accepter le troisième point, qui semblait certes vouloir écarter l'idée de personnalité de celle de Dieu. Or sur ce point, je sais bien que mes convictions sont de l'autre côté : épurer, élargir, spiritualiser notre propre caractère et, surtout par là, notre conception de la personnalité humaine ; éveiller et tenir de plus en plus en éveille, notre sens de l'inadequat nécessaire de toute idée que nous puissions former à Dieu, l'esprit absolu ; mais enfin l'appliquer avec ces deux conditions continuelles, comme étant ce que nous connaissons le mieux, et de mieux, et ce que, à un degré et d'une façon pour nous inconcevable, Dieu ne peut manquer d'être. Les autres conceptes de loi, tendance etc. me semblent être démonstrablement que des abstractions, et comme au dessous et non au dessus de la personnalité haute et spirituelle. Mais pardon de tout ceci. Je ne le dis, maintenant, dans notre commune détresse, que pour tâcher de nous faire l'honneur de la plus pleine franchise. C'est justement quand on se sent si près de ses amis et si frappé en eux, qu'il ne faut point, je crois, se laisser glisser à une position où la sympathie s'affaiblit faute d'ouverture sur les quelques différences entre amis. Et que cela n'empêche pas du tout mon appréciation profonde de tout ce que votre influence voulait dire là ; et que je regrette, tout en comprenant *une partie* de la désapprobation du Cardinal, *pour une partie* des Souvenirs d'Assise, qu'il n'a pu se décider de passer autre, d'une façon ou de l'autre, et de vous laisser à votre tâche d'amour et de dévouement porteur de tant de fruit. La seconde chose qui me passe par l'esprit est la crainte que cette action du Cardinal aura nécessairement

amené avec elle votre sortie de cette belle Association de Prêtres de la fondation de l'Abbé Therou. Mais je me dis (sans en rien savoir) que cela se sera fait avec grand regret, avec toute l'estime et tous les égards si mérités de part et d'autres ; et que cela se sera fait du tout, seulement parceque la congrégation, n'ayant que cette unique œuvre des externats, elle ne pouvait guère vous assurer, sous les circonstances, un de ces seuls emplois dont elle dispose.

Et la troisième chose que, cher Monsieur, je voudrais *tant et tant* me trouver libre (du côté de mes devoirs clairs et strictes) de pouvoir tâcher de vous inviter à venir chez nous ici, vous reposer, pour un bon temps, dans cet air pur, et ces belles montagnes. Mais je sens et vois (ceci est tout à fait de confiances) que je ne dois le faire. Il n'y a qu'à peine 2 ans qu'une crise pour elle très dangereuse, et pour nous ses parents des plus pénibles, crise obscure mais très évidente, fort aiguë, de caractère religieux a été enfin surmontée par une de mes chères filles. Les choses marchent bien maintenant ; mais cependant elle reste toujours bien impressionable, et il est de la prudence la plus élémentaire que je lui épargne toute nouvelle complication d'esprit et d'émotion. Or, votre cas est justement de ceux pour lesquelles elle n'était, et même encore elle n'est point mûre. Laissons cette chère âme grandir sans complications, sans secousses (évitables) ; et 10, 15 ans d'ici elle saura apprendre, et bien juger, et être utile en des cas comme le vôtre. Je n'ai point aimé ne point un peu motiver ma non-invitation ; mais de le faire m'a été assez douloureux. Que Dieu est bon ! Il sait que nous avons besoin, chacun, certes pas seulement de la croix, mais enfin de la croix *aussi* ; de la croix et de la joie, de la paix et du conflit, de la sympathie et du délaissement ; enfin d'un peu de tout. Puisse-t-il bientôt maintenant, cher Monsieur et Ami, vous redonner de la joie, du travail, bien des âmes à aider. Vous ne me laisserez point en ignorance, n'est-ce pas, quand vous arrivez à un nouveau point de votre vie ? L'adresse anglaise reste toujours la bonne.

Bien cordialement à vous,

Frédéric de Hügel.

To Father Tyrrell

14 Via Veneto, Rome:
Dec. 18-20, 1901.

It is so long since I managed to write to you, and my life has been so full of new-old experiences, labour and battle since I left Airolo, that I hardly know how to begin, or how to tell you one tithe of all I would like to say. What a grand and entrancing fact it is, to be sure, this unspeakable richness of the soul's life ; so that, even in the midst of much sinfulness and of many actual faults, and of much trial and trouble, one

would not only not, in one's sane and sober moments, have an end of living and of being, but one would not exchange one's poor life of toil, of giving (or at least of trying to give) all, and thus gaining something for the Church and her future and everything for oneself, for all the sleepy, vegetating existences in the world. And I am having the strange, very sobering impression that God is deigning somehow to use me,—me, in my measure, along with others who can and do do more, and much more,—towards making, not simply registering, history. And, dear me, what a costing process *that* is ! It surely can be badly intoxicating only in theory, and for those not in the mill, where they would feel themselves being ground to powder, and would but rarely catch a glimpse of the use or even meaning of it all ; or again only when it is all over, and when poor man, so readily oblivious, and inflatable by delusion and vanity, forgets what it all has cost ; or, as a third case, it may be so for one of those ready to enter in upon the toil of others, and to speak, as if there had indeed never been any battle at all, whilst standing upon the very field on which so much had to be dared and done and suffered, not many days or hours before. It has been, I think, even more the inevitable costingness of the struggle, of the having to will fully, and yet with temper ; of having to strike for all one is worth, and yet to be cautious ; of having one's poor inner world to keep in order, whilst fighting a larger and different world outside ; and doing so, necessarily, in much isolation, with, say, a dozen or so of dearest friends, scattered over Europe and America, to inspire and help one ; doing it too with but the certainties of God above and of the inherent rightness and necessity of one's cause, and with all the rest blank : it has been all this, which you know, in somewhat other forms, as well or better than I, which has absorbed my strength and kept me from writing, more than my book-work, although *that* too has been of an absorbing kind. What I have *called* four chapters are now typed ; there is no doubt, I think, that they must be broken up into eight. . . . I can't help hoping now, more strongly than at first, that the result of the whole will be a living organism, something that will be able to enter into other minds and hearts, and grow and bring fruit there. Certainly the effect upon myself is being considerable : I have become a good bit more of a person, please God, of the right, the spiritual-humble sort, by battling and toiling with and in and over these great realities and problems.

To the Abbé Marcel Hébert

14 Via Veneto, Rome :
Ce 22 janv. 1902.

Bien cher Monsieur l'Abbé,—Si j'ai tardé deux jours à vous répondre, c'est que je voulais tâcher de voir clair, et de juger un peu sûrement,

en ce qui concerne la matière dont vous me faites le haut honneur de m'entretenir. Car je sais très bien que c'est un vrai honneur que d'avoir votre confiance ; de savoir que vous êtes bien sûr que je suis disposé à faire tout ce qui me serait vraiment possible à vous être de service. D'autant plus je me sens pressé de ne point faire quelque faux pas, même s'il était généreux, et me ferait du mal sans vous faire du bien.

C'est que je vois clairement en lisant, relisant, et méditant votre lettre que, quoique *j'accepte complètement* votre point 4°, et, je crois, aussi le 10°, je sens et je vois que je n'accepte pas les points 2° et 3°. Tout en sentant, je crois aussi vivement que vous, toute la faiblesse des preuves de raison froid et statique, que nous offre la "tradition" pour la personnalité divine ; je ne puis croire que déjà dans la recherche et la découverte du raisonnable et du parfait dans le monde, il n'opère point et n'est point sous-entendu, en son premier stade, ce même sentiment religieux, qui, bien développé et épuré, nous donne non plus la divinité, mais Dieu, et non pas un Dieu grossièrement anthropomorphe, car nous ne lui attribuerons ni temps ni espace, mais qui, pour ceci, n'en sera, je le crois bien fortement avec Lotze, que plus personnel, la refraction tempo-spatiale sous laquelle nous avons nécessairement à nous imager toute chose étant démonstrablement un amoindrissement de la personnalité.

Mais je ne dis nullement tout ceci pour me procurer l'avantage d'un échange d'opinions avec vous, vous qui savez manier le français comme je ne saurais jamais. C'est simplement pour vous faire toucher du doigt ma difficulté par rapport au Père Lepidi.

Déjà, il y a 8 ans je me suis adressé à lui, juste avant qu'il devint maître du sacré Palais, mais quand il était déjà fort influent ici, en les affaires de mon bien cher Maurice Blondel ; et voici, ces dernières mois que j'ai eu des rapports plus étendus avec lui en celles de notre très cher Abbé Loisy. En tous ces deux cas il ne voulait pas, je crois, de condamnation, tout comme je me dis avec confiance qu'il ne voudra pas d'une telle pour vous. Mais en tous ces deux cas il était sérieusement contraire aux idées de ces deux amis, et chaque fois j'ai eu à lutter contre cette opposition bien nettement marquée. Or, en ces deux cas, non seulement il s'agissait de deux amis à moi, mais il était question encore d'opinions que je comprenais et goûtais instinctivement et pleinement, et qu'il aurait été bien honteux de ma part, de ne point admettre et défendre comme les miennes autant que les leurs. Mais si j'allais encore chez lui, en votre affaire, je lui parlerais, il est bien sûr, de et pour un bien digne homme, une belle intelligence, et une personne que je m'honore hautement d'avoir pour ami ; je ne pourrais cependant, me semble-t-il, non pas seulement pas expliquer et défendre ces idées comme si elles étaient acceptées par moi, mais je le devrais, me paraît-il, à la

franchise vis-à-vis de lui et de moi-même de *ne point lui laisser ignorer que je ne partage point ces opinions.* Or en ce cas, non seulement mon témoignage et mon influence ne pourraient s'étendre au delà de la question de votre si digne personne, et de l'injustice et inopportunité d'une censure quelconque,—des points sur lesquels il sera déjà, je crois, éclairé et ferme,—mais ils agiraient, pour autant qu'ils avaient un effet quelconque, contre vous,—je veux dire vos idées spéciales. Et je ne voudrais pour rien agir de façon à vous faire mal. Je crois aussi que ce n'est pas lâcheté ou cet esprit mondain qui m'est, je crois, bien sincèrement détestable, si je sens qu'aussi dans l'intérêt de mes autres amis je ne devrais pas laisser croire au P. Lepidi que je partage encore un troisième groupe d'idées, à lui suspectes, *si ce n'est pas le cas.*

Cependant, cher Monsieur l'Abbé, si tout de même vous croyez, que ce serait rendre votre cause un sérieux service que j'aille parler en faveur et de votre personne et de ne point vous molester, vous qui avez fait et qui ferez encore tant pour l'Église, mais tout de même en marquant que ces opinions ne sont point aussi les miennes, j'irais le voir. Mais pour le moment je ne puis que croire, *à moins que vous le savez prévenu contre votre personne ou un du groupe de ceux qui poussent le Cardinal à des mesures, du moins pratiques, contre vous,* qu'une lettre adressée sans mon intervention au Père Lepidi aurait une meilleure chance, pour ce qui concerne vos idées.

Je crois que vous faites très bien d'appeler à la commission sur les autres points, points où je me sens du reste à peu près ou complètement avec vous, et de vous restreindre à la question de Dieu. Je doute fort si le P. Lepidi serait plus content de moi que de vous, sur ce dernier point ; mais je crois que ce serait une autre sorte de mécontentement.

J'ai bien noté la modification sur la C.P. Elle est évidemment importante et aurait à trouver place dans la lettre au P. Lepidi.

J'espère de tout mon cœur, bien cher Monsieur l'Abbé, que vos tribulations iront maintenant s'amoindrissant, et que bientôt elles ne seront que des souvenirs ; et qu'en tout cas vous aurez la bonté d'interpréter amicalement mon attitude.

Recevez, bien cher Monsieur l'Abbé, l'expression de mon dévouement très respectueux et fort cordial.

FR. VON HÜGEL.

To the Abbé Marcel Hébert

Hôtel du Sud, Via Lombardia, Rome :
Ce 24 févr. 1902.

Bien cher Monsieur l'Abbé,—Ce m'a été une vraie peine que de ne point avoir pu exécuter votre commission bien avant cette date-ci. Mais le Père Genocchi, qui s'était chargé de me procurer l'entrevue

avec le Cardinal Vives, n'est venu que hier (Dimanche) matin me dire que sa connaissance du Cardinal étant assez superficielle, il avait dû attendre jusqu'à ce quelque besogne à lui, G., se présentait, pour aller voir le Cardinal ; mais qu'enfin il venait de le voir tout à l'heure, et que son Éminence était tout prêt à me voir n'importe quel soir entre 7 et 9 heures. Mais moi, de ma part, j'avais perdu patience, tout en étant sûr que ce très loyal Genocchi ne tardait que par nécessité ; et je m'étais adressé, comme intermédiaire, au Père Esser, qui je savais connaître très bien ce Cardinal Capucin. Et Esser, effectivement, avait pu me procurer une entrevue, trois jours après que je lui avais demandé. C'est hier matin, à 11 hres, qu'il m'a conduit chez le Cardinal. J'ai dû me débarrasser de la présence de mon introducteur. Car si c'est un brave homme, et en matière Biblique, un esprit large, c'est aussi un Dominicain et Scolastique, et peut-être (quoique je n'en sais rien de positif) un scolastique étroit. Mais je l'ai fait naturellement, sans lui laisser savoir de façon quelconque, de qui ou de quoi il s'agissait ; je n'ai dit que ceci seulement, qu'il s'agissait ni de moi-même ni de la question Biblique. Alors, seul avec le Cardinal, petit, barbu, aux yeux et aux cheveux noirs, d'une expression loyale, ouverte, digne et douce, je lui demandai permission d'être un peu long avec mes explications et précisions de ce que je voulais de lui ; et puis je lui racontai que j'avais parmi le Clergé de Paris, un très digne et fort respecté ami, membre d'une congrégation enseignante, qui avait été 22 ans Professeur et 6 ans Directeur d'une École grande et importante, pour les classes sociales supérieures à Paris. Que cet ecclésiastique avait eu une influence morale et religieuse des plus grandes et des plus satisfaisantes ; et que personne, même actuellement, ne semblait à avoir à se plaindre de sa doctrine, en tant qu'enseignée, vécue en lui, et développée chez les autres. Qu'il avait fait un écrit anonyme, et en avait donné des exemplaires, imprimées mais non publiées, à ses amis intimes, et que malheureusement tous ceux qui en étaient parvenus à prendre connaissance ne l'avaient point pris comme il était à prendre—interprété par votre vie entière et votre doctrine moyenne et publique. Qu'il est vrai que moi-même je n'étais et ne devais point prétendre d'être d'accord avec l'analyse et la présentation qui se trouvait dans cet écrit de ce qu'il y aurait d'objectif dans notre croyance au Dieu Personnel, et que j'avais même commencé par craindre que, ceci étant, je ne fisse point à mon ami un disservice en parlant pour sa personne et sa foi vivante et son influence et le grand bien que ferait la tolération de son analyse de cette même foi,—parceque je ne pourrais point ni moi-même défendre et accepter comme aussi la mienne cette analyse, ni même ne point dire que je ne puis pas le faire, mais que lui-même avait tout de même voulu que je le représentasse, et que je dise franchement où commence ma divergence de vue. Et que j'étais, au fond, heureux en ce sens de

même cette divergence, qu'elle me donnait encore une plus grande chance et occasion d'affirmer et appuyer mon respect et ma foi en votre caractère, votre foi et votre influence et de faire cela en compagnie et comme porte-voix de vos nombreux amis. Que j'avais apporté avec moi, pour lui lire, s'il me le permettait, une lettre dans laquelle il me précisait le point de doctrine quant à la Divinité dont il s'agissait. Et que ce qu'il voudrait spécifiquement, si cela était possible à S.E., ce serait une opinion sur la soutenabilité, la tolérabilité de sa doctrine, que le Cardinal verrait, combien il était ouvert et loyal ; combien put-il continuer d'accepter et de se soumettre aux décisions dogmatiques de l'Église, et combien sa situation était sérieuse et douloureuse.

Le Cardinal me répondit alors qu'avant que je lisasse, il devait m'expliquer comment lui, comme tout Cardinal, était un juge et administrateur, non un philosophe ou théologien, c'est à dire qu'il ne lui était point libre de donner une opinion, une appréciation scientifique sur la doctrine ou sa tolérabilité de qui ce soit ; et que lui-même, étant un des officiers de l'Index et surtout du St. Office, il pouvait le faire encore moins que la majorité des Cardinaux. Mais qu'il comprenait bien combien il était désirable de raccommoder la situation avec le Cardinal Richard (je lui avais raconté jusqu'où les choses en étaient allées) ; il avait déjà lu de votre cas, en quelques uns de ses traits, dans tel journal français ; qu'il était bien persuadé de vos bonnes intentions et de votre belle et importante influence ; et que si vous l'agréiez, il serait tout prêt à parler de vous et pour vous au Cardinal Richard, lors de sa venue à Rome en une semaine, et ferait de son mieux pour persuader à celui-ci, combien il serait à désirer qu'il puisse s'arranger avec vous. Que Rome n'aimait point les conclusions radicales, ni à droite, ni à gauche ; et qu'il devrait bien se trouver quelque moyen terme acceptable aux deux partis. Je cru bon alors de dire, que vous aviez déjà eu cinque longues entrevues avec le Cardinal ; et que c'était un homme bien vieux, et dont on ne pouvait guère demander beaucoup de souplesse ou de modification d'idées. Et encore que vous m'aviez donné une preuve bien touchante de la délicatesse de votre loyauté, en m'exprimant un scrupule : vous me disiez sentir qu'il vous serait impossible de promettre de ne point plus écrire sur ces matières ; ceci étant, serait-il loyal que de faire des démarches quelconques à Rome ? Et que j'avais répondu, que, la démarche spécifique proposée n'impliquant nullement que vous seriez gagnable à une telle promesse, je n'y voyais pas ombre de déloyauté. À ces deux points il me répondit encore toujours par l'offre de ses services, et qu'il lui était aussi clair qu'à moi que vos dispositions quant à la question d'écrire ou non, et les tentatives à faire pour un bon dénouement de l'affaire, étaient des choses distinctes.

Alors je lui demandai s'il valait mieux que j'attendisse à votre réponse avant que de lui lire votre lettre, ou que je la lui lise tout de suite. Il

dit que comme en tout cas la communication serait confidentielle et ne pourrait s'user par lui qu'en le cas que vous acceptiez ses services de médiateur auprès du Card. R. il ne voyait pas quel inconvénient possible il pourrait y avoir en la communication de la lettre tout de suite. Je lui lus donc la lettre aux trois points, bien distinctement, et avec emphase, d'un bout à l'autre, en prenant soin d'y faire entrer les corrections de votre C. P. ; mais sans aucun commentaire ou critique à moi. Et je lui expliquai qu'une lettre postérieure avait exprimé un désir que je substituasse S.E., lui, au Père Lepidi. Il me dit que le P. Lepidi était au fond un homme large, et porté à laisser bénéficier tout le monde de tels doutes qu'il pourrait y avoir en faveur de la tolérabilité d'idées de toute sorte. Que quant à la lettre, il lui paraissait clair que vous vous aviez formé un système et une langue à vous, et que pour bien comprendre ce que vous vouliez et ce que vous pensez, il faudrait en avoir tout un long mémoire, un commentaire qui permisse de saisir tout le contexte de votre pensée, et d'y avoir comment chaque partie se rattache à tout le reste. Mais qu'il craindrait que votre pensée ne soit pas aussi claire et conséquente avec elle-même qu'elle paraît à vous-même, et que possiblement, la grandeur même de votre loyauté vous pousse, imperçue par vous-même, à plus vous différencier de l'opinion commune, que ne le demande votre conviction intime.

Je lui promis de vous répéter tout ce qu'il avait bien voulu me dire ; et il me promit de sa part de me recevoir n'importe quel jour si et quand j'avais des instructions de votre part pour procéder dans l'affaire.

Voilà, bien cher Monsieur l'Abbé, où en est la matière pour le moment. Serait-ce bien ou mal, de faire ce que propose le bon Cardinal ? Je n'y vois pas clair. Vous qui connaissez bien le Cardinal Richard et la situation à Paris, saurez mieux décider s'il est probable ou possible que le dit Cardinal vous réhabilite ecclésiastiquement sans exiger de vous ce que vous êtes décidé à lui refuser. Il me semble clair, cependant, que le Cardinal Vives, lui du moins, ne se refuserait pas de tenter à raccommoder vos affaires, même en sachant d'avance que vous vous refuseriez à promettre de ne plus écrire sur ces matières.

Je suis allé à la Ste. Communion pour l'intention de cette affaire le matin, avant l'audience ; et je trouve de la consolation en la conscience de m'avoir donné autant de peine pour son succès que si ces idées étaient tout simplement les miennes. Et en effet elles procèdent d'un homme que j'aime et que j'honore beaucoup ; et je voudrais tant que Dieu bénisse et donne plus de pénétration et de justesse aux miennes et il ne le fera pas, si je ne suis tout prêt à aider les autres, ceux qui sont bons et dévoués, à gagner et garder la tolérance, même pour les idées que je ne partage point.

Votre bien amicalement dévoué,

Fr. de Hügel.

To Miss Maude Petre

Milan : April 29, 1902.

. . . Alas, alas ! I had to leave Rome, before finishing the above ; and then my days in Genoa with Padre Semeria, and running about amidst the Libraries there, did not allow me to finish up. I arrived here late last night, and am off in three days' time, and even here I have much to do, seeing friends, and reading up for Troeltsch, Eucken and Scheler. So I must really finish up, and be short over this last bit, which I had intended to make somewhat full. Perhaps I could write about it another time, or we can talk it over, when we meet. I will only just give headings and outlines of the things I have, somehow, " been in " : these experiences have helped me much towards further self-classification, I hope and think. (1) Abbé Marcel Hébert's case : I had to try and help get his affair with Cardinal Richard right ; a difficult matter in itself, and somewhat painfully so for me, as (much though I respect the nobly upright and finely mental and manly character of H.) I do not think him in the right. To formally get rid of the conception of Personality in the idea of God, to strive to have it admitted as a *mere* anthropomorphism, a *pure* myth and human subjectivity ; and to maintain that there is a purely, dryly rational, reasoned proof, not for this separately existent, " personal " God, but for a certain Divinity, a Law or tendency towards moral perfection running throughout and manifesting itself in the totality of things around and within us : all this seems to me a double error. Neither does the world within us and around us give us an irresistible, mathematical, automatic proof of this tendency towards ethical perfection ; nor would the remaining at this stage of what Eucken would call " Universal Religion " be possible or normal for religion itself in the long run. For this " Universal Religion " always moves on and up to " Characteristic Religion," in which Religiosity really becomes Religion, and where " the Divine " appears as *God*. *Without* the ethical or spiritual sense and requirements, neither stage will be reached ; with that sense and those requirements, both will be attained. And to refuse the last would be in reality to undermine the determining reasons for the first as well. It makes me so happy to feel that, on this absolutely fundamental point, Fr. Tyrrell and Eucken, you and Troeltsch, I and Dilthey, James Ward and Andrew Seth can be and are at one ; and I am sad only at seeing how entirely the reaction against Scholasticism can remain under the fascination of the *Fragestellung* of the latter, boiling all things down to the most abstract of abstractions, or identifying these with God's rich, inexhaustible world of beauty, truth and goodness, within us and without.

To Professor Percy Gardner (Oxford)

4 Holford Road : Nov. 13, 1902.

It was with a very lively pleasure that, some six weeks ago, I got a letter from you, encouragingly appreciative of my friend's book, *Religion as a Factor of Life*. I cared for it much (and I like to take this opportunity of telling you so) because I have been following, with such true, warm interest and general sympathy, your works and endeavours in the religious field. In saying this, I am thinking of your *Exploratio*, which, though I have not yet been able to read it systematically, I find very stimulating reading ; of your admirably simply and clearly, yet warmly and reverently thought and felt and expressed *Historic View*, of which, again, only the earlier Lectures, but these very systematically, have been read and considered by me ; and last, and not by any means least, your most suggestive papers, the *Translation of Doctrine*, and the two in the *Hibbert Journal*, the *Basis of Christian Doctrine* and (perhaps most sympathetic and promising to my mind, because most clearly indicative of further movements of thought) the review of James's *Varieties*.

Will you let me tell you what are the three main circumstances and tendencies in you, that specially cheer and attract me ? And then, the two, where I cannot follow you ?

The three deep attractions,—and it is, of course, on *these* I love to dwell, and it is from these I can and do especially learn and derive strength,—are the following.

There is your general, critico-historical, severely cautious and careful method, and its practice and testing, through years of minutest classical historical and archæological labour ; and yet your having required and effected a great addition and centre—the escape into an active and warm spiritual life, and a harmonisation of these two sides and activities of your nature, and, as a necessary means to and condition of it, a close and continuous study of the religious fact and problem.—I care for this so much ; and I too, in my own degree and way, cannot live without both these sides, nor without a continuous attempting and re-attempting to find and make their harmony in my life and mind.

Then there is your Scotchness, and your close knowledge of and deep yet balanced love of German thought and work ; and thus you are neither a mere cosmopolitan or rootless in England nor even tempted to pull one up, in the midst of a discussion of fact or of method, with the question as to whether all this is "English"—as even so generally good a specimen of the High Anglican as my friend Bishop Gore attempts to do.—I care so much for this combination also : for my Mother is a Scotchwoman, my Wife is English ; and my Father and all the foundations

of my scholarship and knowledge, and a good seven-tenths or more of my reading, are German.

And lastly, there is a touching, truly noble magnanimity of tone about all your work ; a rarely continuous consciousness as to the dangers of ever having finished with one's solutions of these questions, and of all *solipsism.* And the latter sensitiveness gives you, even in the midst of what, occasionally, strikes me as too Protestant a note, a tone of general justice, and even generosity, towards the Early and the Mediæval, indeed even in part towards the modern Roman Church, which is indeed not lost on me, and for which I beg to congratulate and thank you very sincerely. I think I can and do reciprocate all this, by so gladly learning from such noble Radical Protestant scholars, as Professors H. J. Holtzmann, Troeltsch, Eucken and others,—the latter two especially good personal friends of my own. Indeed Eucken is one of the closest friends I possess at all.

The two points where I cannot follow, are your somewhat Harnack-like apparent antagonism to a conception of Christianity as necessarily a manifold, as *an amalgam of thought, feeling and volition ; of yeast and paste ; of constituents which, because even in the very teaching of the Founder derived from previous Jewish, Persian etc. sources, and touched with a new life by Him, were not, on that account, less true or less legitimate and Christian than those* (were there any such ?) *which, taken separately, were altogether new or exclusively His own.* But I expect to find, as I read you more and more, that you have less of this sort of (to my mind) peeling of an onion to find a kernel, or of seeking of the originality in this or that separated element, when, as in all life, it resided and resides in the very combination of various elements. Certainly a week practically *tête à tête* with Harnack's enthusiastic, very competent and most religious-minded disciple von Dobschütz, and long discussions with, and listenings to him, have not diminished my very strong instinct that, obvious and most respectable as are the motives and advantages of such a reduction and exclusive selection, the process is largely artificial, and encourages a certain unattractive, more or less sectarian pietism, hardly, in its development, more lovely or tolerant than the old systematic, close orthodoxy.

And my second point, at all events, seems to me one on which workers, in proportion to their continuous freshness and thoroughness, are already coming, and will come more and more, to a somewhat other way of feeling and of thinking. But, here again, I feel it much less in you than in Harnack ; and indeed your review of James makes me feel that you are moving still further away from these, as I think more and more, not very profound "no metaphysics" tendencies. I feel I have some real right to speak here. For, ten years ago, there is hardly a statement as to this point, made I will not say by yourself, but even by James, which

I would not have echoed, which I did not in good part anticipate, *con amore* or *furore*. But now the close study of such independent and thoroughly modern philosophical writers as Vaihinger, Volkelt, Eucken, Wobbermin on the one hand, and of such deeply and finally historical investigators as H. J. Holtzmann, Johannes Weiss, Ernst Troeltsch on the other hand, and the living intercourse with living members of each group, have persuaded me, gradually throughout these last ten years, that there is a certain demonstrable, utterly irrepressible *metaphysical* cognitive element in all, even the most elementary "experience"; that the ultimate justification in reason of the mathematico-physical sciences is, in a very true sense, metaphysical; that man never was and never will be any more a merely feeling or merely volitive creature than he ever was an exclusively intellectual one, and that all insistence upon the former views is but a (largely most natural and in part salutary) reaction against the latter extreme; that the preference is to be given not to one function or element of the living man, but to the sum-total, or rather the underlying unique root and centre of these functions and elements, against any one of them, be they which they will; and that, correspondingly, the essence too of all religion, and of Our Lord's teaching and spirit in particular, is not to be sought in one element, but in the underlying linkage and interaction of them all. It was strange to note how fierce v. D. was against the complete critics, *i.e.* those who feel and see keenly and clearly how unlike, till we get low down into the whole, we *all* are, on *every point* of our actual or possible faith, to the outlook even of Jesus Himself; eschatology, transcendence, hope of the coming moral-religious-physical-metaphysical new world,—these things dominate Him through and through. . . .

And now may I ask you, if possible, to do something towards furthering the cause of that which we have in common? I ventured yesterday to send you my close friend M. Loisy's two books, the last, which have just come out. My idea was that *L'Église et l'Évangile* could not fail to interest you, as it is busy with Professor Harnack from one end to the other, and as, surely, Loisy's view is richer and both more radical and more traditional,—so at least, I think, it will turn out,—than Harnack's. Yet it is even more evident that few will agree with it. For most of my people will be glad enough of his general conclusion, but will fear his premisses; and the more liberal of your people will like the premisses, but then, what as to his conclusion? Still, I do not suppose that, say, the *Hibbert Journal* was founded to give a fair hearing to views in proportion only to their comfortableness, even though to its contributors themselves. It is in that "Journal" that I would so much like to see a review, if not of this little book, then at least of the other, the *Études Évangéliques*. My wish was that you would kindly accept *L'Évangile* as a little present from me, and would or would not

notice it, according as you could and cared to do so ; but that as to the *Études Évangéliques* you would kindly see that a notice of some kind appeared in the "Journal." There can be no shadow of doubt that at all events its four Johannine studies contain matter of genuine originality and importance. H. J. Holtzmann never fails to draw attention to these papers, in the *Theologische Jahresbericht*, as of serious importance to New Testament workers. And yet I know well how few men there will be in England with sufficient courage and independence of mind to accept or even fully tolerate this critical work of a Roman ecclesiastic.

Please to forgive so long a letter. I care so much for the same things as you care about. How, in such case, can one break off quickly ?

Yours sincerely,

Fr. v. Hügel.

To Father Tyrrell

Hampstead : Dec. 4, 1902.

My very dear Friend,—I hardly know exactly *how* or *why*,—unless it be in part your, after all not long, silence,—I come to have a strong and abiding, unreasoned and, so far, irrepressible impression that you are in interior trouble and trial,—of a specially strong kind or degree : but I know that I *have* this impression. And as, even if (as of course I hope) I am quite wrong, such a spontaneous solicitude can but spring, I think, from deep affection and sympathy ; and as its expression, with so much else for me to plan and do, can but appear as what it is,—as a mark of that attachment and deep appreciation which I bear you : why, I think it well worth while to put my own work aside for a bit, and, with *tête reposée*, to write and tell you of my impression. And I feel all the more interiorly pressed to do so, because, at Holy Com. yesterday, two clear pricks of conscience,—one a big one, and one a little one,—worked within me and shaped themselves into the resolve of this letter to you. I felt how that I had urged too much or too rapidly upon you the Wernle-Troeltsch-Weiss-Loisy contention as to the large element of Hereafter and Non-Morality in the First Form of Christianity. I am deeply conscious how that, in my own case, it has been the merciful condescension of God, which has generally given me my spiritual and mental food so piece-meal in such manageable and far-between fragments, which has also, by this, enabled me to keep and improve and add to, I hope and think, my convictions (and their centre and life-giving power) as to Him, and Our Lord, and His Church. But, of course, even so, there have been crises and trials, sometimes acute, and rarely altogether

absent. And I am sure there must be points which, so far, are quite unknown to me, and which God is most wisely and mercifully keeping from me, as I am not ripe, and may never be ripe, for them. And it isn't as if, in your case, I had felt, or were feeling now, that that Interiority and Presence of the Kingdom were, in itself, untrue, or not the very centre of religion. So that any at all permanent obscuration of this Blondel-Münsterberg-Fichte line would, I feel, be the losing of the deepest truth, for one which will, somehow, in the long run, but help to still further deepen and clarify and enrich that other. I also felt that my last note had been somehow feverish and absolute in tone, and had said more than I meant, or had said it badly. And so I determined to make these two little confessions. And also to tell you,—not, God knows, as measuring myself against you, even if you *are* in darkness, for it may be my turn next !—that, thank God, without having any popular, immediately clear answers ready, without indeed being free from the keen feeling of the difficulties of the position,—I *do* feel that, at bottom, and in the long run, all is well. I mean, that it will all be found, in the slow, intermittent, combined and mutually supplementary and corrective devotednesses and patient light-awaitings of us all, to have been occasioned by, and to have a place in, that ever deeper apprehension of the mystery of life and of love, and of the necessity for their continuous, painful deepening within our hearts, which Christianity has indefinitely increased and developed, just because it is life at its most fruitful and most self-conscious point.

I must beg humble pardon for going on, even as much as this, since, I may be wrong, and there may be no occasion ; and if there *is* occasion, this would be so far too little, in quality at all events ! I need not say, I hope, that, if and when you like, I would listen, so affectionately and respectfully, to anything you might have to say, and I could promise, I think, ever to learn before answering, and not necessarily to say anything at all.

Possibly, too, I am right as to the existence of trouble, but wrong as to its cause, and that it has to do with the Order. But I fancy *not*, for it was surely a capital thing, their acceptance of the two " Mysteries " papers ; and now their taking that manly Fr. Lucas's capital notice is a similar, most hopeful sign. I do feel that, if and when you can, it will be so very good for you to write there again. There you have necessarily so much, if not more at least wider influence,—at least amongst the people who most require training in those directions—than pseudonymous writing usually secures.

You are doing that, and will do that, more and more ! Pray for me, my dear good Friend. If you are in darkness, God will hear such prayer for light for us both. And meanwhile we will attend to our

healths, and get plenty of air and quiet, and bright, light books too,—Barrie's *The Little White Bird* is delightful.

Your most affectionate old Friend,

Fr. v. Hügel.

If you *do* write for the *Month*, might not a couple or more of papers on Nicolas of Cues be interesting and acceptable? I do not feel as if an expansion or modification of "R." would do there.

And now I will sink back into my own work, but with my poor heart prayerfully and affectionately full of you my intensely alive, immensely impulsive and hence astonishingly, most meritoriously and fruitfully balanced Friend!

I was ashamed of the style of my last; I trust this is a little better!

To Professor Percy Gardner

4 Holford Road: March 14, 1903.

I find that several matters have been accumulating, one on top of the other, in such wise that, though I am personally really overwhelmed with work of all sorts, and though I know you to be at least as busy yourself, I cannot well put off writing to you,—about three things, I think it is.

For one thing I was, at the time, a bit sorry, that you so little took to Archbishop Mignot's and Miss Petre's papers. But then I soon consoled myself with the reflection that, as to the latter, I very possibly read much into and between her lines, which I had gathered from my long personal knowledge of her truly fine, large mind and soul. And as to the former, I noted, more than I had done before (and I owe you thanks for being the occasion of it), that his Discourse *has* certain absolute-sounding passages, as if he would have every (at least every Catholic) worker assume and save or spare certain points and positions, instead of following simply the immanental necessities and probabilities of his subject-matter and of scientific treatment. But seeing that he (even in this very paper) flatly and repeatedly denies that we have as yet any Theology, any system of such, which has any right or power to tie us down, and that we have, indeed, to humbly labour at gradually helping to build one up, of an inductive and scientific kind; that he, here again, gives illustrations to show how even the most immutable-looking single points which *have* been, in a certain true sense, fixed for us, are subject to the most far-reaching modification of interpretation; that such a man as M. Loisy has, at this moment as much as ever, no warmer, more notorious or active friend and backer than Mignot (the latter's quite recent letters to me, and indeed his acts, show this with entire

plainness) ; and finally that a man of such unsuspected independence of mind and of philosophically large but yet distinct Protestantism as Professor Eucken should have written at such length and with such warm appreciation of this very address : all this, combined with the active antagonism which M. encounters from all the old scholastic people, reassures me as to my estimate of Mignot's intentions and *drift* being not mistaken or too high.

I was sorry too that I had not made it clear how that I did not have any definite ideas whatsoever as to advantage being likely to accrue from discussions in the *Hibbert Journal.* With you, I am far from certain that they will do good. I only thought that *if* some of my people were to be asked to write there, specifically in defence of our general positions, they had better do so backed by our Church authorities here.—But you make up for this, even at the moment, by liking my good Ehrhard's book ; there are parts of it especially which I think about as good and balanced as they could be made.—Then, and this is more immediately business, I want to say, in connection with M. Loisy, that though, at the time when you mentioned it, I considered that one could rightly deny that there had been any definite indications of special Roman disfavour, or of a coming Roman condemnation : I *now* think that, since then, the situation has so far changed, that it is quite possible or even probable that Rome will do something,—but not much, I think. My impression is that the maximum at all likely would be the placing on the *Index* of the little book so many of us so cordially admire. I should regret this ; but even so, if (as I think) there will in no case be any condemnation of definite propositions, or such-like, things would have still moved on a good bit, and in the true and eventually triumphant direction. I did not very much like the article on L. in the current *Contemporary :* it had too large an amount of journalistic *shout* : the best praise is ever " deeper than the lips," and is limited, owing to sheer respect. I am much looking forward to your notice ; I think *that* will give me what I want.

And third and last, and *this* is quite definite business, I would so much like to be allowed the pleasure and (as I feel it) honour of proposing you as a member of our " Synthetic Society " ; if, of course, you were willing and cared to join us. If I may say so (it always feels somewhat indecent somehow—not to criticise but—to praise any fellow mortal to his face), you are so thorough and truthful, and so deeply religious and reverently free, that I should dearly like to see you at our table, and to have your support and your checking too ; we want, I am sure I want, both. We have our next meeting next Thursday, 19th March, and if it was possible for you to have made up your mind by then, I could and would propose you on that occasion, and you would, I think, be able to join us at our April meeting, and certainly at the May gathering. Our

present Chairman is Sir Alfred Lyall (by the bye, I lent him your *Historical View* with your handsome reference to him: he had never seen it, and he read it with much interest), and Wilfrid Ward is the Secretary. I think I had better explain that the original intention of this Society was *not* to be a continuation of the defunct "Metaphysical": for we were to be all Theists of some kind, and were not to debate points not held by us in common, but simply on the best reasons and modes of presentation of the convictions we already had in common. And this it was that attracted me, as a sober and hopeful programme. And though I am bound to admit that (it was largely, I think, Arthur Balfour's doing) wholesale elections (just at first) introduced a certain number of men who had hardly a right to belong to us (compatibly with the objects of our union): yet, even so, we have done some good, I think. For Sir Oliver Lodge—though he has still got that curious more or less credulous hankering after finding God and the soul at the end of a telescope or microscope, which the exclusively physically trained mind invariably betrays, as soon as ever it begins to admit its want of the spiritual—we have done *him* good: he is no more the cheerfully "complete" agnostic that he was: there is something most wistful and attractive about him now. I imagine that you may feel us too predominantly philosophical and first-principles a crew, and too little given to the historical occasions and concretions of it all, for you to be in your place amongst us; or again that you simply have not the time or strength for it. Still, we so badly want just your sort of mind, I think (as Dr. Bigg, Dr. Bryce, Prof. Edward Dicey, Sir Richard Jebb are historical-minded also); and once a month during the months from October to July is so moderate a maximum attendance, that you may decide against both objections. . . .

Yours with cordial sympathy very truly,

FR. VON HÜGEL.

To Professor Percy Gardner

4 Holford Road: April 25, 1903.

Pray forgive my long delay in thanking you for your two interesting gifts. The fact is that I wanted, before even barely acknowledging them, not only to carefully read both the book and the article, but also (seeing your very emphatic declaration as to M. Loisy's insufficient fairness to Harnack) to refresh my impression of the latter. And I am so busy with my own work, that such readings can only be carried on during occasional afternoon hours snatched from other occupations.

But now I have very carefully read every word of your most attractive and stimulating *Oxford at the Cross-Roads*: indeed many passages I have read three and four times! The first chapter struck

me as quite particularly fresh, and reminded me of the first chapter of Paulsen's Introduction to that collective book *Die Deutschen Universitäten* ; and Paulsen writes so vividly, that such a reminiscence implies high qualities in that chapter of yours. I was particularly delighted with what you say about sports, and about the man who knows and his power in our day. In your second chapter I was profoundly refreshed by your denunciation of the merely rhetorical spirit ; and in your third, by your delightfully first hand and deeply experimental account of the indirect, chiefly methodological value, and the uniquely bracing effect upon the worker, of all research and direct contact with fact. But it is, of course, your fourth and fifth chapters which interested and satisfied me most. And in the fourth, it was the two pages 64, 65, with their admirable rejection of the obvious forms of efficiency, and your startlingly, sadly true warning as to the infallible deepening of racial hatreds involved in any "modern" scheme of education. You can hardly imagine how keenly I sympathise here. In the very remarkable and most stimulating fifth chapter, it was pages 78 to 81, with their fine plea for the extension of the meaning of "science," —in English, for abroad there is less need of any such plea ;—your happy quotations from Huxley and Robertson ; the recognition that science cannot directly furnish us with purpose and an ideal for our lives ; and especially the large outlook and wisdom of pages 96 to 102, with their references to religious psychology and its conservative tendencies ; to the utility and function of religious doctrine ; and to the difference between historic facts and their interpretation. Chapter 6 still had much to interest me. Chapters 7 and 8 are necessarily of more strictly local and temporary interest ; and yet there too I could indicate many a passage which gave me very much true pleasure. Thank you, then, very much indeed. I should find it hard to have to find any clear or considerable grounds for disagreement or adverse criticism. I *do* feel a certain degree of uncertainty, in your Human Science chapter, whether you quite grasp what seems to me the indestructibleness and necessity of metaphysics of a most real, though of course not of an anti- or even pre-experimental, or of an at all fantastic or simply traditional kind. Still, your paper on James' *Varieties* satisfied me on this point also.

As to the kind and long notice of M. Loisy's book, I have read it three times, and find it full of interesting points. Thank you very much for it. M. L. has now written to me, begging me, on the first occasion, to cordially thank you for it in his name also. He says that he must confess to a certain disappointment at it,—not with respect to its tone, for indeed he feels *that* to be most kind and courteous ; but because he feels that, somehow, you have not fully grasped the precise object and drift of the book. I too feel this, to a certain extent : and hardly, I should say, as a matter of course and because of my Popery. For, with

yourself, I recognise a certain amount of special pleading in some parts of his third and fifth chapters. But I think (with Harnack's *Wesen* now quite fresh in my mind) that, although not a few single passages could be quoted from H. to show that "he does not start from a single principle," yet that he does, pretty well continuously, judge the belief in the Divine Fatherhood and that in the pure interiorness of the Kingdom of Heaven, as the *two* interdependent abiding elements and measures of true religion. Indeed one feels the noble effort that it costs him, to think of anything external, organisation or anything else, as truly helping, as in any sense necessary, to the production, the increase of these convictions and emotions. But indeed you yourself also write, not only as though no particular kinds of externals were necessary, but as though even externals in general, some kind of externality, were not necessary, except as results and embodiments of the internal conviction. Yet surely they *are* necessary, at least in a general way, also as occasions, stimulants, etc., for the growth of these convictions. And, to confess to a conviction which can easily look like bigotry, but which I am convinced is but simple justice, and which alone (I think) lifts, say, my own adhesion to Rome on to a plane above simple tradition (I have uncommonly little of it in me, as all my friends would tell you), or irritating special pleading, or unintelligible subtleties: I would for myself (and I think M. Loisy would do so too) answer such appeals as that of your penultimate paragraph, by some such words as follow.—You there seem to say to us, in effect: "Why cling to the idea that the Roman form of Christianity—but one among many—has any pre-eminence, any right to hold itself as the one complete or as the completest instrument and expression of Christianity? How can you gentlemen in particular do so, you to whom Papacy, Episcopacy, Presbytery etc. are largely but of very mediately divine or Christian origin; who see them to have grown up when and where they were wanted, and to be now competed with by different combinations or forms of themselves or by other institutions altogether—competitors to all appearance as fitted to their special age and place, and as truly productive of Christian life?" —Well, I for one would answer: "I willingly accept the appeal to life and results. And, accepting it, I see *two sets of facts*, over against each other; and they are both true, and the same principle which makes me admit the one set, also forces me to proclaim the other. I admit that, since the saddening division of Western Christendom, it has been *your* people, not mine, who have all but monopolised political freedom, and who in great part occasioned, and then far more readily practised, and believed in, the essential doctrine, so largely lost during the Middle Ages, as to the unjustifiableness of force in matters of conscience. And again, I admit that it has been *your* people, far more than mine, who from, say, 1700 onwards have carried on that reverently free research, and have

improved and increased those methods of enquiry, which the best of the Renaissance scholars, and indeed many seventeenth-century Catholic workers, so largely founded. And these two complexes of human activity—civil freedom and untrammelled research—humanity must and will have them. Religion itself requires them, for its own complete and normal development. And Protestantism has deserved its success, inasmuch as it has really supplied them ; whilst Catholicism cannot but shrink and dwindle, inasmuch as it cannot find room and love for them. —But then I see a double phenomenon, of another sort, on the other side. I see, it is true, and I rejoice in the sight, that countless souls have been and are deeply, spiritually Christian, in every form of Protestantism. Yet I cannot but note that Catholicism, *at its best*, still somehow produces saints of a depth of other-worldliness, of a delicate appealing heroism, and of a massiveness of spiritual wisdom, greater than I can find elsewhere. And indeed I note that men so much outside our system as William James are generally ready enough to admit this. And to feel this is, I think, no more fantastic or exclusive, than to feel the (of course) indefinitely greater difference that you as well as I see between the spiritual size and standard of one-fifth of the human race, and those of the non-Christian four-fifths, dear though these the latter are no doubt to God, and much of spiritual light and love though they certainly receive and manifest. And then I see, too, that this greater size of the biggest of my people cannot in reason be taken as appearing *in spite of* all that, say, Harnack loves so little. It *does* show, I think, that there *is* a connection between the deepest manifestations of the Christian spirit and character, and things which he would at best but tolerate and excuse, and treat as disconnected with what they, as a matter of fact, have helped to bring forth. I say this, whilst quite admitting that some discriminating principle is badly wanted in Loisy's scheme,—some kind of test for distinguishing between truly superstitious or otherwise oppressive growths and genuine spiritual developments. But I was so much struck with the keen insight of our Bishop Spalding of Peoria, U.S.A. (whose family have been American for 200 years), when, in Rome three years ago, he developed before me with astonishing eloquence the contention, that history had conclusively manifested and established two things : the impossibility, for any society and state that would live and grow, of the Spanish, physical force, sheer authority, and blind obedience type of Catholicism ; and the incapacity of pure Protestantism, *e.g.* the Free Churches of America, to produce the very deepest and largest saints. Hence the future seemed to him and to myself to demand that the legitimate aspirations and the undoubted benefits of Protestantism should be realised and should remain, and that corresponding changes should occur from within, in the attitude and practice of Catholicism ; but not that it should simply go, or that the great con-

ception of a collaboration of all the forces in man and of all the various types of spirituality and of social position and influence—of an objective inter-racial deposit and training of and in religion—should simply give place to its rival.

I venture to send you two (also, alas, somewhat old) papers of mine. The French one is a translation by myself of a paper of mine : but all the copies of the English original have been given away. The English one will also, I hope, please you, for it is full of respect and affection for a strongly Protestant friend of mine, from whom I gratefully learnt much.

With renewed warm thanks,

Yours sincerely,

FR. VON HÜGEL.

To the Abbé Albert Houtin.

4 Holford Road : Ce 27 mai 1903.

Cher Monsieur,—Quoique je n'ai point l'honneur de vous connaître personnellement, je me permets de vous adresser ainsi, et de vous écrire une lettre de remerciments bien sincères. Car vous êtes ami de mon très cher ami Monsieur Loisy; vous avez bien voulu dire du bien de mes travaux dans votre livre si remarquable " La Question Biblique " ; enfin voici que, déjà il y a quelque peu de temps vous m'avez fait parvenir, par l'entremise du savant de Bellevue, votre fort intéressant opuscule *Mes Difficultés avec mon Évêque.* J'ai été tellement pris par mes propres travaux, que je n'ai pu bien lire ces pages si pleines qu'il y a deux, trois jours ; et seulement cet après-midi je trouve une demi-heure, pour vous en dire mes impressions.

Il est bien sûr que là encore vous avez produit un écrit, des plus distingués et par sa forme claire, agréable, noble, d'une simplicité classique ; et par son fond d'un intérêt, d'une actualité palpitants et qui restera. Et cela fourmille de points prêtant à réflexion. Ce que vous y dites de l'antiquité et généralité de la critique Catholique de la " tradition " apostolique des Églises de Gaule ; de la nécessité de l'Imprimatur ; de l'affaire de votre MS. perdu ; des approbations de Sulpiciens (Touzard ? Cersoy ? Tixeront ?) ; des livres à la Gibbons et Girodon qui vous aidèrent avant l'ordination ; des condamnations, sans lecture préalable ; tout cela est intéressant et fort bien raconté. Et puis, j'ai été, fort naturellement, beaucoup touché de ce que vous racontez à propos de Monsieur votre Frère ; une rude, mais aussi une douce, expérience et pour lui et pour vous !—Et cependant mon intérêt et mes réflexions se sont portés sur deux groupes de passages, dans un cas, avec une pleine union d'esprit ; dans l'autre, avec une certaine persistance d'incertitudes de jugement, à travers toute ma

sympathie et toute ma compréhension de vos difficultés. Le premier groupe (pp. 17–20 ; 58–60 ; 56, 61) concerne la critique, votre éveil douloureux à son égard, et les thèses générales que vous le croyez avoir établies. Là je ne vois pas comment quiconque qui a une connaissance approfondi de ces questions pourrait ne point être en un accord substantiel avec vous ; comment il ne pourrait point ressentir, avec vous, les dures épreuves par lesquelles vous passez ; et, surtout, comment il pourrait ne point admirer la façon belle et grande dont Dieu et votre âme ont fait que, malgré tout, vous ayiez gardé votre foi. Que cela est bon et doux et profondément édifiant ! Et ici encore, ici surtout, votre forme est digne de votre fond : le tout ensemble frappe et gagne l'intelligence et l'âme. Et,—un point qui m'attire profondément—l'esprit, le point de vue, la tendance du tout, sont pleinement, bellement Catholiques, c'est-à-dire sociaux, collectifs, institutionnels, développementaux.—Le second groupe (pp. 37, 50 et ailleurs) concerne votre nominations à cette cure dans le Diocèse d'Angers ; le fort désir de Mgr. Rumeaux que vous l'acceptiez ; et votre crainte, apparemment invincible, de vous y engager. Or ici je crois très bien comprendre combien vous avez dû souffrir à Angers ; combien il doit avoir semblé quasi-impossible de vous établir, de vous maintenir dans une Cure de campagne, en dépit d'hostilités au dehors et d'isolement au dedans : et combien tout cela aura été aggravé par, me dis-je, un tempérament peut-être un peu à la Cardinal Newman, qui (je l'ai connu personnellement) a été très peu compris, fort persécuté, a été quasi-toujours dans le vrai et d'un esprit une bonne douzaine de fois plus profond et large que celui de ses adversaires : mais qui, aussi, avait un tempérament très impressionnable, facilement préoccupé des piqûres qu'à la fin même les mouches semblaient lui donner : un tempérament auquel il a plus ou moins succombé. Et, de l'autre côté, j'ai pu observer tel autre de mes amis qui est parvenu, par une patience et un courage héroïques, à enfin désarmer l'opposition, non par aucune concession anti-scientifique, mais par simple dévouement et souplesse charitables, et par une patiente attente de cette confiance, même des étroits, qui lui est enfin venue. Et cela, tout cela, me fait incertain, m'induit à me demander si, après tout, il n'aurait point mieux valu accepter cette cure, et y, peu à peu, apprivoiser, gagner ce monde. Car enfin ce monde là aussi, il est gagnable, par la pure bonté, à la longue, plus ou moins. Et, malgré vos souffrances si réelles : votre récit, si sincère, lui-même laisse, je crois, l'impression très forte que l'Évêque, après tout, comptait très sincèrement vous respecter et honorer en vous confiant cette cure. Et, en effet, ce serait une façon par trop complexe de vous chicaner en vous honorant.—Et ce qui, même tout à fait en dehors de votre propre avenir, me retient en ce genre de réflexion c'est la perception, très nette, très vive, après toutes sortes d'expériences tristes à travers 30 ans (j'ai,

hélas, plus de 50 ans, et les cheveux déjà gris !), de ce que nous avons à vivre et à créer, non une chose simple : la science sincère ; mais une chose complexe, coûteuse mais consolante, comme est toute vie réelle et vécue,—la science sincère en et avec une religion profonde et historique, en et avec un Catholicisme vivant parceque toujours renouvelé et re-expérimenté,—or c'est tout juste en cette combinaison que réside la difficulté : lui dédier sa vie, c'est ce qu'il y a, je crois, de plus glorieusement dévoué et douloureusement fécond au monde—car je ne me fais point d'illusion sur le point : s'il semble bien dure que l'on ne puisse vivre et mourir en savant sincère (savant, bien entendu, en les matières historico-philosophico-religieuses) en l'Église, sans doubler cette activité par un dévouement d'homme profondément intérieur ; s'il paraît que l'on ait le droit de dire "halte" à Dieu et aux hommes, et d'insister qu'ils n'ont pas le droit d'exiger de nous plus que la solidité et persévérance d'un honnête homme moyen : tout cela est faux, tout cela croule et craque, de *fait*, dans les circonstances qui ont été faites, lentement, depuis plusieurs siècles, pour le savant Catholique d'aujourd'hui. Et pour ma pauvre part, vu la profonde réalité de la vie intérieure, et que là, au fond, se trouve la vraie grandeur et joie de l'homme, j'ai fini en bénissant Dieu (dans les moments de respiration laissés libre par les crises et les chocs) de cette nécessité, en apparence si brutale, de me faire pardonner mes idées par ma vie et mes aspirations spirituelles, et m'adoucir et m'apprivoiser moi-même à tout ceci, comme instrument de mon assouplissement fortifiant.

Je crois, cher Monsieur, que vous comprendrez bien, que tout ceci est dit, sans aucune démangeaison de sermonner mon Curé, et bien certes, sans aucune critique, même indirecte, de votre attitude ou ton. Au contraire, j'admire beaucoup votre dignité et modération fort prépondérantes et présentes au fond partout. Bien certainement cela me paraîtrait bien suffisant pour toute la vie, tout comme cela est bon et virile en soi. Ce sont seulement les circonstances tout à fait exceptionnellement difficiles que Dieu a bien voulu permettre d'entourer, d'assiéger votre esprit actif, sincère, haut, clair et délicat ; c'est seulement l'immense importance, valeur, au fond nécessité, pour la religion et l'église, de la persévérance et de l'activité d'une telle vie pour cette religion et cette Église elles-mêmes : ce n'est que la perception aiguë de cette difficulté et de cette importance, qui me fait retomber, moi-même avec vous, sur les ressorts et les bases les plus profonds de la vie et du dévouement. Et j'ai eu à maintes reprises, une expérience si pleine de la manière dont un dévouement profond et continu dans tel de mes amis, a fini par désarmer les oppositions, en apparence les plus inconquérables, le laissant libre, non certes à satisfaire tous ses désirs, même honnêtes et raisonnables, mais à être lui-même, et à faire un bien que tout simplement un autre ne pourrait faire à sa place : que je prie Dieu, avec une

instance très confiante, très consolante et même consolée, d'affermir, de vous approfondir, toujours de plus en plus en cet esprit de noble patience et intériorité triomphantes et créatrices, et de vous faire bientôt en expérimenter les fruits en toute direction. Bien naturellement je pense, en fort bonne partie, à ce que quelque combinaison, quelque arrangement, d'une sorte ou de l'autre, advienne, et à pas trop grand distance de temps, et modifiasse la tension si douloureuse de votre position ecclésiastique ; que Mgr. R. vous fasse, ou soit disposé à vous faire une proposition telle, que vous, de votre côté, peut-être avec une modification possible de quelque détail de votre attitude actuelle, pourriez accepter ; ou bien que Rome ou quelqu'autre autorité ecclésiastique intervienne à un degré acceptable en votre faveur. Que Dieu le donne, et que vous en méritiez de plus en plus : vous le méritiez déjà, à un si noble degré !

Le Revd. M. Lilley, de Paddington, m'a parlé de la bien bonne lettre qu'il a reçue de votre part : quelle intelligence belle et sympathique! Mon intime ami, le Revd. Père George Tyrrell, actuellement à 31, Farm Street, London, W., serait fort content d'avoir un exemplaire de vos *Mes Difficultés* : M. Loisy vous dirait, comme moi, combien cet homme excellent, quoique membre (plus ou moins captif) de la compagnie de Jésus, mérite cette confiance. Et Dom E. C. Butler, O.S.B., 5, Hobson Street, Cambridge, Angleterre, serait (lui aussi écrivain et critique historique distingué et fort ouvert d'esprit) fort content d'en avoir un, lui aussi.

Avec mes remerciments, mon admiration, et ma sympathie très sincère, je reste, cher Monsieur l'Abbé.

To Father Tyrrell

May 30, 1903.

. . . Your letter has given me far more pleasure than I can adequately describe or at all requite, in the midst of the final odds and ends, before decamping, till Thursday, to Cambridge. For you have evidently dwelt upon the *one* idea and conviction in my paper, which I myself feel to be of certain and abiding importance. I have had for years, increasingly, a double sense : of the large, spacious, range of our ethical etc. capacities, and of the necessity and value of an ideal and indefinite exercise for them ; *and* of all this not being God, not one bit, not one bit. Until a man feels this, sees this, till it pierces his soul : Eucken has this constant sense, Troeltsch has it ; Seeley had it not, nor (I think) Comte : he has not, I think, waked up to the *specifically* religious consciousness, or, at least, to the central point of its analysis. God is emphatically *not* simply our Highest Selves ; heaven for us will *not* be a simple adequation or a simple identification (even in *kind*, apart

from all degree) of our nature with God's ; religion is *not* a simple or full intercourse between equals (in kind any more than in degree), where the movement from God to man can be understood by tracing it backwards, in the movement from man to God. All Universal Exhibition, —Prince Albert-and-dear-Bunsen "religion" ; all Mechanics' Institutes—or British Empire—or other human-ideals prolonged, purified, enlarged indefinitely, can, at best, but help us to get nearer to a sense of that difference, in and through our own enlargement. I am hot, weary, stupid : I am longing for my holiday, and must think no more.

To Father Tyrrell

April 30, 1904.

How nice and helpful it would be, if, instead of poor pen-and-ink scribblings,—cold and skeleton things at the best of times,—we could meet and talk things over at our leisure. My budget of facts and opinions as to all that interests us seems to me to have swollen to a size fit to fill a book : and yet all of it could with ease be discussed, if we could be meeting regularly for a while. It is true that I look forward to coming to you to Richmond for, say, three weeks : but that cannot be before August,—and *that* is a long way off, and events move quickly. I have anyhow to be daily in these delightful Parks for a good two hours in the afternoon : and *what* a good thing if you could be for a while,—say a month,—at Farm Street, and we could meet, every day, half-way from each other's doors somewhere in the open, for about that length of time ! . . . My reading is just now Meredith's *Egoist* ; notwithstanding its self-consciousness, and frequently painful involution and obscurity, *that* is, surely, a great book, or at least a book with simply unforgettable scenes in it.

To Mrs. Henry Drew

13 Vicarage Gate, Kensington, W :
June 4, 1904.

My dear Mrs. Drew,—You will see from the above that we are no more in Hampstead. After 26½ years' residence, we left it for this large and delightfully situated house last Michaelmas ; and as this house has been taken for nineteen years, we shall be quite venerable people at the end of our lease, if indeed we live as long !

Thank you very much for your kind offer of the gift of Lord Acton's *Letters*. I am well aware of how valuable a present they would be, even as mere cash goes. But I do not feel it would be fair or right to let you give me the book, unless I could promise a *quid pro quo*, in the

shape of some review or the like. And I see, on reflection, that I must not undertake anything of the kind. For I am so absorbed in my still unpublished book, that my health is, anyhow, well-nigh breaking down under the strain ; and now, after a five months' break, given entirely o working for my friend Abbé Loisy, I have (next week) to get back to *that* and to work up to a finish. And even when I have done (not before Christmas, I expect), there is another (no doubt much shorter) piece of work, which has been promised by me, as my next doing, since now nearly two years ago. So, with the sole possible exception of Abbé Loisy requiring my aid (a still living worker, fighter and sufferer, having necessarily, especially if a labourer within one's own special subject, a prior claim upon one, over and above any other man, gone to God), I am sure of not being free before next Easter.

I have not yet read the "Letters,"—except half a dozen in the type-written copy of them which Mr. Wilfrid Ward had for a little while. And I certainly must and will read them. But pray bear with me, if I put on record my double impression of them,—impression based, it is true, upon no intimate knowledge of the writer, yet in so far worth having, I think, as it sprang up spontaneously in the mind of one inside the same great Church to which Lord Acton belonged, and of one, moreover, who, if he is incomparably less learned in general or Church History than that writer, now knows Rome, *i.e.* the local Roman Church Authorities, at least as well,—certainly with a longer intercourse than he. I have now had altogether *fully* 5 *years* of Roman residence and *constant touch* with those behind the scenes there. Now, unless I entirely deceive myself, I am as little of an Ultramontane as was Ld. A. himself ; and the points I specially care about, in matters of learning, are having about as difficult and trying a time, as those that specially interested him. And I thoroughly feel the charm of his simplicity, unworldliness, religiousness and general magnanimity. But I simply cannot shake off the impression, strong as though it were simply an ultimate sense-perception, that, very early in life, he ended by being, on some points, a man of *idées fixes*,—and that views which I too hold, for the most part, to be survivals of a hampering and now not really justifiable kind, became for him the expressions of criminals and men beyond the borders of a gentleman's toleration. Now I am, please God, entirely for truth : still I would let even a hopelessly mediæval mind share in that generosity of interpretation which I must ever seek to practise, unless I would become an indirect fanatic. Was Huxley, after all, truly tolerant when he declared that tolerance involved the intolerance of intolerance ? I think, most decidedly *not*. And really, my dear Mrs. Drew,—if to take care to keep on shying " chunks of old red sandstone " at Rome and all its works, and to prod up others not to go to sleep over this sacred occupation : if *that* be a central duty, and

one to carefully keep one's weather-eye fixed upon : well, does not the average man in the street still do enough of this ? And could we not turn to a preponderance of pure affirmation in our lives ?—I fear then that I am too little Protestant to find any rest in that predominance of anti-Protestantism, which Ultramontanism is so largely ; and too little Ultramontane to find food for my soul in that direct and absorbing anti-Ultramontanism which I find continuously in Ld. A. For after all, in my own mind and soul at least, extremes *do* turn out to meet ; and after boyhood, and the tilting-at-dragons period, I soon came to find that by such turns of mind I certainly damaged my own self, but I doubt much whether I much hurt or hit anybody else.

We so little know young Lord Acton, or his very pleasant bride, that we have neither been asked, nor are we thinking of going to, the Wedding.

With many thanks for all your kind and valued expressions and Mary's love,

Yours very sincerely,
Fr. von Hügel

To Father Tyrrell

June 30, 1904.

My very dear Friend,—Had I the time, I could and would write a series of long letters, instead of this scrappy note. Never mind : we shall soon, thank God, be meeting, for a good long time. Hence now I only jot down unadjournable items.

(1) As Miss Petre will have told you,—Archbishop Mignot is coming to stay with us here, on the 15th or 16th, for 10 days : and I much wish you could and would come up to town to see him. I would arrange for you to have a good long talk alone with him ; and indeed you could see him repeatedly : and I think that it would be a very useful thing that you should see him. Though not an official for nothing, he is (though past 60) still a man who learns, and could be *told* and would *say* things, and useful, stimulating things, which neither his friends nor (and still less) he himself could well write. I am planning two nights for him at Oxford,—arriving there for lunch on one day, and leaving after breakfast two days after, for Cambridge, probably, for one night. And this excursion is likely to take place during the middle of his stay,—say on July 20–23rd. So, if you come up, it would have to be for before or after, or for before *and* after, those days. Think favourably of the plan, please.

(2) I would sooner little or nothing should be said (unless it were necessary for getting permission to come up) of the Archbishop's visit till it is on, or all but on. For I want to be able to make him see

only a select set of people,—only few officials, either in London or at Oxford. . . .

(3) If you know of men (unknown to me) whom M. ought to see, pray tell me of them, and they shall be asked. The difficulty is, of course, the language. M. talks not a word of English, nor does he understand it when spoken. In Rome I found how much this crippled intercourse. The capital Lilley will come and help at Oxford : he is at home in colloquial French. Of priests I have only, so far, got yourself, van den Biesen, Dessoulavy, Goodrich, Scannell, Bidwell, and perhaps Thurston. M. will also no doubt visit Archbishop Bourne,—M. has, I know, real influence with him. Of laymen (Catholic) I have got Wilfrid Ward, Dell, Williams, Gibson, Coore, and a few more Oh, and, among priests, of course Dom Butler and Mgr. Scott. Fawkes will hardly be back, I fancy. Besides Oxford (and perhaps Cambridge), I am taking M. to the Tower, the Abbey, Houses of Parliament, British Museum, Windsor and Eton : and have got good men for taking us in tow at these several shows.

(4) This is all a distinctly costing affair for me,—it means ten precious days clean taken out of my work : and deafness means crippledness and a handsome crop of little humiliations during such social attempts. The book meanwhile is really getting on again : but I want to abstain from all forecasting of time : labour, prayer, and as much serenity and cheerful toil as I can manage and God will give me : and the rest will find its own level.

(5) The enclosed letter from Casciola concerns yourself at least as much as it does me. Please answer him, as to your affairs, yourself ; and let me have it back, when quite done with.

(6) I have had some other significant and interesting letters as to the "XL. EL." : a note from Père Lapôtre, S.J., as explosively pro-L. as anyone could wish ; a long letter from that young Papal "guardia nobile" Prince Giovanni Borghese, ditto ; an interesting and satisfactory long letter from Laberthonnière, who keeps remarkably free, I think, from Blondel's curious absolute-mindedness, wherever these Christological points are under discussion ; and two short letters from Bl. himself, warmly affectionate as to my person, but not moving, or moved, one inch or half an inch, in the questions themselves. I feel as if his mind had somehow ceased to grow, except to defend and throw up ingenious reasons and hypotheses to defend a position or rather a combination of positions, taken up, apparently, for good and all. You must see these and other letters, when I get to you.

(7) If you have some more *Letter to a Professor* and *The Church and the Future*, I could, I think, well place a dozen of each. And has no reprint of *Oil and Wine* been possible ? *That* I find the easiest to place and most uniformly effective of all your writings.

(8) I naturally think much about the alternative you referred to again in your last letter,—that suggested by Brémond's act.[1] But what strikes me as the turning-point in the whole question is not where you would have the externally freer life, where you could move about most, and have circumstances most to your *general* advantage. For it is not as if you would be satisfied with being allowed to *think* or even *say* your ideas unmolested,—say, somewhere in Bishop Allen's diocese, as one of his Sec. Priests. But you want, if not formal permission, at least actual non-molestation, in the matter of continuous *writing* and *publication*, at least of a pseudonymous kind. And this liberty you have actually conquered for yourself where you are ; whilst, with any move, it would have, surely, all to be conquered right over again. And indeed, I fancy that the lesser close-knitness of the world into which you would move, would, if it pressed less definitely for ordinary purposes, be less, not more, capable of being as definitely located and checked as can be done with your very military body. With Brémond the case strikes me as different in three respects : his mind and character are so much less religious or mystical than yours, and have derived little or no gain from his old connection ; he has been allowed to be a vagabond for so many years that he is almost more like a spirit, a breath of wind coming and going, than a man exercising a definite influence from a definite spot ; and he will ever be so much more a predominantly *literary* writer, that his views can and will pass muster where these same ideas, directly explicitated, would raise all sorts of opposition.

I must indeed shut up now.

Your very affectionate Friend,

Fr. v. Hügel.

Gertrude was present, but one of three educated persons, in a crowd of 5000 poor, in the " Cortile della Pigna " in the Vatican, 3 Sundays back, at the Pope's Sermon on the Good Shepherd,—how each one of those poor, whom the old man in white beamed at in delightful self-expansive fellow feeling, had an apostolate,—some souls to love and help. She is coming with me to Richmond.

To Father Tyrrell

June 12, 1905.

My very dear Friend,—I am indeed glad to have at last heard from you again ! It is true that I, too, have been silent for, I suppose, 6 weeks at least ! The fact is that, ever since my L.S.S.R. paper on May 2nd, I have had a succession of nervous attacks and prostrations, of a kind with which my earlier years were full, and which just now have only

[1] Père Brémond, S.J., had become a secular priest.

left me two little islets of three and four days each of work and balance, jutting out above intervening weeks of waiting for the rise in the tide of strength. I have, during this waiting time, purposely turned to books which, whilst they should have been read long ago, are not of a kind that I would read when fit for direct occupation with even the preparations for my book. So I have carefully browsed through Trevelyan's *Life and Letters of Macaulay*, and Francis Darwin's 1 vol. Life of his Father. Macaulay is certainly a most lovable character, —full of tenderest domestic affection, but a profoundly uninteresting mind; or rather the mind becomes interesting to one as a vivid exemplification of what is, after all, a very common form of human mind: a form, surely, mysterious to anyone who believes in the omnipresent operation of God's Spirit. For it is, this mind, as entirely unmystical, as free too from any even vague sense of any incompleteness of its own, as if the great Source and Crown of all mysticism were not in the world and pressing upon each soul within it. Darwin is a deeply attractive mind and heart: humble, self-diffident, with the grand, semi-dumb objectivity of the instruments of God in the world; without a touch of "cleverness"; ever effecting more than he knows or can at all master himself. And if his loss of the religious sense is mysterious: yet *here*, there was, at first, this sense: and when it went, D., up to the very end, was quite evidently haunted by a sense that he himself was, certainly in *other* respects, by now, a stunted being, and that very possibly he had become such, in this matter also. I have come to the conclusion that the "religion, a factor of life" view alone can (theistically) explain such cases. For only if there are other than religious facts and methods which ultimately matter, for the totality of life and for the well-being of religion itself: can one, I think, understand how God could will or allow that immense absorption (by a humble mind) in non-religious facts and methods should issue, for that mind, in—not formal unbelief (D. never ended in *that*), but in an obscuration and suspension of the old religious clarities. . . .

. . . As to your two unnamed chapters (of a *magnum opus*?), they are written with a most brilliant incisiveness: indeed, probably too much so, except for a first *ébauche* and working off of certain flashes of insight and impulses of feeling. On p. 442, "But all this explicit theology?—Theology of the former" strikes me as admirable; and again p. 446 (bottom) "at all times"—p. 448 "Wesen des Katholicismus" is most attractive to me. The idea running throughout the whole of Christianity as a quality and leaven coming to purify and enrich the divinely willed but man-corrupted substance of the extant "non-Christian" and "non-Jewish" religions as well as of Judaism itself: is admirable. Perhaps this really involves your inversion of the ordinary view, your making Paganism as a substance and system swallow

Christianity as a spirit and quality, and then undergo a modification from this, so to speak, swallowed pill. But I am tired ; my mind works slowly : I am not sure, and so far it does not flash upon me as true. Here and there too I find touches of feeling which touch me as,—most understandable,—but, still, objectively somewhat excessive.

I am *very* glad you are corresponding with D——. His is a very clear and courageous mind and will. But I feel with him, as I do with van den Biesen, with Fawkes, with Marcel Hébert, *how* easy it is for a scholastically trained mind to remain in close bondage to precisely the weakest side of its method ; and this entirely unbeknown to the mind thus remaining,—through that mind developing a (conscious or unconscious) antithesis, full and relentless against its former task-master. The later dependence is one of angry and bitter, or too deep down to be conscious, contradiction : the dependence is none the less as complete, or perhaps more mischievous in some ways, as ever it was. In D.'s case I am thinking specially of his boiling down the religious instinct to a moral one. I feel as I get on with my book, with a certain sadness, how few, I do not say of the old school, but of the new, will be with me. I shall largely have to create the temper and requirement which I am attempting to satisfy. For not in the least to get rid of all Metaphysic, all Transcendence, is my aim ; but on the contrary to show how Metaphysics and Transcendence of some, indeed a definite, kind are in all religion : and how these are still imperative and possible. I should like you to get him to read Tiele's Introduction to the *Science of Religion*, or (and) Morris Jastrow's *Study of Religion*: for these books not of philosophers (as Ed. Caird can of course be styled), but of simple observers and classifiers of extant and dead religions, bring out, largely unconsciously, the *specific*, other-than-simply moral, character of all religion. In yourself I only sporadically feel the anti-metaphysical bias possessing you. I am never afraid of this, in the sense of feeling that perhaps, *there* too, you are right ; but only afraid in the sense of not wishing that you should, for our times and in your way, become the exponent of the kind of trenchant anti- this or that, which one can study in the system of the Socini or of Calvin. Both these systems are through and through antitheses, and hence through and through dependent upon the systematic, full-blown scholasticism which they oppose step by step. And how grandly Dilthey has, in the *Archiv* articles, brought out the indefinitely greater (in part no doubt *other*) reality of which those scholastic systems were the most inadequate, largely disfiguring expressions,—a reality which the Socini and Calvin, with all their differences from each other, equally failed to seize!

I often think with deep sympathy and a good deal of downright pain, of how much God has given you to suffer. I doubt altogether whether *you* would have escaped much suffering even though you had

never seen an S.J., indeed had never become a Priest or a Catholic at all ; although you would, of course, have escaped much, at least if the first of these three possible alternatives had obtained with you. For I always feel that the initial, the all-englobing, all-aggravating, yet (of course) also all-fructifying peculiarity of your case,—for which neither St. Ignatius, the Pope, or even Christ, but only God, in the mysterious constitution of life and of our mixed natures, is responsible,—is that *mentally* you apprehend, and more and more, the exceeding variety in unity of all reality, and the slow, ever incomplete, ever correction-begging character of all our apprehensions, still more of all our livings of them ; whereas *emotively*, you are *prime sauteur, hic et nunc*, neck-or-nothing to an equally rare degree. A German brain, an Irish heart : can there be a more fruitful combination, if the owner is heroically faithful ? Can there be, faithful or not, a more costing, adventurous one ?

To Father Tyrrell

Oct. 9, 1905.

My very dear Friend,—Four things,—one of which is a big and difficult affair,—have now accumulated ready to my hand ; and I really *must* no longer put off communicating them, although I am very tired just now.

No doubt the tiredness comes from attempting to carry on my very close and difficult book-work (clearing up and compressing my rough draft of the last chapters) together with attending to Semeria who has turned up, with his friend Canon Fracassini of Perugia, and is simply voracious for sights, interviews, discussions, etc. . . .

. . . Semeria has been talking much to me, and (I think) extraordinarily well, as to the present situation in the Church, the right and wise course for us to take, and the conditions under which we can expect to get and keep the largest amount of such elbow-room as we require if our life-work is to continue. Now I know well that he is no Englishman, no S.J., and not George Tyrrell. Yet his knowledge of the Italian and Roman S.J. and General Authorities is most extensive,—I fancy, in some respects at least, more extensive than your own. He has watched not a few cases of change from within to without Religious Orders—the S.J. amongst these. And he and his friends have got their troubles and trials,—not uninstructive even for yourself, whose temperament, I admit, is profoundly different from his own. And why his arguments impress me is, no doubt, that *they but enforce and re-awaken my own deepest impressions and misgivings* ; and thus explain to me why I so woefully hung fire, in all but personal sympathy and clearness of ideas as to the *general* Catholic temper and position, when I was with you this time. His contention then is that there is little

difference,—except at most in degree,—between the things that try you, where you are, and the ideals and temper that possess the dominant school of officials who are at the head of us all ; that there is no shadow of disloyalty towards your narrower allegiance, as long as your authorities are kept cognisant of the fact of your anonymous writing, and that they put up with it ; that even when you left them, the more characteristic part of your work,—the training of our more advanced people,—*would still have to continue anonymous, and would still not at all represent what the central authorities want* ; that in an Order you can put pressure upon officials and can come to a working arrangement, which secures you a liberty *far* greater than you would be allowed outside of it (he is convinced that both you, especially, and he have had, as a matter of fact, *far more* liberty both in the things that have been formally approved and in those that have been winked at, than would ever, in both directions, have been achieved in the ranks of the secular clergy) ; and that *the general rule and determination ought to be, for all us poor forwards,—the sticking, each of us, to our respective posts and making the very best of them.* I am sure that he sees,—and I think I see still more clearly,—how difficult and painful is your situation : but he insists, and I think he is right, upon facing the afterwards—the alternative situation before you. He entirely refuses to accept Brémond's case as at all a true parallel to yours. Your books would greatly lose, as selling articles, by any such change ; and instead of your writings, at least the more conservative ones, having a good chance of influencing the more moderate of our opponents, they would then meet with closed minds and wills.

I see, of course, why I did not myself speak out in this sense to you ; and why, even now, *agreeing with it, as I know I do, in my heart of hearts,* I still so largely give it as *his* view, rather than as *mine.* It is that you are a sensitive, very sensitive man, a Celt of poor health, and profound depressibleness ; that *perhaps,* you really *could* not, somehow, buckle to at the work and load, just as it lies ready to your hand ; and that staying on would but harden and embitter your feelings, not only to the Order but towards all that is even indirectly associated with it. I have ever feared and disliked being heroic vicariously. And that one who knows you so well and so disinterestedly as M. D. P. is on the other side, influences me much, of course. And yet, even now, I feel I ought to give my poor little testimony in favour of the other side. For *even yet,* I have a feeling, the General hesitates and might well be willing to arrange and let you stay. Of course, you would feel this very difficult, now, after sending in that letter. But he might make, at least under suggestions, certain proposals or concessions, which would make you feel you *could* stay,—at least as far as the fact of having sent that letter goes.

I certainly thought much of that letter *very* strong: but was it very strong as against things *specific* (now) to the S.J.'s? All things point—I feel this profoundly with S.—to the wisest, truest, at bottom most costing, course being, nowadays, for us all (short of the clearest call of conscience not only *away* from this or that, but *to* some definite other religious, positive position), to stick to the Church in which we find ourselves; and this, especially, when that Church happens,—whatever may be its excesses and disfigurements,—to represent, alone in that degree and clearness, certain fundamentally important elements of religion. And the arguments for leaving the Order as distinct from the Church,—I find it all but impossible to give them more solidity than is involved in your *de facto* apparent inability to rough, weather and overcome the no doubt painful stress and strain of living on in that very tight cabin, with the storm lashing over the deck above and around.

I fear all this is not lucidly nor powerfully put: but I feel I *must* put it, even if feebly and obscurely. I love you,—can you doubt it?—as I love at most some four or five souls now living our poor earthly life throughout many a country, race, position, sex, and religion. And I feel saddened and benumbed when the vivid and ever recurring impression seizes me that what looks like a coming deliverance is, at bottom, a diminution of your utility in and for the Church, and through it, for religion at large.

Your ever affectionate old Friend,
Fr. v. H.

To the Abbé Albert Houtin

le 5 âvril 1906.

Monsieur l'Abbé,—J'aurais voulu pouvoir vous remercier tout-de-suite pour votre gracieux envoi des premières bonnes-feuilles de votre nouvelle *Question Biblique*; et maintenant que je le fais, je désirerais pouvoir le faire avec quelqu'ampleur et précision. Mais hélas, l'Influenza me tient en ses griffes, et du fond de mon lit, ainsi affaibli, je ne puis guère voir ou dire grand'chose.

Cependant, je ne veux plus déferrer ma pauvre réponse, et je vous prie de croire que mes remerciments ne sont pas moins sincères que s'ils avaient pu être immédiats. Il est vrai, que je n'ai pu encore que feuilleter ces pages si pleines et qui certes,—à moins que "la conjuration du silence" parvient à en empêcher une lecture étendue parmi les nôtres,—ne pourront manquer de susciter bien des colères. Si je ne voyais que vous vous êtes déjà, vous-même, pleinement représenté *les conséquences ecclésiastiques très graves que la publication de ce volume entraînera, bien sûrement* (je me dis que, vu que la suspension existe

déjà, ce ne pourrait être moins que l'Excommunication)—je tâcherais de vous éveiller pleinement à ces consequences certaines. Mais vous les avez envisagées, vous avez décidé que votre jeu vaut même cette chandelle-là. Après cela, ce serait une impertinence que de revenir sur ce point.

Mais cela ne m'empêche point d'être bien sûr qu'un tel livre, pénible qu'en soit la nécessité, pourrait, tout de même, faire beaucoup de bien—à condition qu'il laisse le lecteur, malgré tout son mécontentement avec les procédés Romains, tout plein de foi en la réalité et fécondité inépuisables de la religion en général et du Christianisme en particulier. J'y ajoute cette condition parcequ'il me semble difficile de bien garder un tel équilibre, et sa difficulté est égalée par sa suprême importance. —Et j'ai cru trouver—mais je n'ai encore que feuilleté, que vous donniez un peu trop en le sens de ceux qui voudraient égaler une connaissance complète des étapes d'une doctrine avec un jugement sur sa valeur. . . .

To Father Tyrrell

April 20, 1906:

' . . . I have just finished Ibsen's *Brand*, and am now in the midst of *Peer Gynt* : what marvellous insight and wisdom ! Surely a great poet, and a thinker of the first class ! Philip Wicksteed's little book *Henrik Ibsen* has helped me much towards understanding it all. But I intend not to let Ibsen go again, till I have got all the increase out of him, that I can manage !—I am also a-working Troeltsch's long but astonishingly vigorous and illuminating paper on the development of Protestantism, in that rich volume *Die Xtliche Religion*, in which I have also given a second, most careful and grateful reading to H. J. Holtzmann's noble and bracing sort of Mount Nebo outlook on to the Promised Land—the future of Religion in its relation to Culture. A fine, *very* fine old man, and no mistake.

From among ours, I have now gone through, most carefully, M.D.P.'s fine, because sympathetic and generous, estimate of Nietzsche, and about one-third—the most important parts—of Houtin's new *Question Biblique* in proof. Like its predecessor it is of an extraordinary clearness and wit, and will cause even greater anger,—in so far as they will notice it at all. I wish, though, one felt more in him of what so profoundly attracts me in Holtzmann,—the sense of how deep are the prerequisites of science, especially of Historical Science,—so different this H. Sc. from Mathematico-Physical Methods. That tendency to take the middle distance,—the mathematico-physical clear but artificial construction of a part of Reality, for the whole of our experience, or at least as its adequate and final type and measure : this

drift which tends to make our Clerics, as soon as ever they cease to be orthodox Scholastics, into merely heterodox ones, cheerfully "clear" Philistines of the older Unitarian, Deistic kind: I find much of it here. Yet that has, of course, nothing to do with his immediate subject and grievances, where his castigations are admirably to the point.

To Father Tyrrell

Dec. 18, 1906.

. . . Loisy gave me the opening the other day, to sum up how I was feeling we ought to act, and be prepared to act, just now. The poor words were no tactical programme, they but represented what one felt, at one's peacefullest, before God and in full touch with work and suffering. I thus thought and felt, that four great facts and duties confronted us. (1) The Church, *i.e.* ecclesiastical officials, has a right to many, even great sacrifices on our part, but not simply to anything and everything. We will try not to work out any plan or scheme, "*this* I can and will do," "*that* I can't and won't do," still less will we attempt an impossible map of the respective ranges of those things. And we will even try and keep ourselves ready to give the benefit of the doubt to these authorities, and to sacrifice all pure convenience or simple ambition or self-love. Yet even your case alone—that demand of Cardinal Ferrata—showed plainly how well within the range of practical politics is their asking of you and us things that it would be *wrong* for us to accept.

(2) The Church is more and other than just these Churchmen; and religion is more, and largely other, than even the best theology: and we, *i.e.* he, L., you, M. D. P., I—our housemaids too, are true, integral portions of the Church, which in none of its members is simply teaching, in none of its members is simply learning. We do not and must not accept the restriction of "Church" and "Religion" to mean those lesser, professional and reflex things; yet we will labour not, on our part, to sink to the level of our opponents, and not, thus, to exclude that profession and objective work from amongst the constituents of the complete Church organism and the functioning of religion among men.

(3) Already these two positions are absolutely unworkable unless we are willing and perseveringly determined slowly and deliberately to let drop, to damp down, as far as possible to exterminate, cleverness as distinct from wisdom, clearness as distinct from depth, logic as distinct from operativeness, simplicity as distinct from life. Nothing is easier than unconsciously to retain the ultramontane *Fragestellung*, and then to answer this with the most contemptuous negative; nothing is more

readily achieved than to take, say, Cardinal Merry as the true, sincere type of Catholic and to show that none of our group are, then, Catholics at all. Indeed the thing is so easy, that quick-witted men like Houtin ought to feel somewhat ashamed of their apparent pride and pleasure in pointing out something so glaringly obvious. That I for one cannot go along this path ; and that much getting into the open air, much (largely) informal prayer, and much persevering hard work, in combination, bring me, in my best moments, to a frame of mind where all the deepest, truest, alone really fruitful work and insight in these greatest things, appears as achieved in this sort of but approximately "logical," obtuse-seeming, costingly wise, not brilliantly clever, ruminant, slow, if you will stupid, divinely blest, thorn-crowned, ignored, defeated, yet soul-inspiring, life-creating fashion.

My fourth point was the continuously greater depth and range of Religion as against Science, and the importance of not whittling down the former simply to the level of the latter.—My own impression is that all of our group,—I certainly feel it for my own case,—have need to bear the No. 3 especially in mind ; and that he in particular should never forget the No. 4 ; whereas we all (at least when we sufficiently retain Nos. 3 and 4) are good at Nos. 1 and 2.

A very peaceful, fruitful Christmas to you, valiant friend, who have done so much : so much that even your great sufferings and trials have not been,—thank God,—too great a price.

To Professor Clement Webb

April 24, 1907.

I am hoping to have the pleasure,—it is ever a very real one,—of meeting you to-morrow evening at the "Synthetic" Dinner and Meeting. And my poor conscience has been pricking me badly, for months and months, in your regard,—since, in fact, last August, when I got that very kind and suggestive letter from you, about my *Dublin Review* Paper on "Experience and Transcendence."

But the fact is that, when that letter of yours reached me, I was away, on my holiday, from my books and papers, and with that (then recent) Papal Commission's Decision as to the Pentateuch requiring me to turn to other, Biblical-Critical, matters. And our eldest daughter then took to being alarmingly ill,—right up to October. And once back here, I was immersed in the finishing up of my book,—a work which was finally off my hands only on April 6th,—not 3 weeks ago !

I hope, then, you will forgive me, and that you have not, meanwhile, thought me very discourteous and unappreciative of your letter,—one

of the five or six which gave me the most pleasure in connection with that Paper of mine.

Your two points both interested me much. *As to Aristotle*, I know him much less well,—I probably care for him less,—than you do. I dare say you are right in thinking that he did not think intellection to be unsocial. It was not so much the passage you refer to, as his evident delight in his picture of the lonely, self-contemplative God, and his wish to assimilate the thinker's life to that divine life,—which made me feel that at least his trend, the logic of his ultimate thought, was towards such lonely intellection even for man, in so far as man becomes perfect.

As to your second point,—*the nature of the intuition which exceeds our powers of analysis*,—I do not hold that such intuition or instinct or feeling, or whatever term we may use, is intrinsically non-rational. I was and am aiming there at two things only : (1) As a matter of fact, such obscure apprehensions ever, in this life at least, exceed the analytic powers of the clear human reason ; and (2) the human reason, even at its fullest and clearest, is not Reason pure and absolute, God alone is the latter. I think, then, of those intuitions, etc., as resolvable, in part by ourselves, entirely by God, into clear *comprehensions*.

What I cannot abide, is any view that would make man contain God, instead of God contain man : we shall ever have to look *up to* God, to apprehend, *not comprehend* Him ; and our reason will never become *the Reason*. Yet our reason even here is exceeded only by a higher Reason,—a Reason indefinitely nobler and greater, but not simply contradictory of our own. We are not, and never will be, *God* ; but already here we can be, and at our best we are, God-*like*. I hope that you will think that this will do. If you come to the Dinner to-morrow night, let us sit beside each other, and talk it over !

I have just been for a week in Paris, a deeply interesting time,—seeing Loisy, Le Roy, Boutroux, Bergson, Séailles, etc.

Yours ever sincerely,

Fr. v. Hügel

To Father Tyrrell

May 14, 1907.

. . . I have now carefully read your " Da Dio o dagli Uomini " Paper. It is most striking : so strong and true, so pathetically winning, in its great main contention. I purposely formulate my appreciation this way, because I must confess that, in as it were the *prolegomena* of the matter, I retain certain pretty acute perplexities of religious instinct. My old brain is too fagged and preoccupied by other things which have *hic et nunc* to be done,—a wife and three daughters away, of itself means much, almost endless, detail of decision of all kinds adding itself on to

my ordinary work,—to be able to work out a coherent criticism. But I feel strongly, somehow, that your treatment of the old transcendent conception of God as requiring to be reformulated, *en toutes pièces*, by an immanental one, is somehow a bit of most tempting, yet nevertheless impoverishing, simplification. God is certainly not, in any degree or sense, simply (spatially) outside of, or above, us ; and these spatial pictures have indeed all to be interpreted in terms of spiritual experience and spiritual reality. But this experience itself is *essentially* as truly of God transcendent as of God immanent ; of a Spirit indefinitely more spiritual, a reality which is nobler and of a higher nature than our highest, and leaves us with a noble thirst—as well as of this same Spirit as penetrating us through and through, and as satisfying our cravings. If one were to take your clear-cut Immanentism as final and complete, that noblest half of the religious experience of tip-toe expectation, of unfulfilled aspiration, of sense of a Divine Life, of which our own but touches the outskirts, would have no place.—I see that by the emphatic admission of this (I think quite essential) Dualism of spiritual experience and movement, it is more difficult to formulate a vigorously coherent criticism of the absolutist authority conception than is yours here. Still, you are so right in your general conclusions, and yet the preliminary point I refer to seems to me so certain,—that I cannot doubt them to be, somehow, reconcilable,—although I do not clearly see how, just now at least. . . .

To Miss Maude Petre

May 23, 1907.

My dear good brave Maude Petre,—I hear that you are a bit out of sorts,—with that trying thing—more or less of a nervous breakdown. How well I know this ! At this moment I too am far from brilliant, in such ways,—having had to wait now for little gusts of working power, for a week or more, and getting them for two or three short spells at most. So I can sympathise, even from my own immediate feelings, but far more, of course, because of the many *years* of my life, when I was, I am sure, far worse than you can be.

I am truly sorry, and can but hope that you are being, and will be, *very* good, *very* self-disciplined, and wisely self-considering, and will do whatever an experienced Doctor, and one who knows you well, would or does recommend, even though it may cross any other plans you may have.

Our group is having to bear such a long strain, that it is no wonder we are all more or less broken down ; yet our cause is so great and inspiring, and the war is likely to last still so long a time, that we must simply do *all* we can to keep and get not only passably well, but with a

surplusage of nerve and vitality,—things which, depend upon it, will be wanted to the last shred. After all, it matters comparatively little if we can say, write or do much or often ; but it matters much, that when we thus energise, our action should have a vigour and *body*, a "go" and a buoyancy,—all which, of course, are things dependent, in considerable part, upon physical, especially nervous health.

. . . . . .

Those young fellows in Milan are acting *admirably*, like the chivalrous, high-minded gentlemen, and strong-souled, tough-willed Christians and Catholics that they are—their answer to Rome is a very model of what such things should be. They declare themselves ready to receive respectfully and to give practical heed and application to all scientific, scholarly criticism and correction of scientific or scholar's mistakes ; to all disciplinary directions as to disciplinary wrong-doing ; and to all theological or spiritual censures of theological or spiritual errors. But they cannot, at the bidding of the Congregation, simply suppress a Review[1] planned and organised during years, and one which has hardly yet begun,—since, in so doing, they would put a formidable weapon into the hands of the enemies of the Church, viz. a demonstration that even thoroughly religious-tempered and respectful historico-critical and philosophical research and thought in matters of religion, of a thoroughly unofficial, preliminary kind, is not tolerated, is impossible, within the Roman Catholic Church. That they have maturely considered the grave possible consequences of their act ; but their love for the Church forces them, with grief and reluctance, respectfully but quite finally to take up this position. And they promise to pray and strive their very utmost so to improve, on and on, their tone and bearing, and so to profit by any and all detailed official and other criticism or censure, as to manifest to all their faithful love and inalienable devotion to the Church.

They have met with remarkably moderate, respectful treatment from Cardinal Ferrari and other ecclesiastics of a quite old-fashioned type, and seven further Italian Priest subscribers have come in, since the censure—whilst only one subscriber (an It. Priest) has left them. I believe they are entirely right, in hoping for great things from this stand of theirs. But everything points to Rome being decided to go all lengths in the conflict. Yet, as they say, disciplinary weapons are soon exhausted, whilst ideal armour and weapons are ever fresh and inexhaustible. They will, I firmly believe, remain warm, moderate, respectful, and unshakeably firm. If they do this, they *must* win,—after much suffering, perhaps.

Have myself had further very good letters of sympathy—will keep entirely mum, and will not write for them for the present—nor till the

[1] *Rinnovamento.*

book is out, at all events. But I have already assured them that I do not drop them,—not, at least, as long as they are so admirably all we want and love.

Yours affectionately, my good, most useful,
most necessary old friend and fellow-fighter,
FR. V. HÜGEL.

To Father Tyrrell

Oct. 1, 1907.

My very dear Friend,—I have now twice read both *The Times* articles,[1] and also its leader upon them. There can, I take it, be no serious doubt as to two things. One, that the substance of those two papers of yours,—the philosophical and theological analyses and positions,—are deep and true and great; and that there was and is a crying need for such expositions either now or soon. And I am deeply grateful and touched for and by that noble bit, in the second article, about your being and remaining a Catholic, whatever may happen; and concerning those great figures of Catholic post-reformation Saints and Scholars that cheer us on. These latter passages are *most* appropriate, and give a most grateful relief and the proper setting and interpretation to the polemical passages. Thank you for them, again and again.

The second thing is that although, perhaps, written less angrily than the *Giornale d'Italia* letter, this double paper is also, of course, very hot, vehement, and sarcastic. I hope very much that this heat, which, in some places, is so apt, and in all is so understandable, may not, in the long run at least, deflect otherwise likely and winnable minds from the substantial content and real, final aim of your papers. I must admit that, even now and in spite of everything, I have a feeling as to the pathetic position of the Pope, holding that most difficult of posts not through his own choosing, a peasant of simple seminary training and speaking to some 200 million souls, of whom doubtless a good nine-tenths, at least, are even less cultured than himself, and whom he is sincerely trying to defend against what he conceives to be deadly error. We can afford to be magnanimous; and is it not a duty to be so? This is not meant, of course, as a criticism of speaking, or even of plain speaking, and with your grand mastery of the subject; it only concerns the question of personal tone.

I would hardly like to bring up even this, secondary criticism, did I not find, from a letter of Alfieri's received this morning (in which his love and admiration for, and care for your influence and for its continuous extension shine out most touchingly), that some of the young fellows he

[1] See *Memoir*, *ante*, p. 26.

knows and attracts have been somewhat seriously pained and upset by the personal tone,—the tone towards the Pope,—of your Letter to the *Giornale d'Italia*, even though the very young fellow who writes to him, thus hurt, says how much he, at the same time, feels your letter to be "piena di sacre verità." I have also had a letter from Rome, from another determined well-wisher and admirer of yours, with the same distinction and mixture of helpedness and of distress.

I cannot help feeling that there is probably a good deal of truth in what Alfieri says,—that it would be well if you could and would now cease to write to the Liberal Italian papers,—which, of course, amounts to the Italian papers generally,—and could and would concentrate your writing, in and for Italy at least, upon articles for *Rinnovamento*. A. is anxious to know what further Papers you may have for them; and continues to feel, as well he may, the honour it is to have you writing for them. . . .

I am feeling strongly for myself, and venture to hope you may feel the same for yourself also,—how desirable it will be to keep clear of any, even apparent identification with Paul Sabatier, so honest a man, but one who certainly has no ultimate and abiding belief in or care for a whole number of elements of religion, occasions, vehicles and expressions of it, which will ever remain dear to us; and again, to keep clear of Loyson,—this, even more. The latter matter has been suggested to me, of course, by Dell's forwarding, through me, H. L.'s Article for yourself. I am bound to admit that it somewhat shocks me, to see D. associating, so easily and without pain of any kind, with L. For, surely, whatever one may think, *in abstracto*, of celibacy, a priest who abandons it puts himself out of court for pleading effectively for the difficult reforms we require. Nothing is more plain from every word of the Encyclical, what a priceless force is the "austerity" of our lives. Yet genial hobnobbing with L. would, at once, furnish materials for suspicion on this score, also.

Very affectionate old Friend,
F. v. H.

So deeply sorry for all your pain and worry;

So deeply grateful for all that is so great and deep in your present work and writing;

So entirely understanding, thank God, even where I feel certain limitations and imperfections. Even if these latter be really there,—God will, from our sufferings and good intentions, build up something that will include all our gold and exclude such dross as may here and there depreciate it.

To Father Tyrrell

Oct. 24, 1907.

My most dear Friend,—Well, it has then come, the sentence which we were getting to hope might, after all, *not* come ![1] *Fiat:* we have but to see to it, each one of us, that we may do, and advise, and influence, and be influenced, in the right, the best and deepest, the most fully Catholic direction.

After thinking the position over for some two hours now, I can find only three (I *do* find three) points about which I am not yet clear.

(But first let me make it quite plain that I should think it simply wrong of you to make any "absolute," "unqualified," "unlimited" submission. I would not, at least I ought not, to do such a thing, if ever the bitter waters got as near to my lips as they have done to yours; hence I clearly cannot advise such a course in your case, or even keep a discreet silence on the point.)

1. Ought you to communicate the fact of this Excommunication, at this moment, to any but one or two discreet friends? (I am deeply touched and honoured by being thus told at once; but I will not tell *anyone*, not my wife, not Loisy, etc., until I see quite clear on this point.) It is, I think, evident that they want first to wait, for some days, to see if you will "submit," before publishing their decision in any way. And hence you are necessarily adding to, or keeping out, a further step in the ladder of the case, according as you either let be known, or observe strict reticence as to the fact of the Excommunication. I incline to complete secrecy (*i.e* from journalistic or other likely divulgers),—and to wait for them to publish the fact, after they have given you some time. It strikes me as more dignified, more simple, more noble: and such things and impressions matter supremely, I think.

2. Ought you,—not to "submit" unconditionally,—but to send in an expression of regret, of retractation and of promise of non-repetition, of such expressions, such a tone or temper, such directly anti-Pope's person passages as, especially in the *Giornale d'Italia* article, have pained or scandalised souls? Unless it is certain that they know you would willingly make such an *amende* (even with the addition of conditional retractation of *some* points in the theological arguments and propositions), and certain too that they would reject it and everything falling short of an "absolute" submission,—I think you ought to send in such a declaration. For then you would, once again, have done your level best to content them, in all that is reasonable; and when, later on (very soon, if you did send in such a Declaration), this Declaration, even though rejected by them, was published (presumably, with the rest of the whole affair), you would have undone whatever temporary obscuration or

[1] The excommunication of Fr. Tyrrell by Rome.

pain you may have aroused in some really well-disposed but ill-prepared minds by that tone, temper, etc. ; and you would (if they don't accept your offer) have left one more, a most impressive testimony on record that nothing limited and dignified will satisfy them. I think, somehow, I am seeing clearly and rightly, on this important point.

3. Ought you (whether or not you act according to the *affirmative* suggestions of (1) and (2)) not only (as I think you very wisely judge) to keep silence as to the Excommunication in your coming writings, but not to write (*i.e.* to publish) for some little while,—(say up to the 1st of Jan., when the *Hibbert* article will and ought to appear)?—I think so. For this also would be deeply impressive, to all capable of being impressed. It would be more eloquent, a good deal, even than the kind of silence you already are determined to guard. . . .

To Father Tyrrell

Nov. 15, 1907.

My dearest Friend,— I do indeed feel keenly the ungenerous, indeed unjust, character of that circular of the Bishop,—especially as coming in answer to that grandly straight, strong and loyal letter of yours to him ; and I do not wonder a bit that you thought it right, indeed necessary, to print and circulate that letter of yours. No doubt that act of his will distinctly increase the number of those, especially among the Clergy, who feel with us. Your cousin is so tactful and worldly wise a man, that I feel quite comfortable over anything that has thus his full study and approbation.

As to the scalliwags and their approaches, I am not sure but that it is wholesome, perhaps necessary, for us. It keeps us fully conscious of what we might forget,—of what Mrs. Charles, the strongly anti-Roman, used to dwell upon so much : "We are *none* of us, *none* of the religious bodies, groups and individuals, much of a success." If Rome, in its average as we have it now, is enough severely to try a saint ; the scalliwags are mere dust and debris, representing a reaction which has only succeeded in shrivelling up its votaries, and not in reforming those who occasioned it.[1]

Lilley, who held my copy of the *Risposta*, undertook to let you have it at once. You can and will do it still better than him, and why should you not make improvements and useful additions in the translation ? Only, Friend, you will do it, won't you, without letting yourself be dominated by any (most understandable) *vendetta* feeling ?

Perhaps the ideal, all-round man should be able to hate and pursue

[1] " Scalliwags " was a term applied by Tyrrell, in a letter to the Baron, to denote *some* of his fellow exiles or refugees from the Church who had been approaching him.

destructively, with the same directness and fulness, with which he would love and construct. *Perhaps*, though I am far from sure even of this. But I am very sure that, in any case, George Tyrrell is not that kind of man. A dominant hatred and determination to destroy even a set of men or an institution predominantly evil : such a disposition would, the writer of this scribble is absolutely certain, shrivel up and evaporate all the true power, all the deep glorious helpfulness of G.T., long before he had done any serious execution upon those his enemies. May G. T. keep realising this, and that we have no opponents who can do us or our cause much harm, except in this our temptation, our weakness, which might drive us into such sterilising negation and feverish hate. . . .

Devoted old friend,
F. v. H.

To Professor Clement Webb

March 9, 1908.

I have, again and again, now during months past been pricked in my conscience at the thought of you. For you so kindly volunteered to do what you could towards procuring an honorary degree for my friend, the much admired Prof. Ernst Troeltsch. Yet, in the midst of very much work and now little health (a combination which makes every extra letter a matter of appreciable difference to one), I comforted my conscience with the plea that you would doubtless not act at all in the matter unless and until you heard from me. And *this* being clear, there was no more any pressure upon me to write : for I came, some time ago, to change my mind in the matter to the following extent.

As much as ever, if possible more than ever, I hope some day to see Troeltsch an Hon. Doctor of Oxford. He already deserves the honour richly.—But I have come to think that it would be a pity to get it him *before* the publication of one of his two long-projected *books*. He has, now for 12 or more years, been giving of his wonderfully rich and deep best in articles and studies scattered about in some ten or more periodicals and collections of the most varied kind. And I want to get additional leverage in my attempts to move him on to his *book* production.—Now the prospect of such an honorary degree would put such a lever into my hands. And so I am telling him that there will be a good prospect of such a Degree, if he will but give us one of his two books. In that event, it might, I hope, be even possible to get him a Doctorate conferred on your grand occasion !

But if, as you see, I have, for the present, dropped all hopes and wishes for Troeltsch, I am bound to admit that I have not done so with respect to the Chanoine Ulysse Chevalier. And as I know that M. Paul

Sabatier is, to-day or to-morrow, going down to Oxford, and will there again attempt to interest your authorities in the matter,—I venture to write and tell you, how fully well deserved, how much appreciated, and how very opportune an act I should consider such a conferment on the part of your University.

There is no doubt,—I have heard Mgr. Duchesne, an authority in the matter, and a most fastidious, *difficile* critic, declare,—that U. Chevalier's various *Répertoires* are truly astonishing monuments of a lifetime of devoted, single-minded research, of a kind which on this scale in this subject-matter still, I believe, remains unique. And then towards the end of this long, strenuous life has come that long-necessary, very thorough, most courageous book on the "Santa-Casa of Loretto,"—a book the effects of which are already sure to be abiding and to clear the ground of one of the least creditable legends to be found anywhere.—I have unequivocal evidence that the fine old man, still in his seventies, full of daily hard work, would deeply appreciate such an act. And such a procedure on the part of your University would be felt (I am speaking with much knowledge) as an encouragement by a whole number of men within the R. Catholic Church, who are working along more or less the same lines and who, at present, have all to pass a time of the most discouraging reaction. And, in this case at all events, such an act could very easily be performed in such a way as not to evoke the slightest impression of sheer, undignified, most undesirable *contrariness* to Rome. Exactly in proportion as anything of the kind was avoided (altho', of course, the Loretto book would, among the others, receive warm commendation) would such a Degree produce (I am sure of it) a very salutary impression at the Vatican. It is paradoxical, no doubt, yet strictly true, that precisely the party now dominant which, in logic, ought not to care a straw for what non-Roman Catholic institutions do and think, is far and away more impressionable in these matters than are my friends themselves.

Pray forgive this expression of my hopes and wishes.

Yours ever sincerely,

Fr. v. Hügel.

P.S.—I hope that you are not too much shocked by Loisy's Commentary on the Synoptists. I am busy studying it, but have, so far, only read the Introduction, and quite a short specimen of the Commentary. I already note that the Introduction conveys, somehow, a far more radical impression than does the Commentary; that, in some important respects, he reconquers for strict history a good deal that had seemed relegated to uncertainty; but that on certain crucial points he is more daring and "advanced" than all but three or four living scholars. Yet I feel, as strongly as ever, that what claims to be history cannot escape being judged by historico-critical methods and tests. We are thus

restricted to criticising his method, or the cogency of its particular application as effected by him. I much want to help and keep as many persons, of yours and of mine, clear and firm on this point, as possible stampedes and panics are of no earthly use.

To Father Tyrrell

March 25, 1908.

My very dear Friend,—I am so overwhelmed with work and things to will and bear and such like, that I must number my remarks, and make them as short, and hence (I fear) as dry as possible.

1. As to yourself. I feel very happy and confident in the conviction that this obscurity will pass by, and will leave a certain grand poignancy and rich spirituality of tone,—I mean something more so even than ever before. Thus it has been with Eucken. When I first got to know him, he was just returning from greater fog and darkness than you are likely to traverse; indeed, he had recently been all but entirely negative, I mean, quite explicitly so. And look at him now, with a grandly massive, joyous faith.—I see clearly that, over and above the intrinsic difficulties, two circumstances are added on for you, which greatly intensify each one of those trials. For one thing, our theologians, the official ones, have, during these 4 centuries, steadily allowed the accounts to accumulate unpaid, unsorted, unacknowledged. What wonder, then, that we are overwhelmed in this the day of long-deferred reckoning? We are thus required to face and to get through the arrears of some 12 generations.—And then your own temperament, *on one of its two sides*, adds greatly to the difficulty. For was there ever a more sensitively swift and absolute mind than yours? I noticed this so strongly when you went head over heels, and rolling as it were over and over, into my "Experience & Transcendence" Paper, getting, as it were, quickly through and out at the other side of it by a vivid, I think even over-vivid, apprehension and surpassing of it. And then with Bergson, the same thing, on a much larger scale. Successive atmospheres simply suck you up for the time. This doubtless is one chief cause and occasion of your literary power. But I pray and hope the day may soon return when *your other side*, the deep mystical, contemplative habit and attrait will again be so powerfully waked up and nurtured, that you will regain a grand steadiness of foundation, and in your very feeling as to the depths of life and of religion. *With* that, you will be great; without that, very unhappy.

2. As to the L.S.S.R. Paper, I am sure I could get you off it, if, when the time (3rd Tuesday in May) comes, you find you have no light yet. Better, in that case, certainly, not to speak.—I can only think of

two subjects for you: (1) The philosophy of Henri Bergson, and its religious utilisation. And (2) The consciousness of Our Lord, as indicated by critico-historical research, and its normative value. But (1) would absolutely require the "religious utilisation" or the like to be worked in,—for a study just simply of B. *qua* philosopher would not suit our Society's object. And (2) would easily shock various of our members; although I feel sure that most noble, helpful things could be said about it. . . .

To Father Tyrrell

April 16, 1908.

My very dear Friend,—I would have thanked you sooner for your most kind and very valuable work over my Vol. 2, had I not been obliged to go off to Wilton. . . .

I have already carefully read your general remarks and criticisms, and see their wisdom. I shall do all I can to carry out the improvements suggested; but intend to wait till I get to Vol. 2 in the ordinary succession of the chapters. So far, I have only despatched, revised, to Dent, Chapters I, II, III; and Chapter IV will, perhaps, go off to-night. I am sure that you must be right as to the persistent obscurity of my view concerning the purificatory function of Science. Yet I live this principle, more and more, and find that it gives sincerity to my scientific work and reality and tenderness to my religion. Hence I cannot but feel that I have got hold of something true and important. May I succeed, if not in the book, then elsewhere, in putting it sufficiently well to induce men to try it in practice. *That* is about the full height of my ambition.—As to a third person who would read the proofs, I shall be much obliged if a name occurs to you that would combine competence and sufficient leisure, and who cares enough for these subjects and this presentation of them, or perhaps for my attempts, for it to be decent for me to propose the trouble to him. Lilley is too busy; Williams too dilatory; M. D. P. too unwell; Brémond too rapid and scrappy; G. probably too little versed, really, in these things and too little strong.—Would Mrs. Dowson accept?

The *Encycl. Brit.* people have returned me my Loisy Paper, for me to add a section on his last books. This is right, as regards the undertaking; but means one more responsible, difficult job on top of so many others,—the 3 *Rinnovamento* Papers, and the *Hibbert* thing, as well as the Book.—I have been letting the situation simmer in my mind, especially in my poor prayers, and I now see quietly and plainly that I must do the reasonably courageous thing, and that this thing *certainly* means signing in full the *H.J.* review, and *probably* putting the "H" initial to the *Rinn.* papers. As to the latter, I incline however

to putting nothing to the first two articles (which would have "to be continued" at their ends), and then to sign the third and last with "H." In this way nothing would be said that could conceal the authorship, and the authorship would be, practically, announced with the completion of the study. I hope that this will seem to you sufficiently courageous; if not, I shall be grateful if you will frankly tell me. I imagine, from the way he writes, that Alfieri would be fully satisfied.

As to Loisy's *Quelques Lettres*, the little volume is certainly austerely, poignantly sincere. It seems to me that the finest things in it are at least as fine as anything he has ever written.—I began by being somewhat ashamed and sorry that he should print those two letters about my little trouble. I had given him permission to print just exactly whatever he liked, but had begged him not to secure my knowledge and assent to his selection. And I had forgotten his original offer, but which had never been accepted, to publish these letters. However, it is probably well that they should be here. After all, it is he, not I, who publishes them; they appear at a time when there is not only honour, but risk too, in being praised by him; and, above all, the letters show an affection and zeal for others, and help to impart a somewhat needed variety and generosity to the collection.—But I cannot help still wishing much that he had never written those letters, on that subject, to Roussel: surely they will, in *that* world, simply scare and shock. Having written them, he could hardly, I suppose, not now publish them, if he issued a volume of recent letters at all. But I shall try and get him to withdraw these letters from subsequent editions, if such come, and to replace them by others on other subjects to other people. No one *now* could say that he had shirked the publication of those letters. Montefiore also, though full of admiration of most of the letters, thinks these Roussel epistles a blot and a pity.—I must say that I myself am not satisfied concerning two of his general, philosophical positions here. I don't like on pp. 78, 79, the apparent identification of ethics and religion. I feel sure that Windelband, Troeltsch, Simmel, Taylor, have got hold of the truth when they find, in various ways and degrees, that such identification is a violation of the testimony of religious history; that it comes largely from Kant having been curiously *slightly* religious; and that it but represents a most understandable, yet an impoverishing reaction against abuses, excesses and difficulties of the metaphysical systems in the past and present.—And I don't like that sort of *anima-mundi* position, with the individual consciousnesses simply temporal discriminations of the One Consciousness, and with spirit and matter, at bottom, the same thing, and this without any conviction as to the latter being secondary to the former. I have told him that to me the "Grand Individu" idea, which is clearly his, as it is Hébert's nightmare, seems to me, compared with *that*,

a venial error,—at least if he will not commit himself to the, surely, most reasonable affirmation, that our having to treat the ultimate and deepest Reality *as though* it were Intelligence, Will, Spirit, springs not only from our subjective wants, but also from the actual nature of that Reality being, in ways and degrees unpicturable, Inconceivable by us, not less than all that we find ourselves thus forced to attribute to It.—I am often now saddened at the thought that, not from fear or worldly meanness, but from sheer obligation to be faithful to my poor lights, I may be forced, before I have finished my little life-work, to discriminate myself from him, precisely in these deepest matters, and which I fear he is increasingly inclined to take up next.—Anyhow, I need say little or nothing about them in Art. II ; but I fear in Art. III I must say a little.

I have now also carefully read your very pregnant and penetrating article in *The Home and Foreign Review*. I now see plainly how you came to bring in the Vatican Council, and that you could hardly avoid doing so. I deeply admire the way in which you contrast Lord Acton's, Frohschammer's, and then your own view ; also your criticism of Lord A.'s attitude towards philosophy and Dogmatic definitions. The whole is admirably courageous, clear, and most difficult for the others to tackle. A small point : but ought one not to quote that saving clause, in the decree as to the universal and direct episcopate of the Pope, that affirms the apostolic authority, of non-delegational kind, appertaining to the bishops ? I know well that this is practically denied by the Roman policy ; and that it is probably, if the other, the direct Papal authority conception be pressed (and Rome presses it), hopelessly out of place in this system. Yet, even so, would it not be well to use this saving clause against the rest ? And if it shows that the defining bishops did recognise other rights besides the Pope's,—ought they not to be given the credit of this ?—But this is, evidently, a comparatively small point, compared with the many admirably incontrovertible and more important positions of the Paper. Many grateful thanks, then, for it.

Lilley has had a charming letter from the Revd. Newman Smith, of the Congregational Church, Newhaven, Conn., U.S.A., who, some twenty years ago, I think, wrote a very good "Christian Ethics" for the *International Theological Library* to which belongs Driver's *Introduction to the Literature of the O.T.* Well, N.S. has become enthusiastic for our cause, says he is going to devote the remainder of his life to it ; has just published a book "Coming Catholicism and Going Protestantism" ; and wants us all to keep him in touch with what we are doing. So let us make a note as to this man.

I have just had interesting letters from Eucken and Troeltsch : Eucken telling me that, alas, alas, the (Munich) *Allgemeine Zeitung* has ceased to exist, and that he feels the blow greatly, having now no paper

in which he can, at any time, write on our great subjects. And Troeltsch, with his ever bracing breadth and depth of outlook and conviction, which never, in him, prevent his seeing things, passing events or permanent antinomies, with an even brutal clearness, writes : "Ohne eine grosse Revolution ist, für mein Gefühl, keine Umkehr von der Kurialistischen Bahn hier möglich . . . was werden soll, ist mir heute unklarer als je ; und ich begnüge mich damit, wenigstens für die eigene Person und die Nachstehenden, einen religiösen Boden unter den Füssen zu haben. . . . Sehe jeder wo er bleibe ; und lasse er sich seinen religiösen Besitz nicht ausreden, und lasse er sich durch die politische Religion nicht irre machen. . . . Im übrigen hat Gott das Weltregiment ; und die grossen ethischen und religiösen Wahrheiten der Menschheit können nicht untergehen. Besonders interessant sind mir alle Äusserungen von Loisy und Tyrrell." " Mit tiefster Sympathie gedenke ich all der hochherzigen Kämpfer in Ihrer Kirche. Es ist gut, dass die Gemeinschaft des Xtus-geistes über die verschiedenen Kirchen hinüberreicht. Schliesslich ist meine Lage in kleiner Kirche auch nicht sehr viel besser, und mein Herz ist oft sehr gedrückt." He cannot come to England this year,—sends me the first two of a long series of articles on Christianity and the Social Question : the growth of the latter within the former.

I have asked Stauffer to send you those sayings of Goethe : please keep the little book, as one of those poor little tokens of an ever wakeful gratitude and affection. A very peaceful, at least interiorly peaceful, Easter to you, dear, much-effecting, much-tried Friend. So glad Laberthonnière is coming to you. Kindest regards to him and to Abbé Brémond.—So grieved that M. D. P. has still trouble with her poor arm. What suffering that brave woman has had ! I must try and be worthy of her and of you all.

Affectionate old Friend,

F. v. H.

I hear your rectification as to L., in *Giornale d'Italia*, was admirably generous and effective : have not seen it. Scotti writes very bravely from Egypt.

To Father Tyrrell

June 23, 1908.

My very dear Friend,—I should consider it an impertinence, were I to sit down and "answer" your most kind and important letter now at once. It demands and shall receive a full week's slow rumination, as a most valuable appeal to me to grow and modify myself. And I want to do my poor best, and the said best ever moves slowly when at

all. So just now I want simply to thank you, very gratefully, for so kindly speaking out, and giving me a better chance of self-improvement.

There are two points only in the matter which I see so quietly and in all my better moods that I at least am not likely, I think, to see better and further about them.

I feel sure, in those moments, that not all that, even when earnest, I live and work for, can possibly be finally true and completely right : that a good deal of what I love with all I am will have to die, for good and all,—in me as truly as in anyone. And again that what will survive, will have to do so, just as an element in a larger whole, larger than I can see and after which I grope and which, please God, should englobe and put me in some little point and part of the great whole.

And then I feel sure too that, somehow, ever *two* things and not simply *one* have to be attended to : that not only bigotry but also indifference is to be fought and daily overcome. And I must, very simply, confess that if such and such people stand out, in my soul, as illustrations of the former, such and such others stand out in it as examples of the latter. And I notice that all these latter treat good faith, search for the light, self-renouncement, etc., as things '*of course*,' things universal, and lightly, rather irritatedly, to be assumed as operative all round. Now I know well that there is no enclosure within which there flourishes that full (*i.e.* ever operative, ever renewed) good faith, and outside which it does not exist. I merely mean that I have, for myself and in trying to help others, to guard against *the* '*of course*' *business*. I find it as impoverishing here, as in Science and Criticism is the assumption of the ease of accuracy : the latter is destructive of the alone fully fruitful disposition for scientific work.

Neither of these my points is in answer to anything you say. It is but a thinking aloud to you, dearest of Friends, and as a little help to myself. . . .

To Father Tyrrell[1]

June 27, 1908.

My dearest Friend,—This too has nothing to do with your important letter. It is only to say (for whatever the thing may be worth), how persistently, through all my varying moods, there is, somehow, (entirely unsuggested by anyone) a feeling of discomfort and apprehension in my old mind concerning your forthcoming book.[2] And I see quite plainly that this is in nowise because of the mere fact of its

[1] This is in answer to a letter of Tyrrell's in which he says : "I sometimes wonder whether you are not driven to value complexity for its own sake."

[2] Published under title of *Medievalism*, an answer to a Pastoral of Cardinal Mercier.

being an answer to a man in his position, or from any doubt that personally I shall learn lots and lots from it. It is simply, I do believe, the sense that, very really, the other side are beginning to discover the immense difficulties of *their* position, and the wish that (without our ceasing to act and write, and plainly too) we should not keep prodding them too directly and continually, nor move on to further points before they have somewhat digested the earlier ones. And then, as to yourself in particular, I ever feel that (brilliant as are your controversial, polemical hits) God has made you for something deeper and greater, and that not *there*, but in mystical intuition, love, *position*, do you give and get your full, most real self.—So I am most glad that if somehow you *must* have one more directly polemical work, you are keeping it back for leisurely and repeated revision. Of course, even so I feel a bit sad over it ; for it can hardly fail to strengthen that quite secondary habit of polemics, and to create a fresh situation and additional occasion for a repetition of this class of literature.—How glad I shall be if, when, you get out of this kind on to Bergson and still more the great book on fundamental dispositions.

I have just asked Picard to send me Bergson's *Le Rire*, partly because I thought you might like to read it just now. That and *Le Rêve* are, I think, the only minor writings of his that he has not incorporated in his three books.—Also, you might wish to read some Plotinus and Berkeley again. Of course, Friend of friends, all my editions, translations, etc., would be at your disposal.

Well, this scribble wants no kind of answer. We meet on Tuesday, 4 P.M.

Your affectionate
Fr. v. H.

To Father Tyrrell

Sept. 15, 1908.

My dearest Friend,—Home since late on Saturday night, and at once engulfed in mountains of papers and unavoidable scribblings. So this must be only a string of disjointed memoranda. . . .

I found that I simply *could not* go to that reception, small as its implications would legitimately have been ; nor have I even signed my name at Archbishop's House in the Legate's book. I have done and will do *nothing*, so that if they do try and utilise this Eucharistic Congress " demonstration " as a sanction for the *vigilance* policy or for their line with you, Bartoli, etc., I shall have my conscience entirely free, and will not be implicated in even the 100th degree or part. My conscience has felt at peace ever since I decided to stay on at Haslemere till

after that reception ; and then, as a further point, determined to leave even such a signature alone.

I saw what there was of a procession on Sunday from the flat roof of a house on the other side of Victoria Street ; and I marvelled at our people's appetites, that they should not have been satisfied with what the Government allowed and did for them,—since Victoria Street was rendered practically impassable for some three hours ; the police, under my eyes, had such hard work to keep the crowd from breaking through, that I saw one poor "bobby" carried off, seriously hurt ; and the Legate's giving of Benediction from the three Balconies of the Cathedral lasted, I should say, some 20 minutes, during which time the side streets and the square were turned into a Church protected and guarded by hundreds of police.—But it is, of course, true that the Government shilly-shallied badly, and ought to have made up its mind *weeks* ago, and ought not, when it did climb down, have tried to make Archb. Bourne do the climbing down for them.—But I have already come across several priests, the Carmelite Provincial here is one, who show plainly how relieved they are that the other Procession was stopped, and how *amply* satisfied they are with things as they actually stand in England. May the "têtes montées" amongst us be got to drop their effervescence!

I also enclose the Prospectus of *Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart*, because I shall want you (on returning it when you come) to tell me if they have written to you also, for details as to your life, works, etc. I am sure it is but a slip, if they have not ; since they evidently want to give notices of all the more important "Modernists," and you can see from Holl how high they place you. Note, please, that they have got quite a large number of Catholic contributors. "E pur si muove" : even *this* persecution is not preventing things from moving on, even though we (and I included) often see no change at all !

Have not yet read your paper in the last *Nova et Vetera*, or even Bonajuti's letter to you. But some Puck seems to be playing at a Comedy of Errors somehow and to some extent among our ranks. For there is B. implying that Semeria is planning quite revolutionary acts, whereas S. now writes to me (evidently with perfect sincerity and openness) as to how profoundly he is persuaded, from observations and experiences of a first-hand kind, that the *revolution* worked for by B.'s full adherents is impracticable, or, rather, would turn out disastrously ; whereas the *evolution* laboured for by *Rinnovamento*, however difficult, remains possible and would be profoundly fruitful.—And I have had a communication from an admirer of yours abroad who is anxious that *you* should continue along the splendid lines of "Medievalism," so resonantly Catholic and evolutional still, and (if possible) more than ever ! I think you must have been writing to someone or other in a mood which was taken as abiding or ultimate. See the

disadvantage of being a lucid, vivid writer! *I* require Analytical Tables, or my gestures, before I become understandable, and hence impressive at all; whereas *you* are understood (sometimes, perhaps, misunderstood) before the words are out of your *pen*. . . .

Friend of friends! I have been feeling, somehow, more than ever full of you, grateful for, and at one with you, these last few days! And it is such a deep consolation to me to find page upon page of my book given up to very respectful learning from or discussion with you. This consoles me for my not having any special mention of you in the Preface. But I am putting M. D. P. in there.

Very affectionate old Friend,

Fr. v. Hügel.

To Miss Maude Petre

Autumn, 1908.

My dear brave Maude Petre,—Rather than wait on and on till I can write as I ought to do, I will seize time by the forelock and at least give you a tiny sign of life, and of grateful respect, sympathy, and admiration. Fr. T. has told me of your most wise, tactful and plucky jousts, especially at the G.'s. I feel very sure that if you can keep on this kind of most difficult combination of qualities and actions, you are as sure to win (in the moderate but solid degree at which anything does win here below), even if, which God forbid, still acuter troubles and trials were to arise. I am deeply consoled by Alfieri's and Soragna's letters—the latter came yesterday. For it is quite evident that just this kind of respectful firmness, this quiet, tough holding out, this fighting, when pushed to it, but with the flat of the sword, this willingness to seem to fail and to please no one, hardly, for a good long while, is now succeeding *visibly*. Their writers, subscribers, etc., are returning, the Authorities seem unwilling to molest them further, and (chief point) they have so re-organised themselves and have so firmly fixed their plans and wills, that they can feel confident of continuing on and on, even if the Authorities *did* again come down on them. I hope they have written to you; but Alfieri has had to take a post (to live) as Stockbroker, which occupies 4 hours a day. If I get free at all will propose myself down, for at least a day or night.

Your affectionate Friend,

F. v. H.

To Professor Clement Webb

Nov. 27, 1908.

Ever since last March right up to about a week ago, I have been so continuously engrossed in productive work of my own (chiefly, but not

solely, my book), that, alas, numerous books and Papers which I was itching, longing, to read, had to be put by till more leisurely times had come. Even my summer holiday was reduced to one short week; and the Sundays have found me so worn that sleep, and open-air strolling about, and light literature were all, with Church, that I have been fit for. But now (tho' another, pressing, literary undertaking is dogging my steps) I have been able slowly to read and digest your *most admirable* Pan-Anglican Congress Paper. Its two central positions,—all sincere, really experienced religion comes from God, is "revelation," and only if we admit this can we claim any special gifts and position for Christianity (*bravo, bravissimo !*); and,—no nucleus of hard fact, of undiscussible truth: appeal to me, down to the ground. I should like to copy out, or at least to refer in detail, to one most helpful, happily worded passage after the other, but have not the time to do so.—I *think* I sent a copy to M. Loisy; or perhaps you did? If not, I will and must send him one, now, for the Paper will be fresh 20 years hence still, and M. L. will be most pleased with your reference to him, especially as coming from a High Churchman. Thank you then, in his, in Tyrrell's names as well as in my own way and degree,—you can easily note, how full these are.

And now that my book is appearing,—to-morrow or Monday, I believe (my 1st, advance, copy reached me on Wednesday), I am realising, more than ever, how few as yet are, or at least seem to be, the men who combine those 3 fundamental convictions: the special gift and position of Christianity, and institutional, Cath.-Christianity; all religion, in so far as sincere and experienced "revealed"; and no hard nucleus: as you do; and yet how those thick (far too thick) volumes of mine can have no chance of even rough comprehension and fair-play with anyone who has not something of that triad of convictions in him. And this makes me wonder (I hope without any indecent "log-rolling"!) whether you would not be able and willing to notice the volumes somewhere,—say the *Journal of Theol. Studies*, or the *Hibbert Journal*, or, indeed, wherever else you chose. I cannot help thinking that you would find much to your liking in those 800 pages, in which the copious Index helps one about pretty easily, I hope. And, really, in the British Isles I only know, besides some dozen of the modern-minded among my own people, yourself, Pringle-Pattison and (in a minor degree, I think) Percy Gardner, together with, as yet, some *very* few of your clerics, of whom I can feel this.

With cordial thanks and sympathy,

Yours sincerely,

Fr. v. Hügel.

To Father Tyrrell

Saturday, Jan. 9, 1909.

My dearest Friend,—Look here, there is a very kind thing that you could do by me,—the possibility of this has only just turned up.

My wife has been engaged, for some time now, to go to a cousin of hers, on Tuesday next, 12th, for a week. But I thought that I was keeping Hildegard. Now H. is invited to some balls in the country, and I have made her accept from Monday to Saturday next. Yet both wife and H. are a bit worried at leaving me here, quite alone.

Could and would you come and stay here, during those days? If you could arrive for lunch on Tuesday, my wife could still see you, and personally thank you for coming. And if you could stay till Saturday afternoon, *that* would cover all my loneliness.

I need not say that, if you were so kind as to come, you would have the little downstairs sitting-room, or the big drawing room, all to yourself, to see whomsoever you might have, or care, to see; that you would have G.'s good large bedroom; and that I would quite understand if you had to be away most of the day. I myself, too, would have to be very busy. But, if you were free, we could, besides meals and the evening, be together for the afternoon walk. And I would specially like to show you, and to consult you about, my finally cleared up critical points for my *Rinn.* Art. No. 3, and to hear from you about the L.S.S.R. Paper's positions.

I feel it such a pleasant opening, that just when I had to miss being with you at St., you may be able to come to me here at K. My wife and H. both want me, once more, to make it abundantly clear to you, how much they like your coming and staying here, and how entirely they would enjoy being here with you. And though there is just a little in the difficulty about some of their very "black" acquaintances,—*that* difficulty simply does not exist when they are away, and for my friends and acquaintances.

Do please say "yes," if even only for part of that, alas, very short time.

Affectionate Friend,
F. v. H.

Some interesting things to show and tell.

To Professor Clement Webb

Mar. 20, 1909.

. . . Alas, Influenza came, and interrupted me, up to to-day. And even now I am, though up and out again, so weak and stupid that I cannot

hope to say anything very much to the purpose, in answer to your interesting letter. Let me, however, thank you sincerely for it, and for your kind words about that Paper of mine ; and let me try and group under a succession of headings certain points that are clear to me, or that I am groping after, in that difficult matter of the "inexhaustibleness and uniqueness of Christ." I shall say, I am sure, little or nothing that you do not know at least as well as I know it. But to speak out to men one trusts, and who have both faith and criticism, is a great help to oneself. So here goes !

(1) You will have noticed that Criticism, if it has made some of the difficulties clear beyond recall, has also eliminated others. I think there are four quite certain such eliminations, and that a fifth matter of a difficult kind has been rendered very uncertain.

(i) Our Lord's appeal to the parallel of Jonah, was of the most general and sober kind, and was actually pointed *against* any search after a physical miracle ; the "three days and three nights in the whale's belly" (Matt. xii. 40) is a later amplification that misses the special point of the situation. (ii) Our Lord never made that strange limitation to His condemnation of divorce (Matt. v. 32 ; xix. 9). (iii) Our Lord never uttered that strange doctrine, as to the esoteric character of the Parabolic teaching, deliberately intended to help on the blindness of the Jews (Mark iv. 11, 12). (iv) And Our Lord never treated *the Jews* as His enemies, indeed, when denouncing the Pharisees, He did not do so, whilst the guest of a Pharisee (Luke xi. 37-xii. 1). (v) And, at least *possibly*, the claim to descent from David was declined, and not made by Him.

I was distressed to find that Gore fought hard against the critical conclusion (ii), and Sanday laboured his best (or worst) against the conclusion (iii). As though both these conclusions were not a great gain for anyone who realises the *ideal* standard maintained, to the very death, by Our Lord. Conclusion (iv) I feel to be even more important; all the exceedingly painful intolerance of one strain within the Fourth Gospel goes thus, for good and all,—as far as Our Lord's own teaching is concerned.

(2) I take the difficulties that have been confirmed, in part even discovered, by Criticism to be four.

(i) Our Lord's attitude towards the question of authorship, historical character etc. of the O.T. writings, in the many references to them in His discourses as given in the Synoptists, after elimination of the above cases. (ii) His attitude in matters of Demonology. (iii) His teachings as to Eternal Punishment (Johannes Weiss and others have quite failed, I think, in their attempts to show the Synoptist passages that give these teachings to be secondary). (iv) His conception and inculcation of His Parousia as proximate. One could add to the list as at least *possible*

the non-foreseeing of, or the slow and late growth of belief in, His Passion.

I take (i) to be grave, only for one who would be determined to hold Christ's infallibility in any and every religious matter, even where such matter would not be of any spiritual importance. For one cannot find any directly spiritual importance in the acceptance or denial of such literary and historical "facts." (ii) is grave, I think, in so far as that attitude has demonstrably given the highest of all Christian sanctions to some of the most cruel and tenacious superstitions that have devastated Xtendom and retarded the care of the mentally afflicted for, say, some five centuries or more. But this difficulty is not grave, if (putting again aside the question of Our Lord's inerrancy) we ask what was the effect of this belief upon Our Lord's own spirituality? For this belief can be shown, I think, to be with Him purely ministerial to certain abidingly great spiritual convictions,—the reality of sin, the need of continual watchfulness, the weakness of man, the need of grace etc.; or, again, simply to classify the sufferers whom He wished to help, and actually helped and cured, differently from the manner in which we have now to classify them. I mean that, repulsive as is necessarily to us now the conviction that this or that person is diabolically possessed, and difficult as it is for us to understand how anyone could believe in *innocent* possessedness: yet this latter view was certainly held by Our Lord, and this view prevents His attitude in the whole matter from being, if I may say so, morally or spiritually offensive. These possessed persons are, according to this view, not necessarily bad, not morally or spiritually wicked at all. This leaves the view more strange (to our present-day feeling) than ever; but it deprives the position of what would make it incompatible with a high and sensitive ethic and spirituality. (iii) I take to insist (even though with figures that have led to much materialisation and excess of the doctrine) upon a truth much overlooked or denied nowadays, but a truth that will remain. I have done what I could for it in my *Mystical Element.* And (iv) I take also to express a deep and abiding, *right* orientation of first-hand and specific spirituality,—which, quite clearly, tends, in proportion to its depth and purity, to conceive all *sub specie aeternitatis*, and, in as much as time is still considered, to apprehend such time as at hand and instantaneous. If Our Lord did not know the date of His Second Coming (and this ignorance He tells us was with Him), then, religious genius that He was, He was bound, as such, to conceive it as proximate and swift as lightning (I have printed something about this; but anonymously, more or less).

(3) You will say: "This is all very well; but what about His inexhaustibleness, His uniqueness?" I think our answer will have to consist in an increased discrimination between the *religious* sense and even the moral instinct, and in showing, if we can,—and I think that

we really can do so,—that Our Lord had this sense in the supremest degree known to us anywhere. It is this religious sense which lights up His world, and it is a world which, apart from that still living light, is in great part as dead as is the moon. A light as live as is the sun's illuminating a world as dead as is the moon: this is an exaggerated image of what I believe to be the case here. I believe that light, those spiritual instincts, those general affinities and maxims of Jesus to be truly inexhaustible; certainly they have not only leavened Western humanity for well-nigh two centuries, but I do not see any symptoms of decay about them.—After all, here again we find a supreme exemplification of the law obtaining in all religions, of the condition indeed of all characteristically human life and dignity: the truth, even if it be religious truth, has to express and clothe itself in certain contingencies of space and time,—and, in doing so, it gains strength for a period, at the cost of weakness when other places and times have to be wooed and won. But then Christianity appears supreme also, and especially, in that it makes such condescension the very centre of its faith and *Weltanschauung*. I used to feel, in my own small way, so vividly when training my three children in religion,—how I was ever placed before the dilemma either of keeping the religion vague, in hopes of their giving it the concrete application, each according to her age, character and wants,—and then I did not rouse or move them, because I myself was not moved; or of giving the religion full colour and concretion, when I could indeed throw all my own conviction and feeling into it,—but then they would soon come to see it as something from which, more or less, to discriminate themselves, and to treat it as their father's peculiarity. Now I should like this law, for surely, it is nothing less, to get well worked out into full explicitness and clearness, and for Our Lord to appear as having fulfilled this law with the greatest completeness; and for us to learn thus the specific, pathetic dignity of the human lot. He will, by such methods, be revealed as not *extensively*, but as *intensively* inexhaustible, since the truths and laws He showed and lived for us with especial profundity and power are themselves inexhaustible and can and do combine with every conceivable growth and trial of man, giving them their fullest fruitfulness.

I am not going even to read this over, or I shall tear it up. It is quite unworthy of the subject, but I do not want to keep you waiting any longer. I am much looking forward to coming on Tuesday and to speaking on your interesting Paper. But this will, alas, have to depend upon whether to-morrow and Monday are kind to me, and allow me to shake off the remains of this attack. If I do not turn up, you will know that it is with very sincere regret that I do not come.

Yours very sincerely,

Fr. v. Hügel.

To Miss Maude Petre

March 26, 1909.

It was an excellent idea of yours, so kindly to write and tell me what you have been and are doing. And you are ever so vigorous, that what *you* feel to be a fallow time would really be a fully active time for the average of people.

Your letter came and cheered me up, just when this Influenza, that has now been hanging about me, off and on, for about three weeks, had got me into fairly great depression of spirits. It is, at such times, especially, so cheering to realise how persevering, active and (sometimes) visibly successful are those who will the same difficult combination of things that one is working for oneself. I am much impressed with the way in which your fine and costing perseverance is evidently telling in the Storrington affair ; and you are clearly right to follow up the matter. When once I have really shaken off this bout (it has come on again, owing to my getting out too soon), and if then I am free from duties here, I should like to come to you for a few nights, since I know your kind welcome there.

You are indeed right, as to the excellence of the last *Rinnovamento*. And you can take a very appreciable part of the credit for the success of this important undertaking. For I felt when urging those young fellows on, at a time when they were depressed, that had I been unable to refer also to you, as one ready to help by pen and purse and as ever keenly alive to the really unique importance of their persevering,—they would, very likely, have missed from my pressing words the note of being supported on my part, and they would hardly have listened. . . .

But I have now studied every word of " Ci sono due Modernismi ? " in that number, and am indeed DELIGHTED with it. One is, of course, sorry that there should exist this difference and (especially since *Nova et Vetera* has ceased to exist) I would myself (at this distance from the persons chiefly concerned) have hesitated to speak out those things in public. But in themselves those things are, surely, most true, most central, sadly overlookable, actually, pretty often overlooked. And especially the writer of the letter puts the matter with a splendid clearness and power. But the editorial comments (Alfieri ?) are also excellent,—I will, in writing, say all this to A., the good, devoted soul. You will have noted how well they have twice discriminated Fr. T. (and Crespi) from the current they disapprove of ; they might have added in your name too, but you only came in, in the last number of " N. et V."

So glad your Nietzsche is with Constable. I hope much that he will take it. If he does not, I am sure it will not be from doubt as to the *value* of the book, which is too much a work of love and of first-hand study and convictions to be other than thoroughly alive and very valuable.

Thekla was professed yesterday, having been accepted finally, on her birthday (23 years old), the 13th inst. She is radiantly happy, and I am grateful and contented with the upshot. I feel sure as to the reality and normality, and the importance of that kind of Prayer and the general form of that life. And the apparent exclusiveness, the seeming absorption in just it alone, are probably simply appearances, or realities only to the degree in which the necessary sub-division of labour, especially when this is new to a soul, renders such exclusiveness necessary. You see that I ever feel this great fundamental truth that the final measure is the totality of holy lives and calls, the Kingdom of God, in which even the highest or most costing calls are but necessary constituents.

Yours most sincerely,
F. v. HÜGEL.

To Father Tyrrell

April 19, 1909.

. . . The remains of Flu, or at least its after effects are still, off and on, upon me ; and hence I am weak and have to dodge and adjourn all longer doings as much as possible. This, in explanation of my long delay in giving you an account of my stewardship. But there are also other matters to tell about, so I will number my points, and take them in chronological order.

1. C—— came all right,—indeed he stayed a long time, and I found him exactly as you had described him. I was so pleased too, at being able, quite spontaneously and by using my own judgment on his case, to advise him along the lines you had already suggested to him. I admitted indeed that I *did* think the spiritual instincts, ideals, and helps to be found in the R.C. Church to be, *at their best*, the deepest and finest to be found anywhere ; but I pictured to him, as vividly as I could, the grave, in part terrible, counter-facts and tendencies to be found in the same body, and how little the *average* would be likely to understand and help him there. But, above all, I insisted strenuously upon how he should not let his mind dwell upon securing, *at any price*, the greatest helps towards perfection, but should, on the contrary, directly aim only at making the best of his situation, and not think of leaving it short of plain and peremptory admonitions of his own conscience that, in thus remaining, he was committing positive and grievous sin. That as long as he strove thus, with all his heart and with ever increasing prayer and dependence upon God's grace, he would gain, even where he would seem to be losing. And that this would not involve the not profiting by our best books, and such help as he might feel drawn to seek from

spiritual but unproselytising Catholics. I lent him the two vols. of Fénelon's *Spiritual Letters*, and Grou's *Manuel*. I was sorry to find that he knows not one word of French, even for reading purposes.

As to those Anglican Benedictines, I was much less definite ; but I suggested that he could hardly move too slowly in such matters ; and that I considered him to be one of those very simple, most eager souls that had still, and perhaps for a long time, to be learning the mysterious yet very certain truth that we can actually hamper our advance by trying too directly, too vehemently, too much by absolute recipes or models, for it.—A very pure, simple, spiritual soul. I said nothing about seeing him again, thinking it better that the possible little difficulty which his shyness might have in proposing it should test any *velléité* to see me again. But I shall, of course, be at his disposal. And I have told you all the above, in case he should ask you about seeing me again.

2. I got John Morley's *Essay on Turgot*,—one of the many, many things I owe you. It is indeed a fine, lucid piece of writing,—so manly in its balance and restrained enthusiasm for T. But how strongly one feels, in that volume, how much, in spite of considerable insight into their unjust reactions, he, J. M., is a man of the 18th century, or at least a sort of John Stuart Mill, before Mill's later softening. McTaggart and Houtin, so different again, are also that kind of mind.

To Professor Clement Webb

June 11, 1909.

. . . As to my visit to Oxford, it was all but uniformly successful. I so particularly enjoyed my little time with you,—that most picturesque house, with its copious waters and remarkable dryness, and my pleasant, profitable talks with you two. I may perhaps be allowed, without impertinence, to say how instantly I felt the charm of your wife. She belongs, surely, to those rare people as to whose simple frankness and generous humanity there can be no question in anyone's mind who has conversed with her for even five minutes ; and the humour and common-sense play about those deeper qualities with a delightful copiousness. It will be partly owing to the fact that I had (not in Oxford) been meeting with some priggish ladies,—that your wife's complete freedom from such distressing faults refreshed me so greatly.

My wife would, I know, be much pleased, if when Mrs. Webb is in town, she would come and call here—or ought my wife to call upon her ? The best of all would be if you both of you turned up here,—we do not leave for our holiday till Aug. 1st, and will be back again by September 15th.

I felt myself to have been very bold, to have gone amongst them,

when, at Pusey House, I found an assemblage of some 15–20 men to whom I was asked to speak about Modernist matters,—and the majority certainly but little trained in such questions, and committed, more or less, to the other side. But Mr. Coles was kindly in tone, and ended by agreeing to discriminations which certainly he had not allowed at first. Mr. Cartwright and some two or three others were evidently with me, from the first.

I much liked my little time alongside of Dr. Stout at Corpus. He was so genuinely modest about his own books,—so pleased with the very sincere praise I gave them, and so full of admiration for our common friend, Professor James Ward. But the frail-looking, deaf little man fought hard and fiercely, I heard, against J. A. Smith soon after. I had, too, a pleasant time with Dr. Estlin Carpenter, with Percy Gardner, and with Mrs. Edward Caird,—the latter so much come out of her shell since her husband's death, I find. J. A. Smith, on the Monday, was very interesting and vigorous at Balliol. Schiller was polite and cordial, in intention throughout ; but he *would* persist in paradoxical fireworks, and ever shirked, with me at least, coming to the great questions and a perfectly serious discussion of them.

As to pain in the animal world, I am so very glad you feel the mystery of it, as keenly as I do. After that Synthetic Society meeting Dr. Caldecott came away with me, and tried what seems to me *not* the right way of escape,—the arguing that animals suffer little. We do not *know* this ; in the case of the higher animals indeed everything seems to indicate that this is not true,—for such animals might suffer less than man, and yet suffer a great deal.—Your two considerations are, on the contrary, to my mind thoroughly sound and helpful, as far as they go. Yet you yourself feel (and I feel the same) that they merely tell us (though this is a solid something), the first, how that our very finding of a mystery here, indicates that Love is the supreme reality in the world, and the second, how that it is where we know pain from within, that we find a certain good in it, whereas where we know not how to find this good, we do not know the quality or quantity of the pain. The two considerations, taken together thus, bid us trust on, in spite of the mystery ; they in no degree directly solve it.—I can never find anything further, that is both sober and that tackles the mystery itself. The following position would certainly solve the mystery, assuming Temple's general position to be a sufficient explanation of Evil in general ; but then the position, to be at all explicitated, leads promptly to the kind of fantasticalness which only an Oliver Lodge or a MacTaggart (minds so different, yet both so much attracted to whimsical details) would venture to elaborate. If we could assume that a spiritual principle is indeed at work, and never dies, from the simplest plant-cell, on, through the lower to the higher animals, to man ; and that this

spiritual principle, soul, is thus gradually evolved with a view to its attaining, at the human point of development, to the use of free-will, responsibility, and the power of turning its pains to its own purification and the constitution of its own character and true personality : then, indeed, we would have, not precisely an explanation why this, eventually human soul, had to suffer at its pre-moral stages, but yet an indication that those stages of apparently non-utilisable suffering were not that soul's entire existence. Nor do I see why such a view need involve a transmigration of souls, or an endless round of re-incarnation of already fully human souls. For the " transmigration " here would not be of an already human soul from plant, through animal, to man, still less any " transmigration " back from man to animal and plant ; but an earlier plant-stage would lead to an animal-stage and this to a human stage, and never back again. And once arrived at the human stage, the soul would have come to the point for which it was originally intended, and now its sufferings, etc., could all be utilised ; and there are certainly arguments in favour of bringing the soul's development thus far, which would not hold for this, now human, soul's re-incarnation.

I do wish you could and would attend Tyrrell's Paper at the Oxford Philos-Society to-morrow. I hope and believe that it will be very good. But even if it turned out not so, it would be a useful thing, I am sure, if you could manage to be there. I so much want him to get the sympathy (and, where the need may be, the respectful criticism) of philosophers like you. S. does not, I know, attract you ; and other personal matters, that I know not of, may make your attendance difficult or disagreeable. I only want to bear my testimony, based (as far as T. goes) upon first-hand knowledge, to the good work you might be able to do, certainly the pleasure you would give, by going.

Yours very sincerely,
Fr. v. Hügel.

To Edmund Gardner

Storrington : July 17, 1909.

You will, I know, have been most sincerely grieved at our brave and brilliant, deep and tender Friend, Fr. Tyrrell's going. It was to me a great blow, when, on the 10th, I was telegraphed for to come here at once,—especially when, on turning up in the evening, I found him unable to make himself understood. . . .

I now think that this fundamental physical ruin largely accounts for the violence which sometimes somewhat marred the force of his work, and for the extraordinary recklessness which marked much of his correspondence,—both as to what he wrote and as to the persons whom he selected for such outpourings. His Irish blood counts also, of course,

for very much in this. We must be prepared for one or other of these correspondents revealing some of these letters : yet anyone who knew him knows beforehand that his letters were almost entirely effusions of moods vivid but shifting.

What a great mind, pure, tender heart, strong will, suffering life, soul full of faith and hope ! May God help us to learn, on and on, from him !—He so deeply appreciated you ; we so often talked of you ; you never vexed or jarred him, and ever refreshed and braced him. Come, please, to the Funeral if you possibly can.

To the Rev. Canon Newsom

Downside Abbey : Sept. 7, 1909.

My dear Newsom,—Thank you, most cordially, for your letter, with its trust and finely loyal dealing : I feel greatly honoured by its receipt.—I am only sorry to have received it so late,—forwarded here, yesterday ; and that, away from almost all my books, papers and notes, I cannot be as precise as I should like to be in answering your important queries.

1. As to things for you to read, of or about Fr. Tyrrell, I have none in my mind that you do not know already. But I would point out that, among all his published Papers, there is nothing to which he himself (in numerous confidential conversations) attached greater importance than "Theology and Devotion" (reprinted in *The Faith of the Millions*—Vol. I, I *think*), and "From God or from Men?" in *Scylla and Charybdis*. Indeed, he used to say that in the first of these he found, looking back, the root and substance of all he had striven and suffered for. And the two papers, taken together, seem to me to give us, in the finest form attained to by him, the nucleus of his teachings, a nucleus that will abide. And to these two papers I would, myself, add : "The Prospect of Reunion" (reprinted in *The Faith of the Millions*—Vol. II, I *think*), as containing the very soul of what, later on, he developed sometimes with vehemence and indeed some bitterness. I love these three Papers through and through. And among Papers *about* him, the most suggestive so far is, I think, Mr. Osborne's in the *Church Times*, about July 22–26. An old devoted friend, his schoolfellow, speaks here. I cannot feel O.'s glow of joy over the Ritualist group ; yet O. is a fine, large mind and a gentle, soaring soul.

2. As to points that I would like to see you bear in mind. The following three discriminations seem to me entirely within the compass of the most loyal Anglican. Indeed, I feel that you would be ignoring facts or violating indisputable evidence did you not, whilst underlining (almost as much as you like) *one* member of any one of these three pairs

of contrasts, say also some definite, emphatic words as to the *other*, twin member.

(1) *The troubles of T., as of all "Modernists," came from two sources, not from one.* By all means point out, underline as much as you like, the morally offensive, the insincere and cruel methods and temper of mind of Ultramontanism, the way in which it has to maintain one sort of excesses by excesses of another sort. You will be doing good all round by such an attitude,—provided always you have the loyalty to point out, equally clearly, that "Modernism" is in no sense an exclusively R.C. trouble; that the problems which haunted T. and helped to break his life are besetting every form of traditional, institutional Christianity; and that not all the "moderation," "English spirit," "gentlemanly bearing," "fine Oxford tone and manner," and all the rest put together, not the *via media* or any other attitude or device of this kind,—however respectable and useful in its own place and degree,—reach and solve these fundamental problems, thoroughly common to Canon Sanday and Pope Pius X, Bishop Gore and Cardinal Merry del Val.—I am very clear that, if you can and will, emphasise *both* points, you will be entirely truthful and just; and that if you cannot emphasise both, you should not embark upon either. As our friend Lilley has said so well, "The pressing divisions are no more *vertical*, denominational,—they are *horizontal*, interdenominational." Please, then, to spare this worn grey-beard the reading of some more unreality: how much of it I have had to bear, from my own people and from yours!

(2) You can, again, most profitably insist upon his strong, *very* strong *attrait* back to Anglicanism, provided that, in pointing this out, as having possessed him during the *last six months or so of* 1908, you add that this almost irresistible fascination left him by the end of the year, and that conversations, letters, documents, his book about to appear now, are all there to show that the last six months of his life saw him fully re-established in his resolution to keep on within the R.C. Church. Mr. Fawkes has written in the *Guardian* to the opposite effect; but Mr. F. himself, unless he has become as hopeless a special pleader as many of the men he, F., has got on the brain, will have to modify his diagnosis of T.'s last frame of mind, in the light of the documents which I have been able to study at my leisure, and which F. does not know. T.'s book, as you will see, is throughout a vindication of a liberal *Catholicism*, which is certainly being hunted down by Rome, but which, as certainly, is distinct, not only from official Anglicanism or Continental Protestantism of various kinds, but also from Liberal Protestantism at home and abroad.

(3) My difficulty in writing about T. at all, all round and as a man, will be that, if to be a saint is to be generous and heroic, to spend yourself

for conscience and for souls, then T. is a saint ; but that, if to be a saint is to be faultless, to be free from resentment, bitterness, and excessive reactions against excesses of your opponents, then T. is a considerable sinner. Especially do I find these blots in his intercourse with Bp. Matthew. I dare not pretend that I think T. in all this acted purely from conscience. The two highly irascible vindictive Celts, for sometime, egged on each other in firebrand courses. Rome, there too, must bear a large part of the blame. And yet, two blacks do not make one white.

Yours most cordially,
FR. VON HÜGEL.

To Miss Maude Petre

Cambridge : Sept. 14, 1909.

I have again many important documents and reflections to thank you for. . . .

1. Your question as to whether you should not refer, with thanks, to my help in getting Fr. T.'s book ready for the Press, in your Introduction to the book,[1]—struck me, at first sight, to be one that in most elementary courage and courtesy required to be answered in the affirmative. But then came the reflection that your own right, indeed duty, to publish such a book,—one got ready, signed and dated by himself, not many days before his death, is inexpugnable, whereas my appearing here at all may, instead of helping on the cause, simply add to their irritation, as showing a continuance of plotting, etc. Anyhow, Mr. Bishop so strongly impressed me, during those days, with his experience, wisdom, and union of ideas with us,—that I thought I had better ask him, describing once more the book, the state in which Fr. T. left it, and your Preface, and stating, as well as I knew how, the *pros* and *cons* for my appearing—leaning distinctly to the *pros*. (One thing that E. Bishop made more plain to me at Downside than I had perhaps ever seen it, is the great duty we have, not because of our comforts or even of our individual spiritual safety, but *because of the truths and the future we stand for*, to avoid expulsion or even condemnation, as far as ever elementary honesty and loyalty permit, since, uncondemned, it is pretty well impossible to draw limits to all that we may be allowed and blessed by Providence to do for souls and for the Church ; whereas, condemned, we are at once greatly hampered or neutralised, in our work amongst what are the majority of Christians and the kind of Christians we have been born of. It is then not necessarily cowardice or trimming, but may come from the deepest, wisest love of souls, if we look well around us before each step, if we plant our feet, very deliberately and slowly, alternately on the

[1] *Christianity at the Cross Roads*, published by M. D. Petre after Fr. Tyrrell's death.

stepping-stones, between and around which roars a raging, deep, drowning stream.) I have just received the enclosed letter from him. I now feel as though (unless you, after considering his remarks, see clearly and strongly that I ought to appear) I had better not be mentioned. Certainly E.B. has nothing in his life to warp his judgment in the matter, and his reasoning strikes me as cogent. I am, in a very real way, sorry for his advice, since I feel a bit of a meanster not to appear.

2. Pray note carefully what he says about your Introduction. You will readily understand, I hope, that I had no thought of consulting him about *that*. The reason why I described it at all, was that he might clearly understand my case, and the question of my appearing there. Yet now he has thus raised the point of this Introduction in itself, I trust you will ruminate the matter. As you know, I began by thinking that the book might appear with only Fr. T.'s own Preface ; and though I have come to see that you cannot well avoid saying something, and though, in addition, I consider your Introduction admirable in itself (once given that more than an Editor's dry Prefatory Note is really necessary),—I must admit to feeling clearly the cogency of what Mr. B. says. I feel too as though, at this crisis, we shall do so wisely, by, each time that hesitation is not excluded by dubious reasons, ever deciding rather for the few words than the many, for saying perhaps too little than perhaps too much. After all, it will be a *very great* point gained if you and I remain uncensured, or without their attempting to get us to subscribe to *Lamentabili* and *Pascendi*, with the alternative of suspension from the Sacraments. I know that we must not shrink from doing all that may be quite obvious to our consciences, whatever the risks (but, short of such cases, we shall, won't we, very largely mark time, and when we do act, act with an almost provocative reticence. There is nothing of gush, etc., about your Introduction, hence the above is not intended as any criticism of it, however indirect).

3. I am so glad you have given me the opportunity of correcting an impression I have given you. *I have not hesitated one moment as to the wisdom and strict necessity* of your first letter to *The Times* ; and I am proud and grateful to have been allowed to share some of the responsibility for it. All that has occurred since, the very troubles that it has, not caused, but occasioned, have but shown that we might as well have burnt all our friend's books with our own hands, as not to have spoken when and as we did. Amen. No ; I was thinking of a substantially different point,—one that only accidentally was mixed up with that other point at all. For a moment, when we had got that letter ready, I thought whether we might not postpone its publication till after the funeral. The hesitation lasted not many minutes ; and I have long come to see with quite final clearness that such a postponement would have been disastrous. Nevertheless my hesitation came from an insight

which I was, at the moment, surprised to find you quite without,—the full conviction that the publication of the letter meant *grave trouble over the funeral.* The act was worth that price ; yet it was strange to see you cheerfully incredulous of any real danger of such consequences. And your letter to the American Priest also shows how entirely without such misgivings you were. I have, repeatedly, in other cases also, noted this peculiarity of yours. It is, plainly, no sort of moral want, indeed proceeds rather, doubtless, from certain noble qualities. And it evidently helps you to act promptly and fully according to your best lights. Yet the shocks and disappointments must be greater for one like yourself, Friend, than for one like me. And it is, I think, well to draw your attention strongly to this deeply ingrained characteristic, since, if it gives you great advantages in questions of conscience, it handicaps you in questions of prudence.

To Mrs. Drew

Sept. 25, 1909.

I was much interested in the account of St. Deiniol's Library, and I would have replied sooner, with thanks, to your note and enclosure, had I not been away from home and the copies of my book, till a few days ago.

I have to-day sent you a copy of the book for the Library, and I hope that, now and then, it may there find a reader who will not boggle, for long or for good and all, at the Germanisms and excessive compression of the style, and whatever may be the other, more serious defects or incompletenesses of the book. Long, grateful intercourse and sympathy with souls of a rare depth and delicacy of faith and love must, I think, have given some abiding substance to some of these many pages.

The reviews in periodicals are only now beginning to appear. But some of the weeklies and even dailies have been very encouraging, notably the *Nation*, *Guardian*, *Church Times*, and *Glasgow Herald.*

Although only just back from a six weeks' holiday, I am going off, with Mary, to Harrogate, to see whether a week in that special air cannot help me more rapidly over a nervous weakness and brain-fag that are pursuing me now, very tryingly.

She would send her love did she know I was writing.

Yours very sincerely,
Fr. von Hügel.

To Professor Clement Webb

Oct. 1, 1909.

You must please forgive me for being so very long in thanking you for your last, kind and most useful, letter and post-card.—I suppose it

is the cumulative effect of the anxieties that have weighed upon me ever since 1902, and that have gone increasing ever since, perhaps also, in part, some over-walking that I was tempted into at Malvern by my revived interest in my first love, Geology,—that have reduced me, these last three weeks and more, to a state of brain-fag and nervous debility, such as I have not known for the last twenty-five years. Loud buzzings in my ears attack me promptly, even after writing a fairly easy letter. So the Doctor warns me to drift about a bit, unless I want to break down for quite a long time.

I was and am most grateful to you for the careful, and evidently most exact, list of *Errata* you have kindly sent me. I am copying them into my own copy of the book, in addition to various slips now discovered by myself. I had a very careful professional "reader" and a most attentive and experienced friend, to help me in reading the proofs; but I have long ago found, to my shame, that many printer's and author's errors have, all the same, remained uncorrected.

As to your review of the book, I have no doubt that it will be just and indeed kind, and that I shall be able to learn much from it. I must not, of course, expect it to be enthusiastic, even if I believed the book far more complete and penetrating than I ever think it is. For English estimates of *all* work, at least all estimates that spring from English University men who keep in full touch with English University life, have ever got, to my personal feeling, a strangely chilling, damping effect; it is always as though even a strongly repressed but present and operative enthusiasm, were a thing to be heartily ashamed of, as pertaining to Quakers, Wesleyans, Germans, etc. Yet, surely, this is, perhaps a nationally conditioned and respectable, yet still an affectation. For if it is not enthusiasm, and enthusiastic sympathy,—of course only for what we see to be true and fruitful,—that make men grow and that advance all things, I should like to be told what is? But these mighty reflections are not occasioned, primarily at least, by any treatment I have ever received, but simply from observing the attitude of the world I am thinking of, towards scholars quite independent of myself. Yet, I dare say, the whole thing is only skin-deep; for how just and active Oxford scholars have been towards Loisy! Possibly it is simply the Scotchman and the German in me who, each with his own little way, do not readily chime in with that other little way. . . .

To Miss Maude Petre

Oct. 15, 1909.

I had intended at once to thank you for my very useful, most pleasant and refreshing days with you. But I came home only to find three letters which announced to me about the most distressing thing

that still remained unaccomplished for the cause we love so much. And this has required difficult letters to be written, and much further interior commotion to be borne with and clarified. But first, about lesser, directly business matters. . . .

The blow that has fallen so heavily upon me is—*Rinnovamento.* When Casati took over the sole Editorship he wrote me the strongest possible self-commitments to continue without a thought of cessation, and that, with our help, he had the financial wherewithal to hold out, even without a rise in the subscribers' numbers, for full four years longer. And his letter of a week ago, which I read to you, in no way alarmed me, indeed it seemed everywhere to presuppose the entirely solid determination to continue. Alas, alas, on getting back here, I found the enclosed letters from Casati, Casati's mother, and Crespi. It took me a good twenty-four hours to recover from the mental dizziness caused by the blow. And then I wrote to C. with a respectful message to his mother I told him that, since he formally begged me not to try and modify his determination, I would not do so. But that I must do two, closely interconnected, things. I must thank him for all his generous work, and his large financial support, given without stint or hope of a return, to the Review from the first, and must tell him that we all shall ever feel as grateful for this his doing up to now, as though we had been able to add a similarly deep gratitude for his continuing on and on. And I must express, not my blame or criticism, for the work has, from the first, been one of signal devotedness, of real heroism,—but still my deep, piercing grief at the cessation thus of the only really independent solidly scientific Catholic organ that remained to us, and of the *one* institution that, by its very existence, proved the possibility of a dignified, thoroughly Catholic limitation and thwarting of Curialist Absolutism. That, even in the midst of Fr. T.'s going, the solid persistence of *Rinn.* had, not of course, directly consoled me in and for that irreparable loss, but still had left me feeling that a centre of work, a beacon-light remained, capable of eventual expansion. And now this too has gone ! . . .

Yours m. sincerely,

Fr. von Hügel.

To Mr. Malcolm Quin

Nov. 17, 1909.

Dear Sir,—It is truly distressing to me to realise how long ago you were so kind as to send me your *Aids to Worship* and *Notes on a Progressive Catholicism.* But indeed I can hardly blame myself. For, during some ten weeks now, my nerve and brain-force have been painfully low and threatening to break down ; and yet I have had fresh, very special, anxieties and work forced upon me by circumstances,

and which would not brook delay. The last four weeks especially have been absorbed in the preparations for, and the writing of, a paper on Father Tyrrell, which, to the non-R.C. reader, will probably appear simple enough in matter, though somewhat crabbed in style, *yet* which for one within, and determined to remain within, the Roman Church, meant, under the present regime, the achieving, as well as may be, the most difficult combination of qualities. The thing is to appear in the January *Hibbert Journal*; I hope to be allowed to strengthen it, in the proof. And two other matters of great importance to our work and objects have also required prompt attention during these last trying weeks.

Now pray let me explain that I have, nevertheless, most attentively read all the Preface and Introduction to *Aids to Worship*, and the whole of the *Notes on a Progressive Catholicism*. I have done so with the greatest interest, and with a delightfully general, and often the profoundest, agreement. I shall take care to recommend these remarkable, admirably lucid and powerful, writings, wherever I think they are likely to meet with understanding and sufficient sympathy. In the *Aids*, I was specially interested in the autobiographical piece (pp. ii–iv); delighted with your early and continuous catholic bias (vi, xii, etc.); the truly admirable statement of the religious alternatives (1–18) so refreshingly non-sectarian; the conclusion as to the incompleteness and the stages of self-improvement traceable in Comte's work (22, 23); the very striking summing up of the constructive principles of A. C. (27–29); the interesting paragraph about Comte, Christ, and the Catholic Church (32, 34); the instructive account of the causes that kept back C.'s *religious* development, and of the steps taken by him back or on towards religion (36–40); and above all, the eloquent appeal to Catholicism fully to develop its own essential presuppositions of true universality and comprehensiveness (41–49). All these passages have been carefully marked, sometimes annotated; thank you for them, again and again.

In the *Notes on a Progressive Catholicism*, I have admired, p. 3, "amidst our religious doubts . . . experts"; p. 11 ("The failures of faith . . . to trust us") admirable indeed! the beautiful pages on Faith in Jesus Christ and in Catholicism (14–19); the fine contrast between Judaism and Catholicism, 20–21; the admirable admiration for all the truth and goodness in the non-Christian religions, 22–24; the touching piece as to the clearness of righteousness, 25, 26; and about going to Catholicism, and distinguishing in it the evil, present there, by means of the specific goodness that is more than simply present there,—that keeps the organism alive and ever reconstitutes that organism's law and standard.

Now if I may (as one who now for 40 years has tried to live such

a spiritual Catholicism) make my criticisms,—I find that there are *two great difficulties*,—possibly not great upon paper—how weary one grows of paper !—but in living and experiencing life and its special obstacles.

1. You appeal with A. C., to righteousness, to the hunger for moral perfection, as the easy, true, way to religion, and Catholicism,—and this as though there were an identity between morality and religion. I should answer ; " for propaedeutic purposes, yes ; intrinsically, no." I feel confident that the two are not, *at bottom*, the same thing, nor even different stages of the same thing. And further it appears to me that it is the insistence upon some such identity which gives Comtism (in spite of its intellectual breadth, fine *moral* fervour, and its touching reverence for Catholic forms of religion) a (to my feeling) curiously heavy, opaque, *doctrinaire* " feel " and tone, when it is simply itself and talks religion. Religion, I feel more and more, is (in contrast with Ethics) essentially concerned with what *already is* and most speedily will be, and with what is indeed environing and penetrating man ever on and on, but yet as super-human, other than simply human, as truly transcendent, and not only immanent. I think that A. C. Taylor in his *Problem of Conduct*, and others have recently brought into striking prominence this " *Is*-ness " of Religion, as against the " *Ought*-ness " of morals. And certainly I have noted, more and more, how distinct, how rarely developed *pari passu*, are the religious intuition and the moral sense. A whole procession of figures is passing before my mental vision at the moment possessed of keen ethical sense, and with little or no religious instinct ; and then, a much smaller set of souls, aglow with the specific religious sense, and having little or no specially *moral* awakeness. And hence I cannot but think that a religion without God, does not correspond to the specific religious sense, because no amount of *Oughtnesses* can be made to take the place of one *Is-ness*.

2. Then there is a grave difficulty as to the working out of the Catholic idea of authority. As you know, the centralising, absolutising of authority has now got to a pitch, tending to destroy authority's own *raison d'être*, and to paralyse, instead of stimulating, the powers of the soul. But I think that this development is exceedingly difficult to check from the *logical* standpoint, or again from the point of view that seems to have dominated Comte. Was there not much, very much, of that appeal to an *external* authority, against revolution, that primarily *political* instinct which brought M. Brunetière to Roman Catholicism, and which, surely, tends to lock us up within an iron ring and steel chain-armour ? There is, to my instinct, a connection between this peculiarity in C. and the one discussed before ; and I take it that the possession or development of a strong specifically *religious* sense would have saved both Comte and Brunetière from this, I think, dangerous tendency.

You will, perhaps, have noticed in the papers recently, certain letters of our friend Father Tyrrell, showing how much, during some eight months before the last four months of his life, he sympathised with and encouraged the Old Catholics. I am very confident that any special *attrait* he may have felt for that body, would not have lasted, indeed that the last four months brought him back to the ultimate problems and positions, and to a *Liberal Roman* Catholicism, whereas the Old Catholics are neither Liberal nor Roman. But the reason why I bring up the point is to indicate the *extreme* difficulty of avoiding the formation or encouragement of *external* pressure, by means of separate bodies, as the only means remaining to check the excesses of an over-centralised *external* authority; except one has and propagates a deeply *religious* conception of religion. I feel somehow that, on this now profoundly important point of the Papacy (yes, but not an absolute one, taking the place of the other legitimate forces and authorities within and without the Church)—Comte would tend to encourage the evil, or would certainly not cure it.

Pray, do not take these criticisms as primarily meant for yourself, for indeed I feel them to apply far more to Comte; and in any case believe me,

Yours truly,
F. VON HÜGEL.

To J. M. (a Girl at School)

March 23, 1910.

I was so grieved on finding out last Sunday that we had missed your birthday. Even though, this time a bit late, I am sending you, by this post, a little birthday present. I have chosen for you Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, in the best smallish-sized one-volume edition now on the market, because, though parts of it are dull (so are parts of Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, even of the Bible), it contains, in quite three-fourths of its bulk, things that have not died and will never die. I hope you may end by feeling, with me, Johnson to be a true help towards serving God, towards that inner life without which we are empty and poor indeed. And so I give you the book, as one more proof of my prayerful trust that it is not with you a silly child's passing whim, a shabby sentimentality of the "salad" years, but a simple, humble determination, with God's grace, quietly and wisely, with much breadth and ever renewed patience, to constitute yourself, on and on, into a spiritual personality. I feel, somehow, a happy trust that you will never, permanently at least, add the pang, to so many others, of your ending in the mere drift and fever of the surface, faddy, selfish life—so near to the best of us, as long as we are here below.

I also want to say, Child, that I should like you to-morrow (Maundy Thursday) to mind and read those most glorious *verses 1–17 of Chapter 13 of St. John's Gospel.* I should like you to read and pray over them *very* carefully—thinking how *you* are called to wash your neighbours' feet—the feet of those God has specially given you. And on *Good Friday*, I should like you to read similarly

Imitation Book III. c. XXVII.
and Book IV. cc. VIII, IX.

I have striven to work that *St. John* and these *Imitation* glories slowly, thoroughly, into my poor man's life. You will similarly strive, but patiently, sensibly, practically, to work them into yours. Of course, only prayer and dependence upon God, and a cheerful humility which will learn how to learn, and be grateful for little buffets and humiliations, has any *chance* even of perseverance. To-morrow will be half-way to the joy of our having you here. It will be with a very shout of joy that this old Father-thing will welcome you here. And meanwhile careful work, entering gratefully into everything, School, play, leisure, sleep, etc., as if each, as it comes, were the one only thing in the world. Without such variety, no wholesome growth, religious or otherwise. Oh how grateful I am to God for this schooling of yours! How precious are these months! Love them, browse among them, bid them, were it possible, to tarry! They will found you for life, for love, for the happy service and growth in and for God and man.

To Bishop Edward Talbot

April 2, 1910.

My dear Bishop Talbot,—I did indeed receive your most kind, long letter from the Persian Gulf; and I have only waited to know you safe home, so as to be sure my answer of grateful thanks would not have to wait or miscarry.

I have, so far, not had more than three or four appreciations which have encouraged me as much as this one of yours. For you are a man of wide and long experience in these things, one in a position of much, deeply deserved influence; and we are sufficiently independent of each other for me to be able sincerely to ignore the influence of motives other than the intrinsic appeal of the book's subject-matter, method and convictions, determining this your encouraging verdict.

I certainly never expected anyone, least of all a hard-worked Bishop not of my own Communion, to be taking those two bulky volumes out with him to India, and reading them *en route.* And certainly there are few men indeed whom I would so gladly know to have done this as

your honoured self.—Of course, I often thought of India, in course of the Book's composition, were it but for the fact that my Mother's family has, for generations, furnished very many Anglo-Indian soldiers and administrators, and that my traveller-Father never wearied telling us boys of the glamour and mystery of India.

Your various reflections have been, and shall be, much pondered over ; and if I ever get to a Second Edition, they may help me in my choice of what specially to retain and strengthen.

The biographical part of the book is now being translated into Italian ; and, to my surprise but (of course) pleasure, a long, careful, very appreciative study on the book has just appeared in French, signed by a French well-known Jesuit, and this has been signalised to my wife, with much gratification, by another S.J.—one of the Theology Professors of the English Province. As both these things (these S.J. acts) have happened two months after my *Hibbert Journal* article on Fr. Tyrrell, it seems plain that at least individual members of the Order, here and there, are left free by their Superiors publicly to speak well of me.

As to Loisy's *Évangiles Synoptiques*—If it is simply that you have not had time, but that you like, or do not mind, keeping the copy, for further even *just possible* use by yourself or others,—then pray keep the copy. But if it is that you are determined never to read it, or would not care to be found owning it,—then let me have it back, please.

He is having a most interesting, important controversy with (against) Salomon Reinach, and the latter's very able, but shallow, and systematically irreligious *Orpheus* ; and many of the things L. is urging against R.'s wholesale depreciation of all religion are, I think, admirable. I only wish that a distinctly sceptical, purely immanentist current were not now painfully evident in *some parts* of L.'s own work, and that we had not a pretty strong specimen of this current in parts of his article in yesterday's new *Hibbert Journal.* But this current still does not dominate him, throughout many pages of his writing elsewhere, even of the last few weeks, and still allows him, evidently with full sincerity and no *conscious* want of logic, to defend religion as deeply true and sacred. May this latter side of him, which can nobly protest that the grace of God, and grace transmitted by the Sacraments, are in very truth no mere empty names, maintain itself, indeed grow stronger and stronger again against that sceptical side, apparent chiefly in his moments of definition and reflective summing up.

I shall indeed be delighted to meet you again. But you must be extra busy, so soon after your return ; and I myself am full up till April 25th. From that day onwards I could, as far as I can foresee, arrange on most days to come and see you in the afternoon. Or you might be coming some afternoon in this direction ; and how glad and

honoured would I feel if, in that case, you could and would come into this study of mine, for tea or coffee, at 5 or so, or any time you would appoint between 4 and 7.

With repeated warm thanks,

Yours very sincerely,

Fr. v. Hügel.

I have just heard from Dent that the book during the six months up to Christmas had sold at the rate of a copy every two days.

To Mrs. Drew

April 19, 1910.

Mary handed me the envelope containing her accompanying letter, quite three days ago. I regret that I was too hard pressed by other things and too little in a mood of interior leisure to venture, before this moment, upon adding my little contribution,—my expression of deep respect, regret and sympathy. I had not, as you know, the advantage of knowing your husband. But his going like this came upon me as a most real shock and abiding distress. For I well knew how devotedly hard-working a Christian cleric he was, in times that want such so very badly. I knew too how true a husband and father he was, and how necessary to your and your Dorothy's fulness of satisfaction and help. And I knew him to be so little an old man, so certainly my junior, that it never crossed my imagination—this his going before me, and that *I* would be called upon to speak, to write these poor words.

Certainly this latter circumstance,—of his having, still, presumably, so much of life and utility before him,—must greatly have added to the shock and wrench. One can but hope that it may also, in the long run, bring *this* alleviation with it, that thus he has been spared any diminution of his powers. And for us whose creed is so full of the reality and power of the life invisible and beyond the grave, it should be, I think, in a manner more congruous for souls to go, from the shadows here, to the realities there, whilst even to our earthly, bodily eyes these souls are full of vigour,—more nearly like what we believe they will become.

I was so sorry too to read that your Dorothy is not in very good health. May the fine South African climate, and the sight, at closest quarters, of her Uncle's great responsibilities and work out there, bring her back to you entirely strong and very happy.

Yours very sincerely,

Fr. v. Hügel.

To Miss Maude Petre

July 4, 1910.

It was truly good of you to write me so long and kind, indeed so handsome a letter ; and I know you to be so supremely truthful that though much of what you say is doubtless the product of your generous interpretation, yet it is quite sincere and, thank God, not likely to change. I also take respectful note of your reservations, valuable to me as still further indicating your perfect sincerity, and which do not, in any way, lessen the encouragement springing from the letter. I hope that as, please God, I get better spiritually, I may be able to see more and more with you even in these, relatively few and minor points ; and meanwhile I cannot but thank God heartily that, in a world where (as I have been seeing again lately) it is so rare and difficult to get *anything like* fundamental agreement and encouragement, we should be so deeply, so heartily at one. And if, also in the other cases I am thinking of, one realises how good for one's poor soul is this discipline and how entirely dear to God such souls may be, and doubtless largely are, not simply in spite of but, in fact, because of such sincere differences from one's self : how much more readily can and does one recognise these two facts and principles in a case where they have practically no scope worth speaking of. You will have guessed how ill-health—of my present sort especially—makes me realise with painful fulness, and probably even exaggerate, the loneliness of one's special aspirations and apprehensions. Thank you then, very gratefully.

To the Same

July 16, 1910.

I have indeed not forgotten Fr. T.'s first Anniversary yesterday. He had a Mass for our, for this intention on Thursday, 14th, and my wife and I both got to Holy Communion for him then. And this morning I again got to Mass and to Holy Communion for him. We did this, knowing well that the actual day was yesterday, but we could not keep away from the Carmelites, on this their and our Thekla's day, and yet we could not manage early Church, three days running (having to come in to-morrow, Sunday). So we had this plan.

How I wish I could have been with you, yesterday, in his room and by the Grave. I feel a happy confidence that you had the sure consciousness of how deeply my mind and heart were there, with you in your reverence, gratitude and grief. I also wish you had received at least this poor note yesterday instead of to-day. But the fact is that I felt pressed in my conscience to begin,—at least to try and begin,—my regular work again. And though I have managed these, its early

stages of special readings and extracts, I have done so feeling all the time that I was using up every scrap of available energy, and finding myself unable (besides my ever refreshing though tiring Sandow Exercises) to do more than crawl from bench to bench in Kensington Gardens, and requiring again a large amount of dozings in my darkened study. And I felt that the railway and drive to you would very likely knock me up again badly ; and even the writing of this little letter felt, alas, impossible yesterday, when the bare time for it turned up. How quickly, in one sense, the year has passed ; and how additionally rare and precious his deep, delicate, massive sense of and witness to Religion, the reality of God and of the World Unseen, appears now, on looking back. My very difficult, utterly fundamental subject of study, reflection and prayer is bringing this much home to me, and I pray at least as much to him as for him,—to him for light and love, gentleness and strength.

Yours ever gratefully and affectionately,

Fr. v. Hügel.

To J. M. (a Girl at School)

Sept. 28, 1910.

You will by now be in the train for High Wycombe. I am very sure you must be feeling the going back this time a hard and trying duty—something truly disgusting, in various ways. And I want to do what I can, by this poor letter to help you, in these weeks. I have several points to put and questions to ask you, with a view to such help. . . .

1. You have now these weeks at School, and whether you take them slackly and ungenerously, or keenly and with a nobly determined heart—*there they are.* They will have to be got through. And yet I am sure that if you take them in the latter way looking at all the best sides of the School, and throwing yourself as fully into them as ever you can—the time will not only pass quicker, but will pass *doing you good ;* otherwise it will pass, yes, but will *do you harm* ; I now have come to feel that there is hardly anything more radically mean and deteriorating than, as it were, *sulking through the inevitable*, and just simply counting the hours till it passes. And I am sure " the Bit " will do her level best against any such spirit now. Just because she has come away from such delights and engrossments and will have them again when she gets away—*she will try to give in return, something to God, the generous Giver.* And what she will thus give, will be her full, *her as full as possible attention to, and cheerful entering into, this last of her School life.*

2. I quite understand your missing the last half term ; you would not be able to do yourself full justice over the Exams., which would no

doubt be additionally difficult ; and the (relative) non-success in a thing leading directly to nothing, would be depressing and to no purpose. But here again is a fine opportunity for exercise and growth of the true spirit of study for you. For, of course, the stimulus of Exams. ought not to be necessary for securing good work ; indeed the finest, because deepest, *stillest* assimilation and penetration, etc., most certainly never gets done under the pressure of a near Exam. So that absence of Exams. need not, and will not, prevent your doing good work. And *even if the work were but for one day, it would deserve to be done well.*

3. As I have got to know yourself and your family, your circumstances better and better, I have come to see how *very* much in all three ways makes towards your finding systematic book-learning—the mechanisms (largely inevitable) of it, the sitting still for long, the punctual and regular recurrence of (indoors) brain-work, etc.—difficult and irksome. And it strikes me as though *these coming few weeks at School will be either checking or actually strengthening this weakness*, for all *that* is certainly the latter. I do not, of course, mean, as I am sure you know, that I think the love of the open-air and physical exercise of Nature etc. a weakness : all this is certainly a strength. But where these things make the other habits and duties impossible—*there* they become weaknesses. The ideal for us will certainly ever be to do *both sets of activities*, to require them both, and to alternate and harmonise them—a difficult task, but without which you would become either a sickly pedant or an empty-headed hoyden.

You will become neither if you give both lives some, a proper amount of loom in your life—*and not more.* The body, the imagination, reasoning, intuition, taste, heart, will, the religious instinct,—how many things—all right, all necessary, to be developed strongly with, and in rivalry with each other, within the evergrowing, deepened personality. Now, these weeks, you can practise certain sides of all that especially well, *in some respects for the last time. . . .*

To Professor Clement Webb

Oct. 3, 1910.

Please forgive long delay in answering your question as to the identity of Saintyves. I, too, was long puzzled as to who he could be and was misled, by a usually well-informed friend, into thinking, for a short while, that he was Albert Houtin. But this latter mistake was possible only so long as I had read nothing but S.'s *La Réforme Intellectuelle et Morale du Clergé*—his best book, I believe. It was Loisy who explained to me that Saintyves is the *nom de plume* of Emil Nourry, the Paris ("Modernist") publisher. E. N. studied for the

priesthood in some (I think the *Paris*) S. Sulpice *Grand Séminaire*. He left, before receiving Major Orders, and without any scandal. He shows clearly, I think, all the knowledge of the *dessous* of those circles and that life, all the ingenious, often acute, intelligence for detailed facts and unpleasant conclusions, and, alas, the predominant sceptical purely subjectivist trend, which, on reacting from an unwise and excessive "objectivisme," such ex-clerics generally show. He publishes some really good books, but a good many too dominated by that most understandable, yet very regrettable spirit,—regrettable, too, in the fact that it most certainly helps to excuse and bolster up the false "objectivism" against which it thus revolts.

Thank you very much for your Paper *Recent Movements*, etc. I have now already read it twice, most carefully,—the second time, aloud to Angelo Crespi, very competent in such matters. We both admired it greatly and it will help to prick me on along my poor mountain climbing affair which progresses sadly and slowly. One more of the stricken "Modernists" is declaring himself a pure Immanentist. After Bonajuti and Minocchi, now Murri, cleric as they, is defining God as a purely abstract term for the totality of humanity's quite immanental aspirations, and Rome is busy driving out upon the whole just those among my people who most require the support and corrective of an institutional religious life and atmosphere, without which they promptly succumb to just the weakest assertions of modern Philosophy.

Thank you especially for the careful discrimination between the three kinds of "Idealism"; for your *caveat* against Rashdall's anti-mystical, hardly *religious*, religion; for your careful guarding against seeming to admire "Pascendi's" tone and methods, and yet your fine insistence upon the truth maintained by Scholasticism and lost by the *Reaction* (an excellent, absolutely appropriate designation).

To Miss Maude Petre

Nov. 3, 1910.

Thank you so much for kind P.C. I carefully read your "Open Letter" in yesterday's *Times* this morning[1]; also the Leader. I do not find that your letter has lost anything by the modifications made: it was, and is, a most dignified, courageous, touching and religious declaration, and the way in which you just touch upon your own great troubles and beg for sympathy with the Priests, is deeply moving. I hope so much that much good may come of it. Even though you are likely, I fear, to get public and private letters of a disagreeable and violent

[1] I have not my own papers by me—think it was the letter written when the Bishop of Southwark first "prohibited" me.—M. D. P.

kind,—it will be difficult, I take it, for the authorities to go further than they already have done. For, surely, anything like a formal, public, *nominal* Excommunication of you would be felt by themselves as pretty certain rather to win souls over, more or less, to your way of thinking than to detach those already with you. I shall, of course, watch developments with the deepest interest. I have sent the two things to Mgr. Mignot, and am doing the same to Loisy.

I was glad that *The Times* added a leader of its own,—this assures your letter not being overlooked. That leader is good in tone and wise in its insistence on your family, etc. But the writer has evidently not read the *Motu Proprio* and, I expect, not *Lamentabili*, either. And thus he misses that very telling excess in the former,—as to all Papers and Periodicals being forbidden to seminarists ; and the detailed interference with all historical research as to Christian Origins, in the latter.

As you know, I ever care so deeply for the Sacraments,—for my friends as much as for myself. . . . . Yet I am very sure that what you so kindly tell me, is literally true ; and that with much prayer and great fidelity on your part, God will make up to you, fully, I pray Him, overflowingly, for that loss so generously incurred from love of Him and of souls. May God bless you for all your generosity ; and please pray for me that, if and when the trial comes, I may be most carefully, most fully faithful to my best lights as God may give them to me.

To Miss Maude Petre

Nov 17, 1910.

My dear Maude Petre,—In the midst of my composition-toil I find myself so drawn away to impressions and thoughts about your most recent happenings and doings that, even simply, in order to be able more whole-heartedly to attend to my immediate calls, I want to put these thoughts and impressions upon paper to you,—leaving them just simply, the scribble done, to your kind interpretation and leisurely attention.

I was so very, *very* glad at the two main things, as to decisions of your own, that you had to tell me when we met,—that you had abandoned, for the present, the Tyrrell Memorial, and that you had got out of any co-operation with de St.'s Protective Association plan. It is plain, that both these ideas may some day, and in other hands, become very valuable ; but the time is not yet for the first, and the methods of, or congenial to, de St., are certainly not what would *solidly* help on the latter.

Altogether it is *a very great support and consolation* to me, and I want explicitly to thank you for it,—that, on two of the general principles

of what my conscience and experience tell me, more and more clearly, must be, for myself, immovable rocks and foundations, you see and act entirely as I feel I must do myself. These two principles are: (1) That it is *religious faith and religious, positive, conviction* that must be, and must be kept, *our actual and our declared motive and starting point in all this our work*,—thus Crespi and I have each, separately, written to the *Cultura Contemporanea* promoters, that we will do our *level best* for them with writing and money help of our own, and with getting others to write and give money (I know you have already given money), on the condition that the Editor (whilst, if he likes, admitting purely immanentist arguments and pleas) shall ever make it quite plain to the readers that the *Periodical accepts such contributions only with a view to having all the material before it for ever deepening and widening a wisely Transcendental, Ontological,* i.e. *religious conviction.* And (2) that just as we do not allow ourselves to be driven by anyone or anything into the camp of simple negation or scepticism, but, on the contrary, we watchfully work and pray to turn the very stress and strain into so many occasions of deeper faith and constructive love, so also *we do not allow ourselves to be insincere even against the insincere* or to try and build up the Future upon casuistical *échappatoires* of the Past. So in your attitude towards subscription, and our devoted S.'s similar feelings.

I am very, very grateful to God for such deep arguments.

Yet, just because of these two strong mutual convictions, I feel that we are additionally bound,—at least *I feel it plainly for my own case and very wistfully for yours*,—not really to weaken (by occasioning easy embitterments or misunderstandings about) this our double position. And it is this strong conviction of mine which made me suffer very really, Friend, when Fr. T., towards the end of his devoted life, did not mind appearing mixed up *in his work* with militant "conspirator" people, with married priests, etc. As to those "conspirators," I know well how much they have been sinned against, how many, how plausible, are their excuses; and as to the married priests, you are aware that I realise how a fresh study, and doubtless serious reforms, are called for, of and in the existing rules and laws. Yet it is more plain to me now even than it was then, that even a very small amount of plain speaking and straight acting will do more good than mountains of clever, even heroic "hoisting" of the others "with their own petard"; and that the *reform of the celibacy question demands very delicate handling, and that those who have gone and settled it, for their own cases, out-of-hand, have disqualified themselves for any really useful leadership in the particular work we have in hand.* After all, whatever may be the (doubtless very mixed) motives why the official world clings so tenaciously to the *status quo* particularly on this matter; however great may be the practical difficulties of individual priests in the matter; and however

much we will not judge them nor hunt them down if they go and marry : *the celibacy has stood, and largely stands still, as the main, the culminating form of self-renouncement to millions of devoted Catholic souls*, and we shall deservedly lose our influence precisely with, and because of, what is best in such deeply honourable souls, if we let ourselves be drawn into public association and collaboration with married Priests, *now, and as matters stand.* Hence I could not but realise with a pang that you are being held up to special honour (*honour you deeply deserve*) by a Priest's, a Carmelite's, son, this son the editor of the paper,—probably the only French paper that thus praises you. . . . After all are we free to feel nothing for, to neglect as really negligible, the feelings of so many souls that *have got the presumptive prior claim upon us*, and who feel thus on a point *where we ourselves will ever be delicate, reserved, careful, in proportion to the depth and tenderness of our spirituality, and in proportion as we remain useful to the best in those primarily given to us by God ?*

. . . I cannot help feeling, after now four days of much additional thought and prayer, how wise and right, how blessed by God, it would be if you, Friend, a woman, so spiritual a person, one so much in the forefront of work and fight, *could and would keep your collaboration, your cordial and comfortable intercourse, free from married priests and their children,—I mean, of course, especially over our work.* At all events for my own conduct I feel plainly that I should lose my interior self-consistency, peace and self-renouncement were I myself not thus to abstain.

Yours ever gratefully and affectionately,

F. v. Hügel.

To Miss Maude Petre

March 13, 1911.

. . . I thank you much for writing so frankly about your, most understandable, shock and trouble.[1] I indeed understand it, if only because I have experienced it myself,—less strongly, somehow, yet very really ; and I see so well the reasons, one of which you yourself unfold, why you should feel the tragic end of him we knew so long, and whom you especially knew so well, so very intensely.

But besides telling you, just simply, of my deep sympathy with your grief and trouble,—I should like to say a few words on two points connected with this affair.

The first concerns the tragedy in itself,—a *particularity* in such cases *which*, I think, *you have overlooked* ; and which, if you *do* think of the case (and you do so rightly in dismissing it now as much as possible from

[1] The suicide of a friend.

your thoughts), I trust you will ever remember simultaneously with the more painful features of it—you say that doubtless he was out of his mind at the time ; and you imply that there was not, need not have been, any moral fault in the act. And I cordially agree. But you evidently have not considered how insanity would affect a man, not as to his responsibility, but *as to his hold on life*, and consequently as to whether we can argue from his taking his life *then*, when mad, to the degree of his suffering as though he were sane. I mean, that if there is a thing which is *certain* in insanity, at least of some sorts, it is the extraordinary loosening of, *the* (as it were) *unconsciousness of, the link of life*. I am very certain that *not one-tenth, not one-hundredth* of the distress of mind etc. is wanted to make a man who is insane take his life, which would be wanted to make him do so when sane. Hence it would certainly be very easy for you, the sane looker-on, to make yourself more miserable over such a case (regarded as just so much suffering), than the agent or sufferer himself experienced. What I have just been saying is *a dominant fact* in hysteria cases, and *most undoubtedly* prevails, at least as truly and as much, in cases of downright insanity. Pray realise this, Friend ; it is *very certain* I think, then, the problem, grave, God knows, though it be, is not as directly and acutely painful as it (very naturally) presented itself to you. The problem, I think, is in reality simply why God allowed —— to become mad, or indeed anyone to so become ; and why, when they are so, He does not somehow prevent their impulsions mastering them to the extent of taking their lives (the latter being still valuable, on the supposition of their possessors returning to rationality). But the problem is not why He allows them to suffer so acutely as to be unable to bear life,—clinging, as they do, to life as you and I cling ; it is not the problem, for *they do not thus cling ; they are curiously unaware of their life as such.*

But, my dear, noble, sensitive Maude Petre, do not pray attempt to realise this, the insane mentality. This is as dangerous for our sanity, as is the taking the case as though it were one of a sane person dangerous for our peace of mind ; and in both cases, it is *an unwise danger*,—one based upon what is not, or upon what is diseased and yet has the power to infect us, *without the slightest good done thereby to anybody, but much diminution of our power to help others.*

My second point is that I note, with yourself, that you are over-impressionable, doubtless from the accumulation of so much trouble of all kinds, during these well-nigh two years especially. How I wish that, for the sake of your very work, you could discover and carry out some weeks of change and rest just now ! Of course, I am not even indirectly or remotely thinking of any abandonment or modification of your work ; but simply of *such a little break in, and change from it, as would bring you back, at least relatively refreshed and rested.*

I spent two nights at Cambridge, ten days ago,—my first visit there since over a year ; and I found the little change did me good. I want so much to come down to the "White Horse" to see you and the chapel-room and the grave, and to get at least a couple of good talks with you. But these keen winds are giving me chills and upset thus my work ; so I must wait a little for this long-hoped-for pleasure and profit. I should like to come on a Monday morning till Thursday afternoon, or on a Thursday morning till Saturday afternoon. But I would not, of course, come when inconvenient to yourself. Perhaps, if the weather improves, I might be allowed to come next Monday ?

Your ever affectionate old Friend,

F. v. HÜGEL.

To a Lady

May 22, 1911.

. . . As to your two non-Catholic friends . . . my experience and feeling tell me you are very wise in thus discriminating between the older, unspeculative, and the younger, speculative lady. It certainly does appear to me as a vicarious tempting of God to encourage the submission, or even not to keep back from this step, now, a soul and mind such as I imagine the younger lady to be. My general rule in such cases is to do what I can to feed in such souls the true and deep, in their degree, Catholic instincts and practices that I find in them, either already active or near to birth, and, whilst warning them (if they show a *velléité* to come to Rome) as to the grave practical difficulties for *them* on the side of any vigorous and sincere intellectual life, that are now to be found in the Catholic Church, to let them feel that, nevertheless, in the Roman Catholic Church resides a depth and tenderness and heroism of Christian sanctity greater and richer than, as a matter of fact, is to be found elsewhere. In this way one does, I think, as much good and as little harm as possible. One feeds and encourages, and yet leaves such souls to God's ways. For He *may* call even such souls, and even in such times ; only I think that such souls, in such times, ought not to be encouraged to come, unless they *felt for long, beyond the possibility of any honest doubt*, that it would be a *grave sin against the light for them to remain where they are.*

It is certainly a very real grace given you by God that you should so plainly see the dangers, and yet should so steadfastly hold the divinity, of the Catholic and Roman Church.

To J. M.

May 24, 1911.

Of course you could not help writing. But *of course* too your letter gave me the *biggest consolation you have ever given me*. And especially *of course* I find I must say some words to you about it. I should like you to take all I am now going to write as very *deliberately meant*, as, I do humbly believe, *coming from God*, through me unworthy, to you. . . .

The fact is that the poor thing that scribbles these lines is the *work of religion*. I weigh my words, Child : I should not be physically alive at this moment, I should be, were I alive at all, a corrupt or at least an incredibly unhappy, violent, bitter, self-occupied destructive soul were it not for religion—for its having come and *saved me from myself*—it, and nothing else ; it, in place of everything else, it, in a sense even against everything else. I know well how many, probably better-natured people there are in the world who seem never to have felt this ; I know how many others there are who *seem* to feel it, but who do not really, not enough, at least, to determine their lives ; and keenly do I realise *how* many, *how* grave are the problems and difficulties that spring up with and in religion, and how carefully, patiently, devotedly, they require to be met *au fur et à mesure* of their turning up, unless the soul is to be thrown back. But, I also know beyond argument or a moment's hesitation, that my experience is absolutely not an eccentric one ; and that, in the long run and upon the whole, humanity itself *realises* that it cannot do without religion, and that even when and where it does not realise this, it is the less deep, the less tender, the less completely true without it. But then, as Miss Alice Gardner, in a good talk with me, once said, when reflecting upon her experiences of religious indifference among some (but now decreasingly numerous) girls now-a-days, the difficulty to get people to see the need of religion lies in this, that many people really *have* got naturally fairly harmonised "good," *i.e.* not violent, not passionate, not neck-or-nothing natures ; and that such people, if they live in a predominantly non-religious age, can live and die with little or no religion, without coming to grief in *tangibly* immoral ways, or without finding *clearly* that they are miserable in themselves if left to their own unaided resources. And the damage of the non-religion to such souls, she thought, not they themselves, but only very spiritual people, could see.

Well now, as long as souls are in *that* condition or of *that* sort, *religion has, as a matter of fact, no genuine entrance into them* ; and religious friends, those to whom religion is their life, could very easily, I think, even do harm, for they might, by offering wares for which there is no conscious wish, simply irritate or strain, by so doing. . . .

I feel as though you are now getting thoroughly awake, Child, as though you sincerely long to fight, to drop, to overcome self. Without that dividing up of the true self against the false, without a fear and dread of self that will drive you to God and Christ, without a taking in hand daily, and ever humbly beginning anew, but *not in your own strength, but in a despair of self*, which, if true, means *an utter trust in God and Christ*, so utterly near you day and night,—religion is fine talk, at least it has not become fully alive ; and without such a life as *that*, Child,—note what I say—you will *never* be happy, you will become feverish, bitter, hard, odious, or will shrink into a poor surface-thing—although I doubt whether you could, whether God would let you achieve the latter

Even now I feel a little fear as if I were somewhat previous with all this. For are you not only turned 18 ? And are you not going to have a little fun ? And why be so solemn and so serious with but a child, with but a girl that should be treated slightly, or at least considered to be a thing that will run through a thousand moods before she has done, and not as one to be entrusted with the deepest most sacred truths and trusts given to suffering, toilsome men ? Yet I cannot believe this, even though one's contrary faith, *like every faith of any worth and use*, contains an element of risk, of creative trust that *cannot be proved right before the event.* I see you *a soul capable of being, oh, so miserable*, so violent, so bitter, fierce, hard, self-destructive. I know you to be now at years and even months, which will build up in you either the right or the wrong habits or drifts. And I see, with joy, that *just* the necessary, the *unique* foundation for all those habits is there, doubtless laid by God. I could, of course, try to help you to find peace, just simply in your non-combatted self, in the exclusion of the deeper promptings of the religious sense. Yet *not what you give will make you suffer, in the long run, but what you keep back ; not the fear and hatred of self, but all temporising with it. Every self-conquest will mean peace. Of course* I am aiming at no new practices, at nothing you do not already know well. But *these* would be the chief points, I think, for your examination of conscience, for turning over at Spiritual reading, and for your little silent cries to God, in your recollection, during the day :—(1) dropping quietly all favourable comparison of self with others, indeed all unnecessary self-occupation, all self-sufficiency, all self-completeness ; (2) putting in place of all *that*, love, service, adaptableness, attention to, occupation with others, *ever so much, to the verge of weakness* ; and (3) above all, continuous, infinite, tenderness, devotedness to, trust in, service of the darling Mother, doing your little seasoning with, *and in fullest union with her*, with love, you understand love, Child, *love !* Mind, now, no naturalism, no goodness in your own strength. Pretty rotten rubbish that would be.

God bless you, Child mine. Pray for me.

To Lady Lyall
(on the death of Sir Alfred Lyall)

June 25, 1911.

Dear Lady Lyall,—I have myself been indisposed ever since your most distinguished, deeply regretted Husband went, and even now I am very little vigorous. And hence I had to send my wife round to your house to gather some details about his end, the funeral, etc., instead of being able to come to the house myself. And hence, too, my little letter to you comes somewhat late.

And yet I should feel that I had deprived myself of one of the consolations open to us all who had the honour to be his friends, if I did not dwell for a little, upon paper, on some of the rare gifts and graces of his rare personality.

I find that two qualities of his ever accompany my memory of him. And since these qualities were not, I think, obvious to many, and since also my special circumstances and conditions made me a somewhat privileged observer and exacting critic in these matters, I think I had better confine my remarks to these two qualities or gifts of his.

For one thing, then, I found him touchingly, even somewhat embarrassingly, humble. Here was a man who, in practical administrative work, in study of oriental races and still living ways of thought, in poetry and belles-lettres, had achieved so much, and was justly accepted as so high an authority. And this man, in associating with me, was ever spontaneously occupied with keeping or shifting our conferences on to subjects or studies, not like those mentioned, where he was immeasurably my superior, but on to matters where I happened to be more at home than he was himself, and where he could and did assume the position of equal give and take or even learner. Even at the time I felt the nobility of this ; but now, on looking back, it strikes me as beautiful and truly great.

And the second thing was his faith. I know well that Clerics of every kind, with but one or two exceptions, ever rubbed him up the wrong way ; I know that he would sometimes say or even write things that sounded sceptical or at least agnostic ; and I know that I was not satisfied with much of his reflective philosophy, his attempt at analysing his own search for, or his finding and possessing of God. And yet, for all that, and more of the same kind, his was a spirit that ever hungered after the Invisible, the Eternal, the Abiding, the Perfect ; that mourned over the blight of Materialism, and the wandering of so many souls with apparently no light to aid, to turn them towards the fuller and fullest life ; and that never really lost the sense of the Reality of God, and of the irreplaceable greatness of Christ, as the manifestation of God, and as the salt and balm and tonic of our poor fleeting, feverish little lives.

And it is a special consolation to me that precisely our last three or four meetings brought out this his deep and delicate thirst and faith, more clearly and emphatically than ever. And indeed the last time I ever saw him, he expressed with a hotly unforced depth and pathos his wonder at the way in which the majority of men seemed to live and die, hardly touched by this sense, which alone makes us fully awake human beings, of our little finitude touched and kept restless, and yet also rested, by the Infinite, by God, our living origin and home.

And all this prevents my feeling as regards him what I have been unable not to feel with regard to several others, when they died—the incongruousness of the dead person's temper and soul and habitual aims, as those appeared in their earthly lives, with what we cannot but conceive must be the world and life beyond. For with him, there truly was that hungering and thirsting, that seeking, which in the things of the soul, as of God, is ever in some real degree a finding, a having, a being found by, God.

With sincerest sympathy and ready promise that I shall never forget the high honour of your dear Husband's friendship.

Yours most truly,
FR. VON HÜGEL.

We are too, of course, so grieved for Miss Sophy.

To the Rev. Canon Newsom

July 7, 1911.

It was most kind of you to write and tell me, so soon and so clearly, as to the impression produced upon your Society by the life and advice of Abbé Huvelin, and by my attempts at summarising the lessons flowing therefrom. Some day or other you will, perhaps, explain to me *where* exactly your Liverpool non-conformist was dissatisfied or apprehensive. When I had come away, I regretted not having, when you at the end asked me to say a few more words, taken the opportunity to say how grateful I was to your friends for giving me a hearing, for thus letting me try and put to them, and hence to and for myself once more, what I had found so fully to stand the test of life. I think it was your kind wife's explanation at dinner, that *not all* those who would listen to me were Anglicans, which stopped me from making that remark. But perhaps you will kindly utilise such opportunities as may soon occur, for letting this or that member know how strong was my feeling of obligation.

Perhaps if I had had time to develop how powerful and constant, to my mind, has to be the check and opposition within the complete spiritual life of the *rational* and the *mystical* elements upon and to the

institutional element, your Nonconformist friend (I take it a Baptist) would have been nearer to sympathising with the really very ample scheme.

I enclose the names of books asked for, by the tall lady whose countenance impressed me much and encouraged me, somehow, in my poor attempt at articulating deep, indeed the deepest, things.

With renewed grateful thanks, also to your wife (happy man you, to have got her),

Yours most sincerely,
F. VON HÜGEL.

To the Rev. Canon Newsom

Sept. 21, 1911.

Your most kind letter came to me at a moment of great depression, for Murri had just published an answer to my "Religione ed Illusione" which is, indeed, most kind towards myself personally, but in which, deliberately and with the utmost clearness, he abandons all and every *non-human, ontological Transcendence*, and *plumps solidly for Feuerbach*,—at least for F. of the stage combated by me in that article. M. till quite recently, and largely until this pronouncement, was quite satisfactory, indeed even scholastically correct, in all these great matters; and it is sad to have been, tho' not, I think, at all the *cause*, yet the *occasion* of such a pronouncement. And several other smaller things had been happening, all more or less in this (depend upon it now dominant) subjectivist direction.

Thus your careful reading of, and large sympathy with, things I have been allowed to learn from great, devoted souls, and, even with points which, in that precise elaboration, I believe to be largely, so far, special to my own strivings, could not but be doubly welcome, and a precious incentive to attempt the doing better again. I could not manage more than ten days stoppage of work, and am now again hard at it,—this time at a paper on "Eternal Life" for Hastings' *Encyclopædia*. I was particularly glad that you cared for, and were going to get Mrs. Newsom to read those final pages on Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, for I feel very happily confident that Catharine Fiesca Adorna would have entirely approved of them. I trust too that, sooner or later, you may specially like what I have been groping after in the last chapter,—the purgatorial function of severe scientific method and habits, within the complete life, with regard to religion as, at first and ever readily, lived by empirical man. Tyrrell considered that I had there got hold of a fact and principle which have a large future before them. May I, or others, succeed in making it clearer and more impressive.

To J. M. (a young girl)

Oct. 13, 1911.

. . . I have been longing these days to be writing in answer to you. For hard work somehow always makes me feel both crushed in my own eyes, with the keen sense of all one's old limits, miseries, and helplessnesses, and, *and*, nevertheless, the darling, glorious, Greatness and Love, the Everlasting Arms that are at the bottom of life, at the bottom even of our own little lives. And I have been realising, with such happy vividness, that *nothing* in my past life, that was worth abiding, has gone, but that it is either still within me, or, what is better far, held and kept alive by God elsewhere. And as part of this abiding life, which, please God, will never go, I saw and see you, my child, who have just simply become part of my true self, and whom, I feel spontaneously, I must and will cherish and help to grow as part of that life and soul which God has given me to live and be in and for Him.

But only to-day has the leisure come, a little break in my concentrated work. For dear, sweet, gentle Lady Herbert died quite early this morning, without a struggle, after 36 hours of unconsciousness. A great abiding loss for us. I have known her intimately for 39 years: never once, in all that time, did her courtesy and kindness falter; never a week, often not a day, passed but she did me and my three, not to speak of their Mother, a genuine kindness. And it has been wonderful to observe how splendid has been the fruit of her long cheerful fidelity to the best lights that God gave her. . . . When, some three months back now, she suddenly became herself again after Holy Communion, she spoke to Hildegard with a magnificence of faith and love and realisation of God's reality and presence, which H. repeated to me an hour later, moved to her depths. And indeed, when I saw the Grandmother, some ten minutes after she had thus spoken to H., the rambling of mind had indeed come on again, but the countenance looked still quite youthful, with the air of spiritual power,—a queen *von Gottes Gnaden.* She told Hillie that she wanted her to know how fully she, the Grandmother, was realising that she must die, and that nothing could keep her; that, in some minutes, her mind would again be rambling; that she was utterly in the hands of God alone; and, *and*, that she was overflowingly, blissfully, happy, that she would not be out of His hands and His will, for anything in the world. That life was earnest, deep, precious; a struggle, a growth, a self-donation to God; that she so trusted H. would more and more thus give herself and find her true self. And next that there were God's poor,—the small, the obscure, the forsaken; let her, in loving God, love those, and, in loving those, love God, with death to self, on and on.—It was more finely said than that; but *that* was the gist of it.

I tell you, my Blessing, because, do you know, I see more and more clearly how *you* (I say *you*, for we have no responsibilities for others, and others may be, so often are, very different from ourselves) *can never be happy without religion.* And by religion I mean not some vague sentiment, or some beautiful thought, not even, though this is getting nearer to it, moral striving as apart from faith in, and realisation of, the great Spiritual Reality, God, in Whose presence, and as Whose will, we thus strive to grow and be: but by and in self-donation, such self-commitment to a, to *the* Reality other than, yet immensely near to, ourselves.

I know very well how *many* things there are in modern life and influences to make such faith difficult for us all, for me as for you; I know, again, that the antecedents, and, in some respects, the environments of your family also contribute to the difficulty; and, lastly, in your own nature and mental habits are things to render it difficult. But all this has nothing to do with my point,—that, difficult or easy, *there* alone, yes, *alone*, is what, if and when you can win it (you have not got much of it yet), all your very faults and tumults, all your pains and disappointments, all your surprises and shocks, can and will contribute to build up a joy fathom-deep, substantial, buoying up a naturally melancholy, immensely sensitive, easily self-devouring, self-destructive, nature. We will not strain after this, I will never push you; reactions are ever near us, and how dangerous they are! You will simply try to keep up, *very conscientiously*, whatever part of your religious programme, when in peaceful, *unriled* dispositions, your conscience makes you feel to be your *attrait*; and the rest you will not tilt against,—indeed you will ever try and *starve all contrariness in yourself.* To do only what, in one's best moments, we see to be the highest for ourselves, we see to help us most to feel little in our own eyes, and yet expanded and loving and forgiving, *that* is right; to do anything because it is not something else, or because it pays out others, or because it is the excess against some contrary excess, is *always weakening*. . . .

To Professor Clement Webb

Feb. 13, 1912.

Sooner than wait till I can properly read your very interesting-looking Inaugural Lecture—a thing—with *Eternal Life* still pressing me,—indeed more than ever now I am finishing it up,—I may be some time before I can sit down to do,—I want to write and thank you at once. Indeed there are two or three points which, I feel, I ought not to delay to put to you.

For one thing I have read, re-read, and read a third and fourth time, *most* carefully, for purposes of that article of mine, a good third (mostly the last third part) of your book. The article will by its quotations, estimates, etc., show most plainly how highly I value, how much I have learnt from it,—all the parts about Kant and the Ontological Argument and the like are truly *admirable*. Thank you for them, again and again. I am only sorry that this special (hard !) work of mine, and with little health to boot (I am now a week in my bedroom with a bronchial cold on me that will *not* go !), has prevented me studying that book as a whole. But this I am looking forward much to doing, when again free to browse at leisure ; and I will then give you a more detailed account of my impressions. Meanwhile I feel the book full of good, useful, courageous things, but not quite so organic a whole as those *wonderful* three Papers of yours. Especially did I feel those gleanings from Marrett etc. as doubtless appropriate, probably necessary, but, for all that, as somehow hardly fully alive, here. But what a meanster I am to carp at any part of so helpful, fine a book !

Then I want you to realise that poor winning little Signora Cesare Foligno is *dead*. She went, with wonderful serenity and resignation, after having fought hard to live and not to leave him lonely, on January 29 ; *he* wrote me this, a few hours after the event. I know that if that tactful, kindliest of women, your Wife, and you can do anything to show the poor young fellow your sympathy and friendly helpfulness, you will do so. I *am* so sorry for him.

To Professor Clement Webb

April 20, 1912.

Dr. Hastings, after having formally instructed me to make my article " Eternal Life " *as long as I might think appropriate to the importance of the subject-matter*, now finds that my production is hopelessly too long for his *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*. He speaks highly of the work in itself, but thinks that any curtailing of it would spoil the thing. As it stands it would, he finds, occupy more than 50 pages, perhaps up to 60, of the double-column pages of the E.R.E.

He has, then, offered to get T. & T. Clark to publish the thing promptly, at their own risk and expense, and with a royalty to myself on every copy sold,—as *a separate volume, of, I suppose, 250–300 pages*. I have accepted, and I do not doubt that in not many days now the contract will be signed. I am hoping to get proofs *on, or soon after, April the 29th*, and to have the book out before all the readers I am likely to get disperse for the long vacation.

These, however, are details partly beyond my own control and uncertain also for this very reason. But that they will publish the book, and that I shall be at work on the proofs within not many weeks time,—this, I think, is as certain as any such things can be.

Now I wonder whether you would be able and willing to do me a *great* service and kindness. I want to secure the services of two scholar friends, in the reading of the proofs. Edmund Gardner, the very scholarly R.C., is one, and you the philosophical Anglican are the other. Will you do me this most kind favour? You know my weaknesses and peculiarities well by now, so your help would be comparatively easy to you, and specially valuable to myself. And I would ask Gardner to keep an eye especially on R.C. susceptibilities and requirements, and on my style; and I would beg yourself particularly to watch my philosophy, its clearness, consistency, and (relative) completeness.

Your book gets largely quoted, backed and highly esteemed in three separate places; and indeed, I hope and think the general drift of the Paper is of a kind which you may well like to help in making more effective. But I know how busy you are, so I shall quite understand if, unhappily for myself, you cannot help me. Your name would, of course, be gratefully recorded in the Preface, as one of my two kind proof-readers.

To Professor Clement Webb

Sept. 26, 1912.

I am thoroughly ashamed, because of my long silence with regard to all your kindness and the pleasant, profitable letter you wrote me, now, alas, many weeks ago. But my poor holiday has gone,—in some respects very pleasantly—yet with the grind of work—largely semi-mechanical work such as Index-making—never ceasing during the hours when I would, otherwise, have written my letters. And now that I have done with concocting the last batch of MS., and have only to wait for the proofs of the Index, a great lassitude and a thirst for rest from scribbling is upon me. I have harked back to the Geology of my boyhood,—I mean to Geology which I so greatly loved in those years, and which has been a most refreshing off-study to me ever since. I do not like calling this taste my "hobby," for it was Lyell whose *Principles* taught me, not so much the details of Geology as method in general and how strenuous and necessary a thing that is.

But let me thank you at last for many things. For so kindly attending to my Preface—I had no intention that way—my instructions to the Printers had been to send you all, but only, the body of the book. But I was very grateful for this unlooked-for help. Gardner suffered

the same fate and was equally kind. The Senior Partner of T. & T. Clark for some reason woke up suddenly to great activity over this Preface, and asked for a further, more exacting revision of its English. The Vicar of West Malvern, his Doctor, and a retired old Winchester Master, all went through these pages once more for me. And if this composition is not all right now, it must indeed be suffering from a double dose of original sin.

I trust the Printers have now properly understood about the *Index*, and that you will be no more troubled with it than you were with the *Contents*. But if proofs *do* reach you, pray ignore them. I can do quite well there, without adding this trouble to your other work.

I have also to thank you most warmly for Scotti's [1] very successful visit to Oxford. It was truly astonishing to note the number of men, and interesting men, whom your friend Mr. Benecke managed to get Scotti to meet thus at the end of August. And both Scotti and I fully realised that, in the first instance, this was owing to your wise choice and your zealous influencing of Benecke. Hence, even though very late, let me say how grateful I am to you for this. S. learnt much during those hours, I am sure.

And lastly I was so much interested in hearing about your Vacation-reading. It is always a genuine enlargement of one's own materials, texts, and outlook to be given thus, by minds one knows well, a direct account of their further activity and experience. I was, too, very glad, that you had been studying Jane Harrison—a writer who invariably ends by annoying, sometimes by deeply disgusting, me ; but who has great knowledge of the *details* of Greek custom and belief, and whose (I think profoundly defective or erroneous) attitude in fundamental principles and interpretation is so symptomatic of still wide tracts of our present-day thought and instincts.—May you some day achieve a careful, balanced, deeply probing criticism of her, Cornford, Frazer and the like. As to Frazer, however, I really believe Loisy will carry out a large part of what we want,—and admirably to boot. I am sad over the most recent Roman official acts : Lagrange's books prohibited in the Seminaries—I *think* so far only of Italy, on the ground of their infection with *rationalism* ; and Semeria turned out of Genoa, indeed Italy, and relegated to Brussels. Will the Dominicans succeed in preventing Lagrange's books from going on the *Index*, and the Barnabites in stopping the same fate for Semeria's works ? We shall see. Anyhow it is abundantly plain that even now the repression has not passed its zenith and that there still remain books and individuals whom it has not yet taken in hand or only in a preliminary fashion.

I am arranging with Leslie Johnston for an Address on the Religious

[1] Count Gallarati Scotti, the chief founder of the *Rinnovamento* and biographer of Fogazzaro.

Philosophy of Ernst Troeltsch at New College, I hope some time in March. I loved my little stay with Mrs. Webb and yourself; but I expect that this next time it will be more convenient to you if I put up at New College, as Johnston proposes.

Yours very sincerely,
F. v. HÜGEL.

To Lady Ritchie
(on the death of her husband Sir Richmond Ritchie)

Oct. 15, 1912.

My dear Lady Ritchie,—It was only yesterday evening that I knew of your dear, fine Husband's death, or indeed of his being seriously ill. It was a most real shock. I would so much have liked to honour myself by going up to-day to Hampstead to join the many who will be honouring him, first in the Parish Church and then, doubtless, in that pretty Churchyard where repose our much appreciated George du Maurier and our loved Mrs. Charles. But I am called away to-morrow to a friend in trouble, to Brussels; and, with but little health just now, I have to nurse myself so as to be fit for the journey—one of very real importance. And thus I dare not go up to Hampstead.

Will you, however, suffer me to dwell here, just a little, upon what is not a little thing even to us who no doubt had seen but little of him, especially during these latter years,—and a thing so very, very big for you, his children and grandchildren?

When, surely, not a year ago, I had the pleasure of at last seeing him again at our mutual friend's, Mrs. Micholls, I had the rare advantage of sitting next to him after dinner and of hearing well his genial, humorous, wise talk. And it has remained entirely fresh in my memory, with the accompanying vivid realisation of what a fine, unique thing was and is such a man—the ripe fruit of the English Public School, University and Social and Administrative tradition and life. I could and did at once compare him with so many distinguished foreign Public Servants whom I have known so well; and the superiority, on the generally human side, struck me, once more, as very great. There was so absolutely no pedantry, no inflation, no sensitive claimfulness—as little as there was any embitterment or jealousy; and all this although he had very certainly mounted high, and equally surely was not without feelings and human nature.

There was only one thing about him that truly pained me: I felt that, somehow, this my junior by two years was considerably my senior physically; that, though really only in later middle life, there was a bodily condition there which made him, in these respects, my senior by,

say, ten years or so. And I cannot help hoping now that I was right, and that you all realised this condition ; for, if so, then your present trouble will have come to you all as somewhat less of a shock. And yet that strong impression of mine did not make the distress less for me when I suddenly knew that the tall, dignified, able and far-sighted Father of Hester and of Billie, and the Husband of her who had left us her "Book of Sibyls" as written in our house, had disappeared from our shifting earthly life.

My wife bids me say how entirely this letter is hers as well as mine ; and how deeply we both of us feel for you.

With ever-living memories of the past,

Yours very sincerely,

F. VON HÜGEL.

To Miss Maude Petre

Oct. 28, 1912.

I did not get back from Brussels till very late on the night of last Thursday. Then on Friday I had your kind and interesting letter, and on Saturday your handsome gift—the two volumes of *George Tyrrell's Autobiography and Life*. And now on Monday I write to thank you most cordially and to report a little on the main points of my experiences.

But first let me say that *of course* I am going to read your two volumes *most* carefully—as though I had never yet read a line of them. And indeed I read the book in MS. mainly to look out for things improvable ; and now I shall read it in print directly only to learn and grow thereby.

I note already that the chapter "Another Friendship," which followed upon that concerning myself, has disappeared—after all, very naturally, since H. Brémond has, of course, to be extra careful. And yet I see with pleasure how the indications of his, H. B.'s, special closeness of intimacy with G. T. remain quite crisp throughout the pages dealing with things or ideas where H. B. came in. I am also *very* pleased with the arrangement of the documents, with their relegation to the Appendix, where they stand indeed printed in their entirety yet in unobtrusive, *i.e.* small print. This is excellent. And then how wise you have been in securing drawings from the daguerreotype or photograph portraits : these drawings give the features but with a softening of the photographs which brings what is thus presented to us really much nearer to the living countenances aimed at. Altogether, two striking, *distingués* volumes.

I hear that a long and most friendly review has now appeared in *The*

Times (A. L. Lilley ?)—I have this morning ordered Romeike to send me Press Cuttings of all *reviews* (*i.e.* judgments) concerning your book and mine,—the really long ones in two copies. I well understand your feeling tired by those indifferent, colourless announcements. But let us, both of us, whatever the reviews may bring of pleasant or unpleasant, become and remain penetrated with the truth of what Edmund Gardner once eloquently preached to me as the upshot of his long experience as a writer and reader of reviews and observer of their effects :—books live or die, in the long run, quite independently of the reviews ; and the large majority of all reviews are written by incompetent hands and without even an attentive perusal of the books reviewed. He maintains that it is only the Publishers who keep up the figment that the average reviews really matter. In the case of your book there can be no doubt that it will live, even if here and there with modifications. (Even this restriction is put in, not because I can lay my finger upon anything likely to go, but simply because so little of anything we poor humans do ever does live just as we put it.) But I fervently hope that you may not have to pay a great price for it,—I mean not any general deprivation of the Sacraments or attempts to exact excessive declarations. I hope this for you with *your* book just as I hope for it for myself with *mine* ; and this not primarily, I think, from a shrinking from suffering (although this in moderation is certainly no sin) but, I think, from a realisation, during these last years especially, of the grave disadvantages and dangers attendant upon such deprivation. Well, we will pray, watch and wait and do nothing either aggressive or insincere. Pray for me, please, as I do daily, and thrice daily for you.

To the Rev. Canon Newsom

Dec. 7, 1912.

Before I turn finally to other things I want to apologise and, as far as possible, now to make amends, for what I saw very clearly on my way home last night to have been the abrupt termination of my little address to your finely keen young men. I had announced to them that only the end would really explain the beginning of my address, and *vice-versa* and then, when I got near the end,—*the end never came.* It was, I think, not only the effect of my recent weakness and ill-health (although I am now largely all right again) ; it was even more the sense, which grew as I proceeded in my talk, of what a burden and complication I was laying upon young shoulders. Was it not, then, as well, was it not *better*, to seem to be *décousu*, incomplete, merely suggestive, than to try to strap the burden clearly and precisely on to their young backs ?

What the logic of my position and my experience of these things

involves is, however, as follows. Not only is the Church, a Church, necessary (at least in the long run, upon the whole, indirectly) for a full, firm, delicate, elastic, wholesome faith in God and in Christ ; but some such faith in God and in Christ is necessary to the end for such a faith in the Church. So little is it true that I ought to be simply passive in the hands of Churchmen, that my adhesion to the Church becomes fully fruitful and entirely wholesome only *if that very faith, which the Church so largely helps to foster in me, beats strongly back upon and continuously checks, purifies, steadies and sobers this my Church allegiance.* Thus it will be this my deep faith in God which will, *e.g.*, react upon my trust in the Church as to the documents and the happenings of the N.T. Thus too it will be my faith in, my living of, Christ which will, *e.g.*, react upon the juridical institutions and conceptions more or less necessary to, and inherent in, any institutional Church. And all this check and countercheck, all this growth through tension, suspense etc. will be *the heroic substitute for the heroic element in, for the attrait of the nobler ultramontanism.* There will here be a most genuine operative assent to the Church's quite final self-commitments, there will here too be a continuous grateful love and use of the support, doctrinal, liturgical, etc., for the wear and tear of life, and a grateful concentration upon her saints and her spiritual life. And that very abstention from any attempt to force the mind into more—from any trying to commit it, entirely and absolutely, to what the Church authority itself does not solemnly and finally define ; *that*, together with the fact that Church authorities are continuously found to make, more or less, these dangerously excessive claims : what is, what can all *that* be, other, for such a concentrated soul (living so largely by and through such institutions) than one long, deep, continuous *Purgatory* ?

There,—you have *there*, but only *there* the culmination and the key to what I said.

Please, as the ever kind, utterly reliable friend you are, either keep all this for your own consumption only ; or read parts of it to your young men when again assembled around you ; or finally tell them, in your own words, of my regret and a little of what I would have said.

Yours very sincerely and gratefully,

F. v. Hügel.

I had fixed my eyes, whilst speaking, upon a winning, apple-cheeked, keen young countenance. I so love youth ; and then I discover, with pain, that I have put too much upon them !

I am so *very*, *very* sorry for you two over this fresh disappointment. Ah yes : it is, surely, true, deeply true, that we must dive in faith ever so much below the surface, to find, to love, to will God, and *His* will, our life.—I was sorry not to have noticed people about when we were on the street.

To Miss Maude Petre

July 22, 1913.

It was truly kind of you so promptly to tell me of your Paris doings and experiences. I never was harassed by any real doubts as to what you would say there; my fears were centred upon—not your compromising yourself further by your going—for we have, at times, deliberately to compromise ourselves, if we would be faithful and fruitful—but upon your further compromising yourself without any solid, or at least sufficient, return and gain. . . .

I was to have been off to Gertrud at Locarno, a week ago. But my health won't stand long journeys now. So this morning my wife left alone, with a maid; and H. and I go to-morrow afternoon to my dear widowed sister-in-law at Wilton; and then to Hindhead. We are all to be away five weeks. Am looking forward to being near your sister and her family and to seeing my little god-son. I expect we can count upon their being at Grayshott for at least part of our three to four weeks near by.

It was only this morning that a letter from G. made me sure that your Tyrrell volumes have been put upon the *Index*. Little as one could expect, as times go, that this work would escape, one is none the less sorry that this blow has come. I do not doubt that you will do nothing in the matter either way—as long as nothing is asked of you; and that if anything is demanded, you will very carefully consider and weigh every step before taking it. But I expect that they will ask nothing.

I am, of course, very pleased that you like my Liddon House Address. Its successor, at the Caxton Hall, before Dean Inge, on July 1st, was spoken to over 200 people—mostly (very cultivated) ladies—much the largest audience I have ever addressed. I opened out with an emphatic protest against Dr. I.'s tone towards my two intimate friends George Tyrrell and Alfred Loisy—men to whom we all owed so much; men of such rare gifts, mind, scholarship; men as much, and more, wills, intentions, hearts, consciences, characters, as intellects and critics; men too as live and sensitive as ever could be any one of us. No difference we might have on any point or procedure with either of them—and I could not, myself, pretend, to be at one with all their latest positions—can obscure those facts. But the Dean is too much an English gentleman and Christian to resent my frank expression of my pain.

Yours affectionately,

F. v. Hügel.

To J. M. Connell

Dec. 31, 1913.

It has been a matter of continuous regret for me, almost throughout this entire year, that your fine *Book of Devotional Readings*,[1] and its kind presentation, should have remained unacknowledged by me. But I wanted so much to have read a good deal of it first, and this, not critically and drily, but with sympathy and in a devotional mood; for, after all, your book appeals to men in this mood, and ought not to be judged by them except from out of this mood. And I have been so hard-worked that, for this kind of reading, I can only find my usual quarter of an hour, which has to go to those few books (Bible, and *Imitation*, and *Confessions*) which have been my staple spiritual food hitherto. And now, with the last day of the year upon us, I *must* write, even though I am still not really ready for you.

Let me, then, first of all, say how this browsing in parts of your book has brought home to me the difficulty of establishing such a book amongst Christians in general. I mean, of course, as a book of directly devotional reading, and this also, surely, amongst Roman Catholics. After all, we are still the largest body of Christians. You see, the precise difficulty lies here, I think. You cannot well, even the largest-hearted Protestant cannot, omit all extracts from any writings directly and solemnly condemned by Rome; nor can you well omit the descriptions of scenes of the sufferings of men whom Rome considers Heresiarchs. Yet, how on earth are we to expect "practising" Roman Catholics to read such things on their knees,—in a mood of the purest receptivity, which is, after all, what such a book requires? I do not at all despair of finding, or making, a large Roman Catholic public for a collection which would include writings, not only of Boehme, Whichcote, John Smith, Henry Vaughan and Wordsworth; but even of Luther, George Fox and Lamennais, in cases where the writings selected are previous to their condemnation, or at least are not works directly condemned.

Of course, you will understand how little this is necessarily a criticism of your book. You can reasonably appeal to a huge public, I suppose to all except the Ritualists in the Established Church, and to all the various Free Churches, inclusive of Quakers and Unitarians. Yet it is well, I think, in such matters, to be completely circumspect, and for one situated like myself to tell you just simply how he sees matters to lie. And, in simple loyalty to truth, I must admit that my own practice has always been, and (I doubt not) will continue to be to the end, only to read, in such purely receptive devotional moments, such books as are

[1] *Book of Devotional Readings from the Literature of Christendom.* Longmans: 1913.

either formally approved by the Roman Church, or, at least, not formally condemned by her.

Now, as to your selection in particular, I propose to write to you again a little later on. Yet some of the authors I have already considered. Let me then, pray, say some words about these.

I am, then, specially delighted at the choice of your two numbers, V and VI ("Letter to Diognetus"); with your numbers VII and VIII ("Justin Martyr"); with your three splendid numbers from Tertullian; and with your precise selections from St. Augustine. Then, again, I am so glad you have that bit from Boëthius. Also the three extracts from the *Rule of St. Benedict*. Then, how fine to have the "Death of Bede," and also the *Veni, Creator Spiritus*! I am so happy, too, in finding here "The Canticle of the Sun," "St. Francis and the Love of Poverty," and "The Grace of Courtesy." The *Stabat Mater Dolorosa* is, I think, splendidly in place. And so is Dante's "Rose of Paradise." The Ruysbroek is grand; and the two Henry Susos are finely appropriate. Walter Hilton, Juliana of Norwich and St. Catherine of Siena are finely represented. Thomas à Kempis I do not think could be better selected from. I am most glad that you have chosen as you have, from St. Catherine of Genoa and from Savonarola. The selection from Erasmus is, I think, most happy. St. Theresa and St. John of the Cross are finely expressed here. Also St. Francis de Sales.

I am pleased to find the two great passages from Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Whichcote's *Aphorisms* are grand. I am so glad, too, to find those four noble passages from my much-loved John Smith. Also the splendid verses of Henry Vaughan. Then Blaise Pascal, George Fox, and Traherne are finely represented. Also William Penn in his "Character of George Fox." Joseph Butler too, and Kant, and then my much-loved Grou, are well selected from; and this, although Kant, and also Goethe, do not here represent any large amount of their writings, —you have got them in their happiest, in quite exceptional moments. Let me be frank—they were neither of them geniuses of religion. They may have had deep, rich life; but not the deepest. These selections from Wordsworth are all quite necessary, I think, and so is Shelley's extract. The four Carlyles are very fine, and so are the two bits from Cardinal Newman. I am so pleased, too, to find here the three pieces from Martineau, and to see Mazzini represented. The five Tennyson pieces are wonderfully in place, and so are the four pieces of Robert Browning, to whom we owe so much. Dean Church and F. W. Robertson, the latter perhaps especially, are admirably represented, and so is Clough, and Matthew Arnold.

Now for criticisms of some detail so far. Why do you not put on page ix, bottom line, *St.* Catherine? And why do you put on page xi

St. Clement of Alexandria ? I am sure that the latter has never attained to a universal recognition of his sainthood ; I wish he had. Then, as to St. Bernard of Clairvaux, I miss here that wonderful passage in his *Sermons on the Song of Songs*, about the *prevenience* of God. I care so much for this doctrine, so forgotten, with the very name of it so little understood ; and this passage might be made to take the place of one or other of those you give, beautiful though these are. Also, I should have cared much to see here a piece out of those two great sermons on his Brother Gerard. Surely the union of the love of God and the love of a blood relation has never anywhere been more touchingly expressed ! Then, for St. Thomas Aquinas, I should have liked a passage bringing out plainly his, surely undying, contribution—I mean his doctrine as to the steps and stages : as to Nature preparing Grace, and as to Grace requiring Nature, the first looking up to the second, the second lifting up the first. Then, as to Fénelon, I think you could have found even more characteristic and penetrating things amongst his *Spiritual Letters*, and in some of his short treatises in the controversy with Bossuet. I am thoroughly at home in these writings, and know what I am saying. As to the Wordsworth, I cannot but miss that magnificent " Duddon " sonnet, finishing up with :

" We feel that we are greater than we know."

And in Browning I should have preferred one or other of the grand passages in the " Pope " (from *The Ring and the Book*) to *Prospice*, lovely as the latter is.

I am looking forward to reading and considering carefully the remainder, I suppose more than one-half, up and down, of your selection ; and to tell you, as frankly, how I feel about it. How beautifully got up the book is,—the paper, print, index, and all !

Let me wish you a very happy and successful New Year.

Yours very truly,

F. VON HÜGEL.

To Miss Maude Petre

Jan. 2, 1914.

My dear Maude Petre,—I want, please, to tell you at once my pleasure at your article on " Authority in Religion," in the *Hibbert*, which, of course, only reached me yesterday. I have read it very carefully, and with great agreement on all its crucial points. It seems to me so warm and wise, positive and constructive. . . .

. . . I can, in reality, only find two things to criticise at all. The lesser is that here, as I find to be the case with a good many of your writings, I am got into full swing and keen interest by your argument, and then, somehow, it does not break off as to its logic, the conclusion

is there sure enough ; but, merely as a matter of form and of proportion, I feel as if, at the end of your articles or books, you generally somehow hurry up and compress, out of scale with the preparatory and middle parts. But perhaps in this case Jacks took his scissors and clipped off some fine long bit of the bird's tail.

The more serious matter, though I am confident the difference is chiefly one of appearance, or at least of expression, is where you speak of the law of eternal movement. Now I am much struck and greatly helped by the sense, now becoming so keen amongst precisely the finer of the coming thinkers of Germany, that the problem for us is not strictly one of truth, but of reality ; not of whether we think correctly, but whether there are subjects and objects corresponding, in any way and degree, to our speculations and thoughts. And it seems to me that this Ultimate Reality cannot be conceived (except with a sense, on our part, that we are deliberately using images and words that we cannot really apply), as in eternal movement or in eternal becoming. God *is*, overflowingly ; and there is an end of that point. It is *we* who, moving necessarily in the category of time and space, but with a keen sense that there exists, and that we are influenced by, something other and better ; it is we who are necessarily in movement and in becoming. Yet even we not altogether ; even we not in the very best of what we are. If Platonism has gone as a self-sufficing system, a certain substance of it remains imperishable in our lives. If Judaism could clean disappear as a separate group of human beings, the central substance of Judaism would still remain in Christianity, Mohammedanism and, indeed, elsewhere. And it seems to me that all this is in case here ; I mean that, wherever we insist upon movement, we must also indicate the rest. Where we insist upon the necessity and right of change we should make clear the contrasting abidingness. It is here that I find Troeltsch, in whom I am still engrossed, so profoundly satisfying. He has never got the one claim and emotion without the other.

Of course, I know well how truly this is the case with yourself also. This article of yours would never have been written or delivered were this not the case.

I take it that you have now begun your *History of Modernism*, and that you are far from wanting any at all stiff book on another subject to read just at present. Yet I want to put down for you the name of a little book that is greatly pleasing me. It is Figgis's *From Gerson to Grotius*, Cambridge University Press, 3*s*. 6*d*. net. It seems to me such a rich, strong, sane book, and one which can teach us all so very much.

With best New Year's wishes,

Yours most sincerely,

F. VON HÜGEL.

To Bernard Holland

Feb. 13, 1914.

I have now reached page 301 of those astonishingly living, deeply touching, humorous and spiritual, abiding letters of that homely and yet lofty soul, your Mother—what a deathless honour to be able to count her as such. I have read every word, introduction, verses and all, often twice, three times and even more, making cross-references and indexes as I go along, and especially marking all that will help me with A. C. L.

May I now come to see you either Sunday, say at 4, or would next Thursday, at the same time, or soon after, suit you better? I am full up between while.

I should be so glad of an hour of questions and explanations with you first alone, and then, perhaps, Mrs. Holland would give me tea, and also allow me to get to know her.

I will to-morrow certainly have finished all this deep, rich, letter book. I have been hunting high and low for my own copy (given me by himself) of Sir A. C. Lyall's *Verses Written Mostly in India*, but so far in vain. If, then, you will kindly lend me your own copy, I shall be very glad to study carefully those particular poems.

To the Same

Feb. 16, 1914.

My wife bids me say how pleased she will be to see your wife here on Thursday, with Miss Myra Jerningham. I was myself too so glad to make her acquaintance, and am looking forward to seeing more of her and of yourself when I come to Harbledown Lodge, as you so kindly propose, if not before. Will you please explain to her that, on reflection, I am not satisfied with Pope Benedict the XIV's *Letters and Commentary on the Mass*, either to give or to lend to her. They are dry, and Latin and Italian writings. And I prefer to wait a little, till (I hope) I know her better, and then to be allowed to give her something warm and full—something to feed the soul—in French or English. That might be my little return for the great interest and help of Canterbury and Godmersham.

I go on thinking of your photograph of your mother and two sisters at Foxholm in 1885, and of the delightfully clear presentation of that sweet dignity and depth, Lucy Verena, and of how much that picture would help to light up the wonderful letters from, say, 1880 to 1886. Do, pray, think this over and put the picture into the R. 4th Edition. And, if you do so, let me have a copy of the picture. I would, indeed,

gladly myself have it autotyped—I mean, if you would give the permission ; for I have rapidly acquired what I humbly believe and trust will be a lasting devotion to these two great souls.

To Bernard Holland

March 21, 1914.

I am a bit late in returning the enclosed because my part reading up, largely re-reading, part ruminating, and part composing my first rough draft about your Uncle is greatly absorbing my strength and attention ; such work has always demanded much insulation in my case—much peace and leisure of soul ; and these things again make me postpone my more ordinary doings and duties. I do not, in any case, want to come to you at Canterbury before this very difficult, but for me most attractive piece of work is typed for you to consider and criticise. Then I shall feel that I have, in a way, earned your and your wife's kind hospitality.

Lady Miller has just kindly left me three different photographs of her Father for me to choose from, or to refuse in favour of the one, a copy of the one you possess. I am asking for the latter. I have read, with much interest, Lord Cromer's and your own article in the *Quarterly*, I have noted points in both to be borne in mind now in my composition ; especially has this been the case with things said there by yourself with a very fine balance and penetration, I think.

I often think of you five—yourself, your wife, and those winsome children—Mary Sibylla's grandchildren, and Lucy's nephew and nieces, and I love to believe that, somehow, these great souls above know and care for you five, and you five as an organism there in your home.

To Miss Maude Petre

June 6, 1914.

My dear Maude Petre,—There are several things I have to say or to ask : three in particular, I think.

First as to Johannes Müller's book, I am particularly glad to have your criticisms,—I see that the one concerning the practicability of men and women friendships is very important,—it seems to show much the same—but a deeper-reaching non-realisation of the delicacy of the woman's make, as that which I found, for myself, in his urging of co-education. In this latter case, at least, the boys could readily stand all the strain good for the girls (J. M. sees *that*) ; but the girls could not, I am sure, stand all the strain that is good, and indeed necessary, for the boys. Still, even on this men and women friendships point, I continue to admire the fundamental groping of the book—what, I doubt not,

makes Troeltsch esteem it so highly, and what we West-Europeans have been so much losing the sense of—that the individual constitutes himself, and is constituted into a person, never simply in isolation, but always within, and for, and in friction with, *complexes*—complexes, profitable in proportion to their variety in unity. And if the family is the most fundamental of these complexes, and the inter-attraction and supplementation of sex its presupposition—then he will be right *in principle* to seek for us all, and most continuously for women, the family type of complex,—the nearest possible approximation to it.

As to the sufficient realisation of the greatness of celibacy as a call, I believe you are right again. But here, too, that great general principle seems to me still to hold—since even here we need only see *everywhere*, more clearly and fully than he does, the trials and troubles, and the need for renunciation of ever-reawakening selfishness, etc., within even the most legitimate of the human relations and attachments, to find such celibates to be required, and their *attrait* to be a further proof of God and help from Him. It is interesting to note how much more certainly Troeltsch leads up to celibacy for some, just because he habitually sees more keenly the need to renounce and to abstain even for the majority—for us all. . . .

. . I am *revelling* in Mrs. Russell Barrington's *Life of Walter Bagehot* (Longmans) appearing now, 37 years after W. B.'s death, and for the most pathetic reasons—his Mother's frequent and long insanity, and his own beautiful humbly heroic abandonment of whatever interfered with his living with and for his Father. What a deep, sensitive, all-alive, religious soul!—I already knew this from his writings, but his sister-in-law, who knew him so well and who writes admirably, makes this still more clear. I want Brémond to write a series of papers on the *endless* lessons of the book for the *Correspondant* or *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

Yours affectionately,
F. v. HÜGEL.

Am having long bouts of weakening local trouble—hence incapacitation from composition and—this delightful Bagehot reading !

To the Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas

July 15, 1914.

I have had to spend a week away up North—very pleasant, getting an LL.D. at St. Andrews, with a little Address in Edinburgh on the way. But this has postponed and crowded up all my work and plans. Pray, then, forgive this tardy and hurried answer.

I much appreciate your Society's wish to listen to me, and I do not see why I should not gain the advantage of being thus allowed to

articulate my hopes and convictions to men so keen and so kind. But I am *overwhelmed* with promised work till August 10, perhaps 15; and by then I shall badly want a rest of three weeks. And in September will follow some three weeks with my dear eldest daughter—whose tuberculosis is again causing us serious anxiety, and which will prevent her—now for a second year running—from coming to England—so I must go after her abroad—somewhere in Northern Italy, I think, when she descends, Romewards, from the Engadine.

Hence I see plainly that I must not pledge myself as to the time, and that I cannot think of coming to you till after we are all again settled in here at home. And I cannot foretell yet, what health and what work God will have for me then. But I can and do hope that—if you are then still willing to have me—I will be able to manage to come and to speak, quite privately, to your Religious Society, sometime between, say, October 1st and Easter—probably more nearly to the latter date.

Thank you, too, for offering your kind hospitality. But I see already that if I *do* come, I will have to put up in some quiet hotel near by. Experience has taught me that I must do nothing I can avoid compatibly with the kind of work I try to do that could at all easily be misinterpreted by the majority of my people. Such prudence is very irksome to my natural disposition, yet I see it to be a course dear to God. However, none the less am I grateful to you.

I must, a little later, read those Papers by your Members in the *Hibbert Journal.*

I am so very glad (given that he had decided against a subscribing Church and to join your body) that Harold Johnson had joined yourself and those other three or four men. I am still perplexed, at times, to note how entirely synonymous for him faith and preaching, devotion and ministerial work seem to be,—contrary to my own *attrait* which makes me so love to be lost in the crowd and in silence in Church. Hence when H. J. came back to more explicit faith the difficulties of subscription never occurred to me, a layman, for him, a layman.—May he now *do*, but also, and still more *get* much good amongst your people. He is so good a man that I want both things to happen to him abundantly!

Will you kindly ask me again sometime after October 1st next? This wants no answer now.

To Miss Maude Petre

June 17, 1914.

We are looking forward to seeing you here to-day week, so please do not trouble to answer this before then. I only want to tell you of a pleasant little event in my life—the conferring upon me by St. Andrews

—the oldest of the four Scotch Universities—of the Honorary LL.D. Degree. I am to go there to receive it on July 9th,—stopping at Edinburgh on the way, for two nights, there to address a private meeting in dear old Dr. Alexander Whyte's Library. This is the first Academic Degree or Honour I have ever received; yet, though it comes at 62, it comes not 6 years after my first book, and hitherto my only full performance—hence it has come quickly and handsomely.

I believe it is Prof. A. E. Taylor who has worked for this, but he tells me that in none of the many stages of the affair was there anything but complete unanimity. And he writes: "I had always hoped that we might have numbered Father Tyrrell among our adopted children, and should certainly have tried to get him as a Gifford Lecturer if he had lived." This is good to hear, is it not?

I admit that, of the two things, the one that I should care most to have is the Lectureship—even though, I dare say, I could not now stand the strain of it. But need I tell you that, if it had been a question of Fr. T. *or* myself—how very gladly I would have waived any claim or backing in his favour?

We shall be away for this only from July 6 to July 11, inclusive of both days; otherwise here, till at least August 1st.

Yours affectionately,
F. v. Hügel.

To the Rev. Canon Newsom

Dorking: Sept. 4, 1914.

Although I am now trying to get all the rest even from letter writing that I can (I have had much work and not a little worry; and now the War, as it continues, tells upon me, I expect even more than upon most men), I really must just thank you most cordially for your letter. I am most sincerely grateful for your affection and sympathy. The trial is indeed great, and one feels face to face with an upheaval, a testing of values, such as occurs only once in, say, three or four centuries. The trial, it is true, is considerably limited for me by the fact that Germany and Prussia have never been synonymous, have never coalesced, for and in the Rhenish, then Austrian, family from which, on my dear Father's side, I spring. Yet this does not prevent one's grief at seeing what is so deep and great in the German thought and life at its best, so obscured and driven back by this coarse Prussianism; nor, again, one's pain at living to see Austria and England at war with each other, and being forced to choose, under these circumstances, between one's Father's country and one's Mother's, still, as to this latter choice, my Mother was English (Scotch); my Wife is English; my three Children are all born British subjects; I have resided, all told, over forty years in England, thirty-seven of these without

a real break, as against 2½ years, all told in Austria, with but six weeks there since I was eighteen ; and I have not a distant relative in Austria now for the last forty years and more. So, certain also in my own conscience as to England being in the right as against Prussia in this War, I could not but opt for England outright ; and now, in a very few days, I hope to obtain my naturalisation, delayed, all these years, largely because my Wife somehow disliked the idea of it, so long as no such alternative was real such as has come with appalling swiftness now.

May all this terrible suffering lead to much deep, spiritual good. Surely, nothing short of this, will have deserved and outweighed the sacrifices we are at the beginning of—and for a long spell, I much fear !

To Miss Maude Petre

Dorking : Sept. 7, 1914.

I would gladly give you my impressions and opinions as to Pope Benedict XV, if I had any ; but, in strictness, I have none, so far. Except the mostly very general, and largely contradictory, accounts I have found in the papers, chiefly *The Times* and the *Daily Chronicle*, I have only two, also still too general, informations or facts of a private kind. The one is, that I remember Padre Genocchi pretty frequently referring to his having seen Mgr. della Chiesa about this or that matter ; sometimes also to his having heard this or that from Mgr. della Chiesa. Naturally at the time—before the latter went as Archbishop to Bologna —neither G. in telling me, nor I in listening, laid special stress upon these happenings. But my impression certainly is, looking back, that G. (with a considerable insight into character, and certainly far from satisfaction with all or even many of the personalities he had to deal with in Rome) respected and trusted, at least as honest and moderate, this Monsignore.

And my second fact is that our Francesco has not infrequently told me how Mgr. della Chiesa thought this or that, had remarked thus or thus upon the situation ; and, here again, always with a certain respect, as though quoting a man free from passion and partisanship.

With you, I like the choice of the name—the first Benedict to follow upon Benedict XIV, that wise and genuinely liberal, very learned Pope. We must, however, discount this choice a little, I think, because of the fact that Benedict XIV became Pope from the Archbishopric of Bologna, so that Cardinal della Chiesa would have gone out of his way, had he *not* taken the name he has.

It is somewhat alarming to know him only 60 ; for if he does turn out some kind of *idée-fixe* man, he may have some 15–20 years in which to apply his conviction. But the acclamation (carefully, of

course, arranged with himself) at his coronation, of not "Viva il Papa Re" but "Viva il Papa della Pace" is very attractive; and indeed this War promises to be—indeed already is—so awful and so long, especially in its effects, that his Pontificate may well consist in little more than helping to settle Europe again and into happier conditions. And if B. XV can work at this really without a thought remaining for that old, worn out Temporal Power, how much he could, he will do! But the Vatican, will it let him? Or will he have the strength to rid us finally of this long-festering wound? We must pray and hope and wait.

Affectionate old Friend,

F. v. Hügel.

I am to settle in again at home on Sept. 21st,—after two further little visits. But the home address always finds me. It really looks now as if the tide was at last turning in favour of the Allies also in the West. *What* a spectacle and tragedy it all is! And yet noble and hopeful things too confronting our stunned gaze.

To Leslie Johnston

Oct. 9, 1914.

It is already some time back that Edwyn Bevan sent me a typed copy of that interesting *Examen de Conscience* of yours, leading to, and defending, your decision to serve in this War. I would,—after repeated very appreciative reading (also aloud) of this Paper,—have written to thank you for it, had not B. in sending it added that he would, later on, give me your correct (present) address. And this, up to the moment now, he has not done. But I am very glad to have the print. If the typed copy would still be of use to you, pray let me have a P.C. and I will send it to you. Otherwise, I keep it for use alongside of the print.

That little *XX Commonwealth* interview with me, was not by Harvey, indeed not by any friend of mine, but simply by a young man of the Staff of the Paper sent by Dawson, the Editor. I would not myself have chosen this organ and this method; but the very polite and modest persistency of the young man seemed to make it a bit of conceit to refuse to say a few things which certainly, at the time, all appeared to me true or likely. I am well aware, however, that a very few days were sufficient to at least seem to belie my hopes as to German Professors—Eucken being reported in *The Times* as saying those extravagantly incorrect and unreal things.

I did not, however, when communicating these opinions of mine, forget what I knew well—how large had been, and still was, the share precisely of German Professors, in feeding, or at least in not sufficiently or efficaciously opposing, this arrogant and quite unchristian Prussian

Militarism (of course, I am also aware that this spirit is not monopolised by Prussia, though Prussia has, I think, been its classical training ground and exponent). Yet I had concrete cases of impressive Professorial protests in the past—especially that very noble one of the seven Göttingen Professors in 1830–1833 against the despotic acts of the first King of Hanover. And I still continue to hope that *some* German Professors will do more than hold their tongues till the end of the War—that they will speak out what they have seen and felt all along, or, at least, what they will have come to see as clearly as you and I do, before the War is over. For I am, in very deed, deeply, wholeheartedly on the side of England in this War. I say "in this War," not as though I did not love my Mother's, Wife's, and Children's country, my inspiration since (at 18) I fell under the spell of Burke, and of my great-uncle, General Outram, of Lucknow fame, a country which, my home for 40 years, is now also technically my own country (my naturalisation will be complete in a few days now); but because not every English war could be defended by us as just, although this one can most entirely, and, hence, ought to be helped in every legitimate way open to us.

I have not seen the Student Movement manifestos you refer to. I am sorry; although I must not pretend ever to have taken to that Movement with any instinctive comprehension. I felt it (perhaps quite mistakenly) too vague and yet also still Protestant in a subtly *doctrinaire* sense.

May you, my dear Johnston, find more and more peace and interior harmony and growth, in this your devoted undertaking. And may, in moments of obscurity and trial (which cannot fail to come to you), some support spring up for you from the consciousness that there are others, such as he who writes this, older than yourself—alas, for them!—and half of German blood, who see and feel the rightness, the inevitableness of this, our present going to war with Germany, and the solid wisdom and devotedness of your act. And I love to feel sure that, to the very end—however long this War may last, and however violent and unjust may be the delusions and methods of the other side, you will escape embitterment, and will—not like Cramb, with all his insight at the mere surface level,—retain fully the conviction of the curableness, as of individuals, so of nations and races. Certainly we are seeing with our own eyes Frenchmen now astonishingly different from what I knew them in 1870. They have become real and modest under defeat, whilst the Germans have, for the time, lost the sense of the real world and of their own limitations and their share (no more than a share) in that world. Humiliation can, and will (in part, if and because we hope and believe it) change and improve Germans, our brethren now, as were the French when we had to fight them, so hard and so long, in Napoleonic times.

We are all in God's hands, and doubtless you may not return. Yet I love to realise that the chances are considerably on the side of your returning. And certainly there are few among the younger men whose going I should feel more or even as much, few if any from whom I hope better or as good work for God, for Christ, and for the Church.

I have been so pleased with what I have, so far, been able to read of your most useful book on the Eastern Substitutes for Christ. And I so care to dwell upon how this war, if it does not send you, more or less, straight to heaven, can and will so greatly mature you for the kind of work we both of us so love and so long to do with fruit.

I will very specially think and pray for you, till all is over and, please God, you are back again, relatively disengaged from such absorbing, exceptional work again. And do you, please, also remember me, alas, unable to serve in the trenches or on the battle-field, but who would much wish to have my modest place in the great army of those who work and suffer for their own and their fellow-men's deepened spiritual life—for the deepening of this spiritual life, and the growth of its application to men's public and corporate acts.

Yours very cordially and sincerely,

F. VON HÜGEL.

To Miss Maude Petre

Dec. 30, 1914.

Here we are at the end of the poor, warring 1914, and I must, at last, write to thank you for your letter to *The Times*,[1] for sending it me, and still more for writing it ; and also to wish you a full and fruitful and happy New Year. Certainly, the former two qualities are most actively present in your life, specially also at this moment!

I thought that little letter of yours perfect for its very useful, indeed necessary, purpose and within your self-imposed limits.

I herewith send you my second and last Troeltsch Paper. I fear it is hard and crabbed writing, yet the passages from Troeltsch in my II[5] section are, surely, *splendid*. I for one, at least, can never read them in the original without the deepest emotion. In my section II[4] I have attempted a criticism and somewhat different philosophy which I believe to be important, and which, in any case, cost me much long incubation. And surely T.'s estimate of the *originality* of St. Thomas, in my section II[1], is most valuable : certainly I never myself realised this originality thus before T. taught it me. I feel altogether now that there is something thin and (objectively) ungrateful in L.'s attitude towards St. Th.—ignorant it very certainly is. But indeed Descartes was the same—only, worse ; and even such believers and *warm* souls

[1] " Let us be English "—as against prejudiced attacks on the character of the enemy (note by Miss Petre).

as Sir Thomas More, and, before him, Nicolas of Cues, have already much of this non-comprehension. They were at the fag-end of the Middle Ages, and saw no more the great, permanent truths of its golden time.

I hope soon to be able to send you a "pull" of my article for the Jan. *Church Quarterly Review* on "Christianity in Face of War: its Strength and Difficulties," the working out of which has taught me much. I now see, plainly for myself, how war is but one (the most elemental) of the functions of the State; how its conception, as pre- or sub-moral, as moralisable or not, as moral—rises and sinks with that of the State; how profoundly right von Gierke, F. W. Maitland, A. L. Smith are—that man the individual becomes man a person only in and through his willing service of, and moulding by, the great spontaneous and normal human (hence humanisable, indeed already essentially humane) complexes, the Family, the Commune, the Guild, the Church, the State; how none of these complexes is just the sum-total of the human units composing it, and yet also none is a simply physical force, or non-moral aggregation; and how, in the earlier, fruitful Middle Ages, the Church worked for the development of her own complex, as the most directly and richly moral complex, but not for the emptying of the State complex—the reducing it to a pre-moral requisite, a *thing*, a sort of embryo, into which the Church—alone possessed of a soul—could breathe a, thus borrowed, moral ideal and life; which latter process begins with Pope Innocent IV (about 1240 A.D.); and, after the Protestant Reformation, gets developed fully by Suarez and the XVIIth century Catholic theologians generally. Nothing more cold, hardly anything more "Real-politisch," than the latter view of the State can be conceived. And the statesmen join hands with the theologians in this work of de-personalising, demoralising the State; for only thus can the secular State, the statesmen, fully escape the direct control of the theologians, whose domain is Faith and *Morals*. I believe we are here at one of the roots—now nearly 700 years old—of what, surely, is a very striking fact: the complete silence, acquiescence of the big German Catholic centre party in the Prussian, "the State-Machine," temper and practice. That party fought to the death against that State's interference in Church affairs; that party will join the Pope in wanting peace as soon as possible, and in attending to the wounded, etc. But that party has placed no obstacle whatsoever in the way of "Real-politik,"—it has no instinctive recoil from such political materialism—at least I cannot find it.

I have loved to find how free we Catholics are from any Definition, or otherwise doctrinally authoritative document in favour of the "persona ficta" conception of the State. Indeed, Ginibaldo Fieschi's coining of the phrase, as a canonist, even though he did become Pope

soon afterwards, and perhaps used it in Papal documents (the latter, I do not know to be the case), is greatly outweighed, as to *official weight*, by such an emphatic pronouncement as Leo XIIIth's fine Encyclical "Ineffabilis Deus" where, though the phrase "persona" is not used, the State appears so complete a society, with so immanent and *sui-generis* life and right of its own, as surely, to suggest and to require a certain *real* personality of its own. But this you can find more at length in the chapter "The Jesuits" of Figgis's *From Gerson to Grotius*, which I gave you. And it has been a deep tonic to me to find in the Protestant Troeltsch and the more or less Agnostic A. L. Smith, so strong an antipathy to the "persona ficta" conception of the State *with* a penetrating sense of the greatness of the Papacy at its best,—of its representing nobly the Givenness, that central character, of Religion. Figgis fails at this profound point, as does (I now see it) Acton. And it is T. and S. who have made me clip this quite crisply.

Do pray forgive my thus running on. But, as you will guess, there are only a few friends to whom I can do so; besides, it all turns on subjects burned into our minds by this terrible war.

Yours affectionately,

F. v. H.

I have two long letters about the new Pope from one who knows him *very* well. I take B. XV to be a man who will silently drop all "vigilance committees," etc.; and will try to avoid all condemnations. But that he is an administrator, not at all a thinker, and hence will avoid taking the big questions as whole.

To Bishop Edward Talbot

Rome: March 20, 1915.

My dear kind Bishop Talbot,—You wrote me a most winning, and indeed all too handsome, letter about the New Year; and, lo and behold, I answer almost three months later! But the above address—a greatly unexpected one, as far as I myself am concerned,—will, of itself, indicate to you that besides my literary work, and the various anxieties and activities which the War has, in so many ways, been imposing upon us all, other domestic cares have been at work within me and around me. The fact is that the health of our dear eldest, always delicate and at times precarious, has, these last 7, 8 weeks been so anxious-making, that we could no longer leave her excellent husband here unsupported by some of her family. And since my wife is confined to the house at home, with chills threatening bronchitis (the latter, always dangerous with her); and since, too, she has been seeing this our eldest both these last years, for many weeks at a time, whereas I had not

seen her for close upon three years : we decided, our second daughter and I, on Thursday, March 4, to come away from Kensington the next day. And after three nights of boat and train—the former accompanied (at night) by two British Warships—we got here on Monday March 8th. Our invalid is now, at last, bettering seriously ; but an operation of medium size was necessary to remove an abscess ; and, although this has been very successfully performed, it took place only two days ago. So she is of course (though already much relieved) still weak. We expect to be here for some four or five weeks more, so as to be able (D.V.) to enjoy her company when she has fully recovered from these weeks of trial. We so gladly believe she has now a good spell of much better health before her, even though I suppose, she will always remain a person of delicate complexion.

I need hardly tell you, how much—apart from this dear child's needs and the consolation of being near her—I wanted to remain in London (or, at least, in England) till the end of the War,—thus in touch with all the latest news, and with the friends and fellow-sympathisers in this great crisis. Still, even now, this War moves so slowly, and the great outlines of what is happening reach us so really also here, that one suffers less than one would otherwise from such an (involuntary) absence. And then here also we find warm support and sympathy on and for the Allies' side (and this, without any *revanche* feeling or plans), amongst our English and Scotch clergy. The Italian opinion, where it runs more or less parallel with that of the Allies, is more or less all, I think, distinct from this. It is anti-Austrian, not anti-Prussian ; and it aims at territorial acquisitions, not at the abolition of a system and mentality. But, of course, we Western Allies also hold strongly the principle of nationality ; and the territories desired by Italy are certainly Italian in their population.

Naturally, once here, I find my interests in Rome, which nine half-yearly stays had matured up to the spring of 1902, reviving here, in spite of domestic and public anxieties. One change that struck me at once as most consoling, is the number of really fine, dignified new (mostly Parish) Churches that stand about in Rome now—so clean (no spitting) with the large congregations as reverent and recollected as in any Church in England—not a head looking about, not even a child distracted. And catechizings going on, several days a week, in these Churches—young ladies having classes, in one aisle of boys, in another of girls,—and doing the work evidently with real zest and success. The visitation of the poor and the sick has also all been thoroughly waked up. And if you ask here " Who has done all this ? " the answer always is " Pius X. more than anyone," more than probably all the other influences put together. It is all a very good illustration of how thoroughly reformable men are, even in points of an apparently

hopelessly racial, unchangeable kind. But I note, with interest, that these changes have been effected in and through these *new* Churches and Congregations. The old ones, I am told, remain much what they were.

Before coming away from home, I was able to finish up all for publication, in the *Quest* for April, of the first of two Articles on "The German Soul and the Great War." You shall receive a "pull" of this, and I hope you will like it. I had hoped to be given "pulls" of my *C.Q.* paper on "Christianity in Face of War." I must admit that I continue to feel the central contention of *that Paper* to be of great importance; and I shall be very glad and grateful if this War ends by bringing it into massive, vivid, unescapable evidence and to a true and long-lasting solution.—So (but only so, I submit) will our poor European humanity get back a full (and indeed overflowing) result for its terrible sacrifices.—But if all this is well-founded, then we must not talk, or think, of peace, until the psychology of the German people is deeply changed, or rather until their own special temperament and character wakes up to a sense that, somehow, there is something wrong and sterilising about "Real-politik." We must hold on till then, for such "Real-politik" can be fully *demonstrated* to be folly, but only slowly and at great cost for all concerned, since the demonstration has also to be "real," and, in the first instance not as something morally wrong, but as something which does not work, does not pay. And, *of course*, we will throughout remember that the first and greatest sufferers from this Prussian "Realism" are the Germans, is the German nature itself; that this "Realism" is not confined to Germany; and that we must carefully guard against all revenge, retaliation, etc. We can, and must, and will, love all that is great in the German character and contribution to the world's riches; and, because of this, we can and will work against crushing Prussianism, till the Germans themselves wake up to its suicidal nature. The *Daily Telegraph* of Tuesday March 9, p. 7, col. a, b, gave a deeply interesting account of an old American Diplomat as to what happened in 1870, and the Papers of Cerçal. The thing was entirely new to me, and has made me *much* more hopeful as to the change we must look to in the German outlook itself. If you have not already read this amazing story, there or elsewhere, do please do so now.

Before leaving home, I also got well into the Memoir of Archbishop Temple's life, as abridged, etc., from the long *Life* by W. T., the son. I have always had a deep feeling about and for Dr. T.—so strong and sane and simple: *quelqu'un*, and no mistake. And now I was getting fine, bracing instruction from this book. I will finish it, when I get home, as carefully—weighing each word of his letters etc.—as I have begun it. And with the son I have had a little correspondence about the proof, which he sent me, of his *Need for a Catholic Church*

—a piece of work which, of course, pleased me greatly during long tracts of its exposition, yet I felt it strange that W. T. there so little realised, so little stressed, the primary end and function, surely, of every Church deserving of the august name—the awakening souls to, the preparing them for, the holding before them embodiments of, *the other life*, the life beyond the grave. Very certainly, the Church has also to help in the amelioration of *this life* ; but, I submit, always after, and in subordination to, and penetrated by, that metaphysical, ontological, other-worldly sense and life which alone completes and satisfies fully awakened man. And only thus shall we be in a position to be fair to the Church's work in the past ; for the first object and range of this her care and labours will, and ought to be, distinct from and beyond social improvements. Here . . . the Dean of St. Paul's sees refreshingly clearly.

I found, in my " D.T." at breakfast this morning, that your poor leg is better, and that—now a week ago—you have gone for a change to Devonshire. . . . We have been so sorry for your long trouble, but are now so glad it is better. I take it that I can count on being at home by the beginning of May ; may you be as well as ever by then, or (better still) before then.

With kind regards—also from my second Daughter—to your Wife and to Miss Talbot,

I am, my dear Bishop,

Yours very sincerely and cordially,

F. v. Hügel.

To Bishop Edward Talbot

Sept. 6, 1915.

My dear, much-tried Bishop Talbot,—Yesterday I fulfilled a six months term of really unbroken anxiety, sadness and sacrifice, yet, thank God, of light and love, not my own, but His—the time of watching the dearly loved life of our first-born disappearing from this our earthly scene. She went on August the 12th, after having, a week before, received once more (at her own request) Extreme Unction, with a grand lucidity of mind and deliberate fulness of resignation to God's Will—a resignation full of the heroic and supernatural, since, even then, her instinct was one of abundant vitality—indeed she really had still within her, at the time, forces amply sufficient for another 30 or 40 years of a very full existence. We had thus to watch how God, in His mysterious, but most assuredly all-wise and all-loving Providence, Himself undid, or Himself allowed to be undone, the very gifts and bonds and orders He Himself had given and matured. At thirty-eight He took her from a Husband, whose constant joy, pride and support

she was, and from us all, her devoted relations and friends—most of all —next to him—from myself, her father, whose darling help and sympathiser she ever was.

I venture thus to dwell a little upon the cross and the grace of these our late Roman months, because I feel that these quite fresh experiences give me some little right, some scrap of authority, to tell you of the grief and shock with which, only some hours ago, I heard of *your*, not all unlike, bereavement.[1] Somehow—perhaps during our saddest time in Rome or on our journey home—we missed seeing the news in the papers. So please forgive if, with this my poor sympathy, I come somewhat late.

It was last September, when my Wife and I came to you, to your tea on the lawn at the Castle, that we saw—we last saw—this your youngest son, in his khaki uniform, so full of life and confidence. He has gone, I suppose, some twelve years younger than our Gertrud,—your youngest as against our eldest,—gone, I suppose, quite suddenly, as against her long years of heroic self-discipline in and through pain. How impossible it would be to measure the one pathos against the other, or your own sacrifice against our own. I only know that we suffer and that you suffer—you and his Mother especially, whose darling child he particularly was ; that my Wife and I feel most deeply for you and for her, in this trouble (coming so soon, too, after her loss of those two fine brothers) ; and that we pray very earnestly for God's support to be as abundant in your own cases as it has been in ours.

It was only in getting back here, a week ago, that I found, amongst the accumulated papers and books, that fine sermon of yours before the University of Cambridge. I need hardly tell you that, in my careful reading and rumination of it, I have not found a hint or implication even for which I am not deeply grateful : it has throughout that difficult truly catholic balance and richness—a full other-worldliness without a touch of rigorism.

With deep sympathy and respect,
Yours very sincerely,
F. v. Hügel.

It would be very nice if we could meet soon ! I have been learning much.

To Miss Maude Petre

Sept. 14, 1915.

Time flies so, that we have already passed the month's mind of that darling child's [2] going to God. And I owe you, all this time, warm thanks for your short, but pregnant and most kind, letter of condolence.

[1] A son of the Bishop had been killed in the war.
[2] His daughter Gertrud.

But not only was the fortnight, that we remained on in Rome after her going, brimful of things to do, mostly saddening or dreary, yet all things which could not be put off : also this our first fortnight at home, has been one in which it was difficult to write. True, I have written a good many letters, but all have been of sympathy with some of the appallingly large number of people struck, directly or indirectly, by the War, or letters of communication of our own trouble to the few people who, though caring, were not likely to hear of it without such direct telling. Also I have been and am weary,—I suppose, as the reaction from all those months of waiting and watching.

And yet how ungrateful and unreal it would be, to forget, and not permanently to thank God for, the experiences and the lessons of that time—as to the superiority of the spirit over sense and the body : as to the quite fresh and full power of faith in and love of God ; and as to the reality, and (in its central facts and forces) not strangeness, of that full, true life beyond these our earthly sufferings and the grave. I was, too, deeply impressed by, and grateful for, the very marked growth of soul I could not but notice in G. since I had last seen her, nearly three years before. Those deepest gifts and graces, which Father Tyrrell and Abbé Huvelin had so nobly and delicately fostered during her time of strain and relative confusion,—these latter so truly caused by my own too great, my thoughtless leaning upon a woman's mind 23 years my junior,—had now blossomed into a most touching, most generous profusion. The note of true childlikeness was in everything she did, thought and felt, especially also in those great and most various sufferings which (a quite unusual thing in this malady) were felt with increasing keenness up to twelve hours before the end. One of her mental distresses and disappointments was that her weakness prevented her, on most days, even from talking over our mutual friends and past joint experiences, and did not even allow her to listen to the reading of anything but a novel. Yet she did get in some affectionate and grateful remarks, more than once, about Father Tyrrell ; and about yourself also she spoke with cordial interest. We found, in a will she drew up at Helouan,—I believe in November 1908,—a clause : "To Father Tyrrell, £10, for the buying of any books he may want, as a mark of gratitude and respect." And, of course, Francesco and H. and I would promptly have carried this out had Father T. been alive. Indeed, even so, Francesco wanted to send you that money towards the publication of writings of Fr. T.'s up to the date of that will—or the like. But we found that this, as well as a touching little legacy to myself, had to be dropped, because the £100 deposited by her in London for these and other small legacies, had been, later on, withdrawn by her to Rome —doubtless to cover the heavy expenses of her illnesses.

It was most helpful and bracing to follow her acts on August 5th—

just a week before she went. For, at 6 o'clock that afternoon, she asked me whether I thought she was dying—that she was sure all the Drs. and Nurses thought so, but that she herself did not feel like it. I told her, I was sure as to the terrible virulence of the disease ; as to the astonishing vitality and capacity for long resistance of her constitution ; and (above all) as to our only absolute certainties being the mysterious but full wisdom of God's Will, and the privilege and protection of willing *that* alone. A little later she asked to receive Extreme Unction a second time ; permission was given ; and at 9 P.M. she received it, in the presence of the three Nun Nurses and of us three relatives. She herself answered all the responses, and actively helped Mgr. Gallimberti in the exposure and handling of the poor worn limbs—she never was more conscious or more freely-willing in her life.

And thus, in the midst of one's literally irreplaceable loss, there well up springs of water of eternal life ; and we can stand most bracingly abashed before God's goodness working in and through her.

I was much touched, at the time, with your letter telling of dear, fine Ben's[1] going. I wanted to write, also then ; but I had got into a condition of procrastination and of drift as to my correspondence. Gertrud's own sweet little animals, that she rescued and adopted from off the Roman streets, the inseparables Hassan (the fat little terrier dog) and Bettie (the thin tall black cat), have felt G.'s going most touchingly. The dear little things are to remain together—with an old charwoman of G.'s, whom they know and love much. I felt that somehow G.'s long tenderness for these small creatures of God—that that, too, had been pleasing to Him, and would not be forgotten by Him now. And as to your Ben—of course you felt his going much, and very much !

On getting back here, I found your very interesting-looking, and doubtless thoroughly useful, book on the War. I have not yet begun it, but intend to do so, soon, although my own composition work—so all but completely abandoned for six months—now clamours for my close attention. But another book of yours—not your composition but your most kind gift. I have now, in this fortnight immediately following upon my re-immersion in the ancient Roman world, read through, without a break, most attentively and with great profit and enjoyment—all these teeming pages. I can see now, very clearly, why Fr. T., and Brémond, and you, so much admired the book ; but also why I so much disliked the earlier Pater—the writer of the *Renaissance* studies, if these be taken (as I, then a young man, was sure to take them), without supplementation or allowance. I take it that "Marius" himself is very really Pater—not only Pater, in what Marius gains at last, but Pater also in his Marius's succession and causes of conviction. "New

[1] My sheep-dog and a devoted friend of G. T. Died while I was working in a French hospital.—(Note by Miss Petre.)

Cyrenaicism," in Vol. I, and "Second Thoughts," in Vol. II, seem to me the very heart of the book, and of Pater's own interior history. And, if so, then, as a young man, I only knew—I only *could* know—Pater, the New Cyrenaic (to my own instinct, a very unattractive position or *état d'âme*) ; and now I know Pater, of the Second Thoughts, who from, on occasion of, and (I should say) in spite of Cyrenaicism, reaches out (with remarkable vividness of apprehension, and a very fine analysis of this apprehension's causes) to the new, deeper and deepest life of Christianity. And this second position, or, rather, the entire history of the two positions, and of the transition from one to the other—all this is absorbingly interesting. And yet, of course, it does not, by any means, exhaust the attractions of this most many-sided book. The pictures of the various country and town religious rites, of Fronto, Apuleius, Lucian, especially of Marcus Aurelius, his strength and his weakness,—also the sketches of Cornelius and Caecilia—it is all deeply impressive and suggestive. And, as I went along, I have, on most pages, made notes as to the authorities for P.'s pictures and histories—a very pleasant occupation.

I still cannot, indeed, admire his style : I see how much better he writes than I could ever write ; but never does he awaken in me a wish to be able to write like *that*. For it is, to my feeling, altogether too "cooked" and laboured,—it smells of the lamp ; it is, pretty often, dangerously near to preciousness. Nowhere does it stand out as just simply inevitable,—as something which, given the thought, *could not be otherwise*. If it is not unlike the writing of the younger Pliny, of Lucian, of Martial,—this means that it is unlike the really great Greek and Roman Classics,—men, primarily of religion, or of statesmanship, or other action, and who, later on in life, took to writing—never as a profession, but always only as a vehicle for more than form, however exquisite.

Yet how much of real, indeed deep thought Pater reached, and here communicates—I *think*, in a form hardly worthy of the Christian hierarchy of values, although entirely fitting for the earlier, aesthetic stage. I am making copious references to his pages as to the double ideal (the ascetic and the self-developing) in life and indeed in Christianity. The passages are most deep and true, I feel.

Pray, then, accept my warmest thanks for these rich volumes, and forgive the shameless length of this letter. When you are up in town —I assume that you are not abroad, or going thither just now—it will be very pleasant and helpful to me to talk over various observations made now abroad. I saw plenty of Canet, of Duchesne, of Scotti, and of a few others.

Yours affectionately,
F. v. Hügel.

To the Rev. Canon Newsom

Oct. 2, 1915.

It was a great pleasure getting your cordial little note yesterday, and to know you so happy and braced in your military chaplaincy; also that the fine little Wife and charming children are doing so well. Of course, as with all things here below, the situation has its mixed character, and its cost. I loved to think I might be looking you all up, now and then, from now to next summer, in Vincent Square. And I was *delighted* at your promise to give us a *Troeltsch* paper at a L.S.S.R. Meeting; I would so gladly have backed up what you were sure to say so well about him. And, generally, your presence at our meetings will be greatly missed. May this terrible War be over,—quite satisfactorily for us the Allies and all that is deep and great, and necessary for the best of Germany also—sooner than still looks at all likely. And then—amidst so many other good things,—we can look to see you—I hope very well and strong—amongst us again.

I note that you are not really aware of the great, utterly abiding cross and loss that it has pleased God to demand of, and to put upon me. Our dearest eldest daughter—the soul closest to me upon earth in all my intellectual work, plans and trials,—the one, too, that I tried most extensively to help and to make grow—left our poor dim troubled earth on August 12th. She went with a full acceptance and loving devotedness to God's Will, as utterly right and loving, which were all the more supernatural and inspiring for us who watched her so closely, because, as all the Nurses and Doctors declared, there was a vitality within her abundantly sufficient to furnish forth a rich, vigorous existence for another thirty years at least; and because she thus had to leave a husband who, already bereft of both parents, possessed of but one—and a half-witted—sister and of no children, lost his one real human support and utterly devoted companion in her. Next to him, I believe that I myself am the greatest sufferer from this blow; yet her sisters, her brothers-in-law, and her many devoted friends are also deeply feeling the disappearance from their lives of something so immensely alive, warm, and self-oblivious.

Nothing, too, could have been finer than the steady helpfulness, the union of professional competence, human tenderness and supernatural faith and radiance, of those English Nun Nurses, and of their very fine Italian Chaplain. Truly Troeltsch is right,—still, under our very eyes, God, the great Reality, and faith in Him as such, and the Beyond, and real faith in *its* reality are the power and peace of our little human Here and Now. I send you her Mortuary Card, some of which you will like, I think. We planned it out very carefully—the Dante, and the Texts, also the devotion to the Sacred Heart and that Assisi Giotto are most characteristic of her.

A Henri Garceau

Quatrième Dimanche après l'Epiphanie, 1916.

Chéri,—Je t'écris ce petit mot pour te dire trois choses.

1. Je regrette que toi et ton petit frère soyez indisposés. Mais c'est bien que toi tu te portes beaucoup mieux aujourd'hui. Que le petit frère se remette fort vite aussi ; et que mon cher Didi soit demain de nouveau tout en ordre !

2. Je voudrais que ce matin tu lises (si tu es suffisamment remis pour cela) les prières principales, que nous avons fixées, en ton Paroissien —les Prières de l'*Ordo* et du Canon de la Messe. Si cela te fatiguerait trop, dis, au lieu, un *Pater*, un *Ave*, et les Actes de Foi, d'Espérance, de Charité—pensant, en les disant, à Jésus s'offrant à Dieu le Père en la Messe, et t'offrant tout à Lui, pour qu'Il te possède et te guide ! Ainsi nul Dimanche ou Fête d'Obligation ne passera sans que tu ailles à la Messe, au moins en esprit.

3. Si, quand Mercredi arrive, tu peux faire la Leçon avec moi, mais tu ne devrais guère sortir,—ta chère Mère me le laissera savoir ; et alors je viendrais chez toi.

Si je ne reçois aucune nouvelle, je t'attendrais ici, ce jour-là, à 6 hres.

Que Dieu te bénisse, chéri.

H.

To a Friend in his last illness

1916.

I need hardly assure you that your illness—the weakness and pain you are suffering, in their various degrees and kinds of tryingness—that all these things are now very much in my mind and heart. Indeed they remain constantly present before me, even when they have to be in the background of my consciousness.

With our dearest Gertrud we were able, for a considerable time, to hope that God would still give her many a year of life. And you yourself are not yet sixty, or barely that. May God give you yet many a year of life ! But quite distinct from the question of the length of her life, was that of the *quality* of it—of the suffering and limitations mingling with, and imposed upon, pretty well all her activities. All these things were a present, indeed a pressing question.

And, looking back now, I am grateful for nothing so much as for this—that, given the suffering and trials which God then sent or permitted, He also soon gave her a light, far more vivid and continuous than it used to be, and an evergrowing acceptance and active utilisation of it, as to the place, meaning and unique fruitfulness of such suffering,

thus met (as it were) half-way, in the mysterious, but most certain, most real scheme of the deepest life and of God.

When we first got to Rome, she was wonderfully plucky and courageous, "grinning and bearing," a dear stoic. But then gradually she became, in this too, more and more sensitively Christian. The Cross became, not simply a fact, to bear somehow as patiently as we can, but a source and channel of help, of purification, and of humble power,—of a permanent deepening, widening, sweetening of the soul.

It was God's holy Will in *her* case that all this growth should promptly be for the other life. But it would, of course, in no way have been less precious had she been allowed to live on here, thus so greatly deepened and expanded, and rendered so far more helpful than ever before, and that for many a year.

I put all this to yourself, as I do to myself, because I have long felt that it is *the apparent sterility of suffering* which adds the final touch of trial to our pains ; and that this appearance is *most truly* only an appearance. Not, of course, that suffering, simply of itself, is good or operates good ; but that God is more living and real than all suffering and all sin ; and that He can, and will, and does give concomitant opportunities and graces and growths to the sufferer, if and when the latter is humble, watchful and prayerful in such utilisations.

How I wish I could help much, very much, to lessen your pains, but—I admit—above all, towards their transmutation ! You can and will now help us all a hundred times more than when you were in health ; suffering can be the noblest of all actions.

Yours affectionately,

F VON HÜGEL.

To the Same

Feb. 28, 1916.

Only this morning could I get rid of MS. for publication pressed for by Dent. And now the first letter I write, amongst the many that have not been written for three weeks owing to that absorption, shall be to yourself.

I have been hearing from your L—, that strength has been returning to you, but that, with it, the discomforts have increased apparently. I am very glad as to the former point, and truly sorry as to the latter. May the first continue, and the second disappear !

I was so very glad to get your letter, and to see from that—what I was anyhow convinced must be the case—the devotedly straight, simple and humble way in which you are taking your great trial, thus turning your "passion" into an action, and what of itself only sours or revolts into a sweetening and strengthening of the soul.

L— told me of the help you were finding in the Gospels and the *Imitation*. How almost purely literary their effect is upon us, when we are not suffering, or (at least) when we have not suffered—*and much!* But when massive or penetrating pain comes, and if we then even only try, even only wish, to meet straightly and severely those bitter waters; then those books cease to be so much writing—they become alive with Christ our Life, Who, wheresoever He touches at all fully, brings life and love in and through the very Cross.

If you feel you have room for, or wish for, any further tonic reading of a spiritual kind, let me recommend Dom Leclercq O.S.B. (*Les Actes authentiques des Martyrs*, Volume I jusqu'à la Paix de l'Église. Paris. Oudin). I gave the book to my son-in-law, exposed, at 6000 feet above sea-level, to wounds and death from day to day. He writes that it suits *exactly*, and braces him up profoundly. I would so gladly lend or give you a copy, if I had one, but I have not. Besides, you may not feel any want for more of such reading. I suppose the Catholic Lending Library in South Street, W., has got it, or I could get it for you from Paris,—I think in a week from receipt of your wishes.

How wonderful it is, is it not, that literally only Christianity has taught us the true peace and function of suffering. The Stoics tried the hopeless little game of denying its objective reality, or of declaring it a good in itself (which it never is), and the Pessimists attempted to revel in it, as a food to their melancholy, and as something that can no more be transformed than it can be avoided or explained. But Christ came, and He did not really explain it; He did far more, He met it, willed it, transformed it, and He taught us how to do all this, or rather He Himself does it within us, if we do not hinder the all-healing hands.

Pray for us all, even just in passing, please. In suffering, we are very near to God.

Your affectionate old friend,

F. v. Hügel.

To the Same

March 6, 1916.

I have your three letters—all written since I last wrote—all before me; and I want, first of all, to say that you will never, please, take any little delay in answering as the least index of my feelings. I had to toil under much pressure till this last Saturday afternoon—two days ago. And then a chill drove me to bed and to sloppy food till lunch time to-day, Monday.

But unless I am absolutely prevented by ill-health or work that will not brook any break, I will write to you every Monday late afternoon, unless (or until) you do not find any special help in such frequent letters, or for any other reason which you need not ever specify.

First then, *about books*. I have ordered from Paris two copies of Leclercq's *Actes Authentiques*, and as soon as we have them—you, your own copy, and I, mine—we will begin reading those splendid documents, as our spiritual food; that daily quarter of an hour, for now forty years or more, I am sure has been one of the great sustenances and sources of calm for my life. Of course, *such "reading" is hardly reading in the ordinary sense of the word at all.* As well could you call the letting a very slowly dissolving lozenge melt imperceptibly in your mouth, "eating." Such reading is, of course, meant as directly as possible to feed the heart, to fortify the will,—to put these into contact with God—thus, by the book, to get away from the book, to the realities it suggests,—the longer the better. And, above all, perhaps it excludes, by its very object, all criticism, all going off on one's own thoughts as, in any way, antagonistic to the book's thoughts; and this, not by any unreal (and *most dangerous*) forcing of oneself to swallow, or to "like," what does not attract one's simply humble self, but (on the contrary) by a gentle passing by, by an instinctive ignoring of what does not suit one's soul. This passing by *should be without a trace of would-be objective judging*; during such reading, we are out simply and solely to feed our own poor soul, such as it is *hic et nunc*. What repels or confuses us now, may be the very food of angels; it may even still become the light to our own poor souls in this world's dimness. We must exclude none of such possibilities, the "infant crying for the light" has nothing to do with more than just humbly finding, and then using, the little light that *it* requires.

I need not say that I would not restrict you to only one quarter of an hour a day. You might find two such helpful. But I would not exceed the fifteen minutes *at any one time*; you would sink to ordinary reading, if you did.

I have also ordered for you two not directly religious books, which, I think, you would find very pleasant for ordinary reading or being read to:

(1) Eugène Fromentin; *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois: Belgique, Hollande*. It consists of studies—rhapsodies of carefully reined-in admiration, after the finest analysis, by a distinguished painter and master of glorious prose, of the works of men he so nobly recognises as utterly beyond anything he could ever produce. I will send the book because the pictures it discusses will, almost all, be familiar to you, and also because the whole book breaks up into snatches of six to twelve, or hardly more, wonderfully easy pages of writing. You will often, I trust, be fit for one of these snatches.

(2) The other book is a little volume of *Selected English Letters*, from Sir Thomas More (1535) to Charlotte Brontë (1852), with just a few notes at the end. I am just reading them myself; they

are quite excellent for when one is tired, for each letter, or at least a couple of them, constitute a complete whole. You can hardly be so ill as to be unable to finish any one of those wholes at one sitting, or not to read through the entire little volume with the greatest pleasure.

As to your spiritual question, my dear—, as to how you are, not simply, once for all, at the beginning of all this discomfort and pain, to accept and will it ; but (as you most rightly feel, a very different thing) how you are to stand it, to keep on accepting it, day by day, even hour by hour, possibly minute by minute (I mean, as to the proximity of pain to pain, and weakness to weakness) : let me suggest to you the following. I take it that *this is precisely the most irreplaceable function and grace of suffering*, when it is at all at its fullest, that we cannot, do what we will, cut a decent figure in our own eyes ; that it rises, *emphatically*, beyond a stoic exercise. All we can then do (and how dear and darling this poor little "all" is then to God !) is gently to drop, gently to try to drop, all foresight whatsoever ; to treat the question how we are going to stand this for a month, or a week, or a day, or even an hour, as a little presumption on our part. We cannot really, of ourselves, "stand" it properly, for half an hour ; and God will and does give us His grace to stand it, for as long as ever He chooses, provided we will, according to the intensity of the trial, contract our outlook, to the day, or the hour, or even the minute. God, the essentially timeless, will thus and then help His poor timeful creature to contract time to a point of most fruitful faith and love.

Your affectionate,
F. v. Hügel.

To the Same

March 27, 1916.

Of course, I keep your case, and its necessities and possible helps, well in my mind and in my prayers. And since you continue to press me, so gently yet so firmly, to propose to you *whatsoever* I may believe will or might help you to deepen your spiritual life and fully to utilise the suffering that God Himself is now sending you, I will suggest the two following closer practices and self-examinations. I need not say, that they are both intended simply as rough material, or approximate suggestions for your own experimenting and hewing into shape. I do not even want to hear your impressions upon them,—it all aims solely at the depths of your heart and conscience, to help the fullest awakening and purification that God may call you to. Certain it is, that only such a growing, deepening (even if interiorly painful at first) can and will anchor your soul in a peace which not all the possible hurricanes of

pain or oppressions of physical weakness can break you away from, really, at all.

I would then, first, get my imagination and reason into the habit, not simply of looking at, and looking for, sin as an offence against God, but of realising and picturing it as *always* (except with hardened grave sinners) *chiefly a shirking of some effort, or loneliness or pain, etc., attached to a light or commandment as it offered itself to us, or a seeking of some pleasure, relaxation, vanity, etc., attached to the contrary course.* Now the cure,—the only cure,—for such shirking of right pain, and for such seeking of wrong pleasure, is precisely the recovering (more and more deliberately) of that mean shirking and mean seeking. Pain—*most* real pain, which comes ready to our hand for turning into *right* pain—gets offered us by God. Try more and more *at the moment itself*, without any delay or evasion, without any fixed form, as simply, as spontaneously as possible, to cry out to God, to Christ our Lord, in any way that comes most handy, and the more variously the better. "Oh! Oh! this is real: oh! deign to accept it, as a little real atonement for real sin!" "Oh, help me to move on, from finding pain so real, to discovering sin to be far more real." "Oh, may this pang deepen me, may it help to make me real, real—really humble, really loving, really ready to live or die with my soul in Thy hands." . . . And so on, and so on. You could end by such ejaculations costing your *brain* practically nothing. The all-important point is, to make them *at the time* and *with the pain well mixed up into the prayer.*

The *second* thoroughly concrete matter I would quietly watch in myself is, whether I had not been hard and absolute, "so far and no further," "I have done with so and so," "I have washed my hands of him," etc. I have had to fight this in myself for many years; and since God in His goodness has (through suffering, saintly advice, etc.) wakened me up to a tiny bit more of His love, I have come to find that I cannot be too watchful about this. Gertrud also (that great soul would be thirty-nine to-day, were she still within our poor little clock time!) as, in her last years, she shot up, well ahead of her old Father, in childlike love of God, found herself called to this same carefulness; and perhaps the last service she was allowed to attempt to render to an educated friend, was the trying to get a young Catholic layman to see the harm he was doing to his own soul as well as to the soul of a priest, thus *absolutely* condemned by him:—of course, this does not mean any indiscriminate acceptance of anyone, least of all to the possible or real weakness or fantastic notions of priests or of others who may have wandered far afield from sobriety, or from what we cannot help feeling to be so. Only the absoluteness, the hardness, the dryness etc., finality in such states of soul is here meant; and such characteristics will, where not offences against the soul's own light, be presumably indications of its still largely

dormant condition. Also, if any of the persons thus felt about by such a soul have happened first to have treated the soul unkindly or woundingly : oh, *there* is a fine opportunity for the discrimination between the impulses of our poor untrained naturalness and the inspiration of God's supernatural Spirit. I would then do my poor best to oust from my heart all such hardness ; astonishing sweetness and elasticity of growth in the midst of the bitterest anguish would be the infallible result. Thus you would end by finding no one except only self. Pray for me too, I beg you.

Your very affectionate
Friend H.

To Edwyn Bevan

March 23, 1916.

My dear Bevan,—Your valuable criticisms have all been carefully attended to—the proofs went back yesterday, much improved, I believe. Especially was I glad to modify that bit about Puritanism and Industrialism. The point I *meant* I learned entirely from Troeltsch, and I believe it very true and really important. But I had put it in a misleading way—very unintentionally, I know. My dear old (maternal) Grandfather, to whom I owe so very much, was himself one of twelve children of a Highland Presbyterian Minister ; and to this hour, except my brother and children, practically all my living blood-relations are, in so far as religious at all, distinctly Puritan still.—I have also inserted a bit discriminating between Bismarck's *means* as immoral, because unscrupulous, and his *ends* as moral because deliberately limited.—You do not, I think, know (1) that Troeltsch was promoted (last December) from Heidelberg to Berlin (succeeding Otto Pfleiderer there) ; and (2) that his wife is of pure " Junker " blood.

Yours gratefully,
F. v. Hügel.

To Professor E. A. Sonnenschein

April 18, 1916.

My dear Professor,—Now, at last, I come to what I have so long wanted to achieve—to answer your important questions, those written by you on even larger paper than this on which I am now replying. Your *questionnaire* is, alas, dated Jan. 3, 1916. And yet I cannot find myself intentionally remiss. Since then, indeed beginning shortly before then, I have had two bouts of nervous exhaustion ; and the last four weeks, or a little more, have been filled with work promised and that would brook no delay—the completing and passing through the

press of my little *German Soul* book, to be published by Dent now, one of these days.

But first, I have copied out for you some of the advice and directions given me by Abbé Huvelin in 1886. I do this in so far with reluctance, as I am keenly aware how much less living and probing these, to me winged words and fiery darts, will come to anyone not in precisely the sore need I was in, at the time when all this, and much more, was said to me, by one whose spiritual greatness and piercing vision were already palpable facts for my experience. Still, they may help you, if (as I expect) you are continuing *more and other than literary* in your hunger and your search. Should you find the sayings of a kind for frequent rumination, pray keep the MS.; if they only interest you up to, say, a double reading, pray return the thing, at your leisure. . .

Now for your questions.

Troeltsch: "der in der Liebe zu Gott zu gewinnende Werth der Seele" (p. 630 *seq.*) This is one of the many passages where I believe T. to be full of two convictions: the highly rudimentary, sleepy, unarticulated, sense-involved condition of man's, of any individual man's "soul," spirit, in his life's beginnings—even if this soul then be measured simply by this same soul's spirit's awakeness, elaboration etc. at the level of Natural Ethics and Natural Religion only; and, secondly (and more characteristically), the rudimentary etc. condition of this same soul, when it has actually reached this Natural Ethics level, if compared with itself, if and when it attains to the Supernatural Ethics and Religion. Since, from first to last, in this ascension, it is the same soul (solicited by the same God) that is extant, operative and growing, T. can truly talk of the soul thus gaining *just simply its own worth.* Yet this worth has *really to be gained*—from quasi-animalism to Natural human Ethics, and from Natural human Ethics to the Supernatural Ethical and Spiritual Life. And since T. is thinking quite especially of this latter great step and stage, and since this step and stage is particularly attained through the soul's love of God,—of God as central, first, and all-determining—the soul's love of Him being a response of His love for it,—both loves something different in degree, and indeed (in a true sense) in kind, from the natural loves of the Natural level—loves so inferential, derivative, at the horizon, hypothetical—a sort of Kantian affair: therefore does T. speak of "der *in der Liebe zu Gott* zu gewinnende Werth der Seele."

I think there is, as so often with T., quite a number of undeveloped convictions of his lying packed up at this point. Thus the doubt you express comes perhaps from a third implication of his thought here. Elsewhere he has developed clearly how, to his mind, God is mysteriously lavish, apparently reckless, as to the individual and careful of the type, not only with plants and insects, but even, at the top of the scale of living creatures known to us, with man also That is: the question

as to what a plant-seed or a fly-grub is intended, as a race, to come to, is quite distinct from the question as to what any individual plant-seed or fly-grub will actually come to, or indeed (under its individual circumstances) *can* come to. Each individual plant-seed and fly-grub is ideally intended, is constituted, for the full leaf, flower, fruit, seed, for the complete body, wings, etc., of the finished creatures. As a matter of fact, I suppose only some fifteen per cent. of the individual seeds and grubs attain to that maturity.

Doubtless the case of man is not on all fours with the cases just considered. Yet I cannot doubt that T. is right, here also, in keeping the two questions distinct. Nor, especially if we do accept the scheme of a substantially good Nature, with its own kind and degree of Ethics and even of Religion, good of their sort, and certainly not, as such, called to punishment from God either here or hereafter—is there anything to revolt our sense of justice (if it has been tutored and cured of a silly doctrinaire equalitarianism) in such quantitatively and qualitatively different concrete calls, or different actuations of the one full ideal vocation, of human souls on the part of God.

In writing the above I have had no intention simply to identify the stages indicated, with particular historical growths or groups. I certainly believe that there is *some* connection, but no simple identity. "Ideal" Ward, the most ultra-montane of Roman Catholics, used to teach, me and his disciples and students generally, and this as sound, accepted Roman Catholic doctrine, that any act of heroic service of one's neighbour or of devotion to duty, carried out by the soul not as a fancy, changeable to-morrow, but as something greater than itself, and as something that it would fall away from the deepest nature of things if it did not do the thing: that such an act is essentially supernatural, and does not, of itself, require any explicit recognition or clear consciousness of God at all, let alone Christ, or Moses, or Mohammed. Yet I believe it to be a sheer matter of fact that such "anonymously" supernatural acts, are, *in the long run and upon the whole*, dependent for their persistence amongst men, upon the great Revealers and Incarnations of the prevenient love of the Other-than-ourselves, the Other-than-all-mere humanity—of God, the utterly Concrete, *the* Reality. And amongst these Revealers and Incarnations, Jesus Christ holds the supreme, indeed a unique, place.

I have had a plentiful experience of the (quite unconscious) childish ingratitude of the "simple," "detached," "non-Church" religionists, as illustrated by the Quakers—I have had friends amongst "The Friends" ever since I was 15. They will preach to you "The Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world," as a direct, absolutely new, experience and a super- an extra-church-or-philosophy experience of every soul. Yet we know it has taken Heraclitus of

Ephesus, and Plato, and the Stoic succession, and the Jewish Church and the Jewish Scriptures up to the Greek (Alexandrine) form of both, and Philo (the Jew) and his endeavour there to bridge over the difference between Platonic and Stoic Philosophy on the one hand and the Jewish Creation and Messiah doctrines on the other hand, and the historic figure (and immense historic impression produced by the figure) of Jesus of Nazareth in the little rough Galilee, and the early (but already very full) Church developments under St. Paul and at Ephesus, and finally the deeply Christian, Sacramental, Ecclesiastical formulation of the doctrine by the Fourth Gospel :—it has required all this to reach that "simple" concept and formulation. It is childish ingratitude to ignore, or to make little of, this long growth of mediations of all kinds. If souls in good faith, if Quakers, are possible in the real world of humanity with but little *conscious* history and with little or no acceptance of institutions, sacraments, dogmas, this is only possible *because this real world has not always been, has at no time predominantly been, a Quaker world.* It is easy to abstract from, to form a quintessence from, that rich (also historico-institutional) world and reality, given the persistent, operative existence and influence, practically everywhere, of the said world ; but it would not simply be difficult, it would be strictly impossible, thus to abstract and to distill without those precious but despised concretions.

A Henri Garceau

Fête du Sacré Cœur, juin 30, 1916.

Mon très cher Henri,—Je ne veux point laisser passer cette journée, si belle et si importante en ta jeune vie, sans t'écrire une petite lettre, toute pleine d'affection pour toi, et d'intérêt profond par rapport à ce que tu as fait, et à ce que tu as gagné, aujourd'hui.

Je suis si content que tu as fait et gagné ta Première Confession le jour de la Fête du Sacré Cœur. Car ainsi, même la Pénitence—le côté le plus austère de la Religion—t'apparaîtra,—je l'espère pendant toute ta vie,—comme étroitement lié à l'amour, à l'expansion, à la paix, à la joie, et de toi, et de notre Seigneur et Dieu.

Car c'est bien par amour, que tu regretteras, de plus en plus, tes péchés, manquements, fautes, et que tu veilleras sur toi-même. Et c'est pour l'amour,—afin de le gagner de plus en plus, que surtout tu iras à confesse. Et, du côté de Notre Seigneur et de Dieu,—de Lui, Dieu—c'est bien *par* Amour, qu'Il te touche le cœur et la volonté en la Confession ; et *pour* l'Amour qu'Il te touche ainsi, afin, qu'en L'aimant de plus en plus, tu sois de plus en plus heureux.

J'aime tant, depuis 50 ans, ces grandes paroles de Notre Seigneur : "Venez à moi, vous tous qui êtes fatigués et qui êtes chargés, et je

vous soulagerai. Prenez mon joug sur vous, et recevez mes leçons, parce que je suis doux et humble de cœur, et vous trouverez le repos de vos âmes ; car mon joug est doux et mon fardeau léger" (St. Matt. xi. 28–30).

Vois-tu ? Notre Seigneur dit cela aux Juifs—aussi aux *jeunes*—opprimés par le joug irritant et le fardeau écrasant des règles innombrables des Rabbins et Pharisiens. Et Il reste tout franc : aussi les Chrétiens auront à porter un joug—mais il sera doux ; et un fardeau—mais il sera léger.

Et bien, très cher Enfant : le cœur si doux et si humble de Jésus t'aidera, toute ta vie, à porter son joug et son fardeau, et à les trouver doux et légers.

Ton Ami,
F. VON HÜGEL.

To Professor Clement Webb

Oct. 13, 1916.

I have carefully gone through all your proposed corrections of my "Progress in Religion" article, and have gratefully adopted them all. I only wish I had been given *slip*-proof ; I would, then, have made considerable changes and some addition to that page in my 3rd Division which, I find, you most rightly feel to be obscure and ambiguous. But, even so, I have, by altering some of the words, now rendered the page considerably more clear, and, I think, self-consistent.

Your general remarks as to the crux, for your own mind, of any progress in religion existing at all, have also greatly interested me. But, after considering your reflections for these last two days, I continue to find it, after all, *not* mysterious, that there should be real progress in religion—this, of course, on the assumption, common to us both, of the objective reality and persistent self-identity of the source of this same religion. I do not find this mysterious, since now again I am having a quite young mind—a boy of twelve—to instruct in religion ; and, do what I may, to impart to him—not, of course, the whole of what I see as the truth of religion, but even a selection from this whole—a selection kept strictly in conformity with what I am convinced is the truth of these fragments—I cannot and do not succeed in any such attempt. For I am driven either to look on, largely helplessly, whilst the little Henri misconceives my adult apprehensions and communication, if I give them to him just as I have them myself, or I have, not merely to select, but I have also to clothe the selection in childish imagery, illustration, limits and deflections of various kinds—and then he understands what I say, but what I say is only roughly connected with what I know to be the more accurate conception. I cannot feel

that, in this, there is any *necessary* influence of the Fall, but, at least in substance, just simply a general law of growth of the mind, as general and unvicious as is the growth of my little fellow's body from babyhood through boyhood, to manhood. But, if all this is anywhere true, the same will, surely, apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to mankind at large, and to God's self-revelation to this human kind. I had intended, in my Paper, clearly to bring out that the "Accessions" were, in very deed, of great difference of value, but that we could only humbly wait for and upon them—those gifts of knowledge, coming at mostly great distances of time; whereas the detailed analysis and theorising of these Accessions —the Science of Religion—were capable of practically unbroken development by man, without more than man's ordinary grace and light.

Somewhat as if the Plutonic rocks, actively ejected at considerable distances of time each from each, were to consist, in the series of them all, of very variously precious material,—this preciousness being greater and greatest in the later rocks of this kind. And as if the Sedimentary rocks were continually being deposited, but primarily not from the resolution of previous sedimentary formations, but from the material furnished by the Plutonic rocks—and this deposition would, upon the whole, be finer and finer as the process advanced. There would be progress here in both cases, but the first would be intermittent, "jerky," sudden, incalculable, and yet by far the more important, indeed the fundamentally necessary of the two; and the second would indeed be persistent, even, gradual, largely foretellable, yet quite incapable of superseding the other order, on which it would depend for its fundamental material.— I meant the distinction between "Knowledge" and "Science" in I. to help me in III.; with the wording, altered under your most helpful criticism, I now think these two passages strengthen each other.

Miss Maude Petre's judgment of your excellent little *Group Theories* book is as follows. "I have read C. J. C. Webb through with the greatest interest—especially the early chapters—and have copied out two fine pages—187, 188, on the relations of religion to art and morality—a problem often in my mind. I wish he had had the courage not to make that allusion to national differences in his foreword —for surely these questions separate or unite us far more deeply than those of international policy, and I don't like anti-germanism, *qua se*, allowed any place in religious and philosophical questions. But that is a beside the mark criticism."

I shall much like to give you my own impressions also, when I have finished the pregnant little work.

With renewed grateful thanks,

Yours very sincerely,

F. v. Hügel.

To Claude Montefiore

Oct. 28, 1916.

. . . *A. E. Taylor's Paper.*—Yes, I do agree in a general way, and in a milder degree, with your strictures. Taylor tends mostly, I think, to pour out his preliminary thought, his rough materials for thought, before they have had time to *set*, to grow articulated in his mind. . . .

Taylor's first book, *The Problem of Conduct*, was, however, a *most* able affair ; and now in the Collection of Essays, *The Faith and the War*, his Paper on Immortality contains precisely the point (about the future extinction of the human race upon this earth) which you missed in the Address, and indeed is also, as to its form, greatly superior to what we heard from the same man. As to your feeling that the thing was a muddle of exegesis, philosophy, theology, where philosophy usurped the place of exegesis, and theology was argued about, as though it were philosophy : I agree that there was a great lack of careful discrimination between, and of sense as to the order in which, and as to the range of, these three several disciplines. But though I entirely concur as to philosophy having nothing to do with deciding what it was that Jesus, in simple fact thought or felt about these matters, I do not think that we can, or ought to, prevent philosophy from studying, comparing, appraising, drawing out as fully as possible the implications, affinities, driving forces, etc., of the teaching or feeling, once these have been clearly elicited by exegesis. Loisy is profoundly right as to philosophy, where it would lay down the law to, or supplant exegesis ; he is, I am confident, quite wrong where (as is usual with him) he treats any and every attempt at a philosophical penetration of the results of the exegesis, as "métaphysique" (for him, now, alas, all-ambitious nonsense). And as to the relations between philosophy and theology or religion, faith (the two latter terms are not, of course, co-extensive), I again feel we can as truly err by allowing no relationship, as by finding the connections closer than they really are. I well know that there exists no directly transferable, no "invincibly" demonstrative argument or formula for any of the realities, which are the objects of faith. But it does not follow from this—C. G. M. when in his most circumspect moment does not contend that there follows—a sheer absence of many convergent implications, necessities, norms, ideals operative in all earnest thought and devoted action as we can observe and analyse them in actual life, and within our own minds and souls. It is not nothing that we can really show that all such thought and action assume realities of a distinctly religious kind ; and that we can further demonstrate how all scepticism, in proportion to its thoroughness, has to assume, and does assume, certainties and sacred obligations as to "reality" and "truth" essentially contradictory to its fundamental positions and passions. Thus,

here again, I would carefully guard against theology or even religion dictating to philosophy ; but why on earth philosophy cannot, and ought not to, study, analyse and articulate the facts and evidences of the religious sense—if such exist and are offered for its study—I do not see.

The Place of Judaism. I have read these 29 pages, all of them, with the greatest care, and, many of them, three and four times. I like them, upon the whole, almost as well as the noble and touching *Liberal Judaism* book, and a good deal better than its substitute.—Let me first underline what I specially admire here—much the most of the whole. And let me then indicate the three or four places where I hope you may eventually put things somewhat differently : in each of these places the modification I wish for, is evidently well within the Jewish conviction and *Welt-bild.* . . .

As to " the most important differences at the present time, so far as Liberal Judaism is concerned," pp. 18–20, I will only mark with warm appreciation what you say of your own personal estimate of the greatness and originality of our Founder, and of agreement with the finely wide and wise view of Maimonides as to Christianity (p. 19) ; and with a little surprised query your finding difference in the Jewish and Christian views of sin, repentance and forgiveness. I suppose you must be right ; but I have never, hitherto, felt that there existed such a difference. The pages as to the supposed, or now obsolete or obsolescent differences (20–26) I find specially full of interest. . . .

As to *my dissatisfactions*, they are chiefly two. Both, I think, are somehow deeply rooted in certain habits of your mind, and yet neither, I think, is in any way Jewish—indeed I feel strongly that their disappearance from your works would quite markedly enhance their homogeneously religious and theistic force and fruitfulness. (1) I am, off and on, perplexed by passages in your writings which are so anxious to be fair and hospitable to all men, and which so emphasise the difficulties and the venture of Faith, that, taken as complete, they, in strict reasoning, knock the bottom out of the foundations—the preliminaries and assumptions—without which both your own and my own, and every religious soul's, costly convictions and endeavours are just so many fanatical hair-splittings and quite unnecessary additions to man's already long list of burthens and of differences and squabbles.

You have the point, which I mean, right, where in answer to the objection that " noble lives flow both from the Jewish and from the Christian conception of God," and hence that there is no reason in keeping up the differences, as of moment. Here—where the differences are comparatively slight—you answer, most truly (as a principle), that " In the long run the purest truth will go along with and produce the noblest deeds. God, the One, will not suffer a permanent divorce between Righteousness and Truth " (p. 27, bottom). Excellent !

But on p. 8, after middle, where the admittedly far greater difference between Judaism and pantheism, atheism, agnosticism is in question, you write as though not only "noble lives may be and are lived" by professors of these latter isms; but as though neither the dispositions leading to, nor the dispositions educed by, such positions had any necessary existence, as far at least as these could, or should give rise, to any reserve, any anxiety in a believer. In such passages C. G. M. seems to lose all the sense of proportion, all the instinct that, upon the whole and in the long run, there *is* a connection between Truth and Goodness and Faith and God which (surely, as a matter of course) he so warmly emphasises at other times. Let the first kind of passages gain in reserve and gentle wistfulness, and I shall be quite satisfied, instead of being at times deprived of my religious atmosphere, or rather of a truly unified outlook.

(2) I cordially accept the insistence in such a pleading with Jewish Democrats, and there is much there which I like. Only that I do believe that Judaism owes much also to its Temple and Priests; and that I have, quite recently, more clearly than ever before, waked up to the far-reachingness of the ingratitude and the humbug there is in the *Christian* "Laien-Religion." I mean that, if such religion is still an at all full and forcible religion, it owes a very great part of its worth to priestly teaching, priestly example, etc.—Fact this, and no mistake.

But from p. 16, top, "If the Jewish religion needs," right to the end, p. 31, it is all purely delicious, entirely food and fuel, to my soul. Especially the most sane and needed words as to Socialism—how, if it were shown to be the best form of government, there would be no reason why religion should oppose it. . . .

A Henri Garceau

Veille de la Toussaints, 1916.

Mon très cher Henri,—J'ai beaucoup pensé à les *Saintes Communions*, et à ce que mon expérience de près de 50 ans m'a appris être les meilleurs moyens pour rendre ces actes, les plus saints de notre vie, aussi pleins de fruits que possible, et pour nous-mêmes et pour ceux que nous aimons.

Je voudrais donc que tu fasses toujours *deux choses, très faciles mais importantes.*

1. *Les soirs d'avant les matins de Communion.*

Tu liras, en ton Paroissien (lentement et en t'arrêtant pour dire à Notre Seigneur que tu L'aimes, que tu désires Le recevoir, que tu Lui demandes de t'aider contre tes fautes, de te donner, demain matin, telle et telle grâce pour toi ou pour telle autre personne). Tu liras ainsi une partie du *Propre de la Fête Dieu.* Une fois, ce seront *l'Introit,*

la *Collecte*, les *Secrètes*. Une autre fois, ce sera *l'Épître*. Une troisième fois, ce sera *l'Évangile*. Une quatrième fois ce seront *l'Offertoire*, la *Communion*, les *Post Communions*. Tu comprends? Pour chaque Sainte Communion, tu auras ainsi *quelqu'intention précise et pour toi, et pour d'autres* ; et cette intention tu la fixeras *le soir d'avant*, en lisant et priant ces prières. Je fais comme cela moi-même.

2. *Les Matins de Sainte Communion, à l'Église.*

Tu feras ton action de grâces de 15 *minutes de longueur*. Les jours que tu seras avec moi en notre banc, je te taperai sur l'épaule quand ce temps est passé. Tu pourras alors sortir de l'Église. C'est comme cela que j'ai fait,—oh, combien d'années !

Je voudrais que tu finisses toujours ces 15 minutes, en priant, à genoux, la belle *prière pour au devant d'un Crucifix*—donc au devant du Crucifix du Maître Autel (Tu le vois suffisamment de notre banc). C'est là une prière qu'aime tant ta très chère Mère. Et je la prie ainsi depuis 48 années.—Tâches, en disant les 5 *Pater* et 5 *Ave* qui suivent cette prière, de penser aux belles 5 intentions selon que tu pries pour chacune.

Oh, que la Fête de demain est belle, est pleine de joie, de noblesse, de courage, d'esprit de soldat de Jésus !

Ton Ami dévoué,
F. DE HUEGEL.

Je t'envoie la Prière devant le Crucifix, pour que tu la mettes en ton Paroissien.

To Bishop Edward Talbot

Dec. 18, 1916.

Here at last I come, my dear, ever kind Bishop, to thank you for so thoughtfully sending me William Temple's *Address to the Educational Science Section* of this year's meeting of the British Association. I have been thus long about writing, because I have had all my powers taken up with the incubation of various difficult subjects, on which I had to write and to speak. And more and more I find that this requires a large leisure of the soul, and the reading, at such times, to be either directly connected with these subjects, or to be simply for relaxation away from them.

But now, within this last hour I have been free enough to read carefully every word of that Address. It is *admirable*—I mean, not so much in its various technical proposals, as to which I cannot, often, check him ; but in the broad lines, the dominating spirit of the entire effort. I need hardly say how entirely I am with him in all this—especially in his denunciation of the utilitarian spirit and ideal—which

will raise its head, more strongly than ever, I *think*, in many quarters after the War; in his insistence upon Truth and Beauty, as well as Goodness, as the great Trinity of all deep, fruitful educational ends; and, above all, in his truly grand insistence upon the need of God,—the belief and proclamation of God,—the spirit of religion—to run, not simply alongside of, but through and through all the subjects.

I met him—Temple—at Dean Inge's "Religious Thought Society" last Tuesday, when I had to speak on the subject chosen for me, "What do we mean by Heaven, and what do we mean by Hell?" (I have just offered the MS. to the *Church Quarterly Review*, and I hope Headlam will be willing to let it appear there in the April number). Temple, to my surprise, introduced me to his *Wife*: I had somehow missed the fact of his marriage. I expect to go to tea with them in a few days, and I shall then be able to show him what I have specially liked in this Address of his.

I venture to send you one of the twenty-five pulls, I have just received, of my Address at Woodbrooke, last August, on *Progress in Religion*. They were very generous to me as to the length of the thing. But, even so, I had to leave out important points. Well, may the thing be of some little use, in spite of its faults.

A very happy Christmas to yourself, my dear Bishop, to Mrs. Talbot, to the daughters, and assuredly not least to the two fine Chaplain sons.

Yours very cordially,

F. v. Hügel.

To the Rev. Canon Newsom

Dec. 19, 1916.

I am most grateful to you for telling me so promptly of the great change in your appointments and official charges. I put it like that, because I have, of course (with doubtless everyone who knows you at all well), noticed for some time—more or less ever since the War, and certainly since your camp work—the, not really new, but the unusually overpowering, orientation of your mind, feeling, will. Indeed, I even felt it (and the *it* in itself is assuredly most genuine, divinely intended, lovable and full of promise) to be, probably till its definite satisfaction, accompanied by some little impatience with, or a little blindness to, the as truly necessary, useful, irreplaceable other forms and degrees of the devoted service of God and man. And *that* is a further, though a secondary, reason why, in the midst of my largely selfish regret, I am really glad, and very glad, that this call has come to you and that you have accepted it. For thus you will find your truest place and most precise level, and, after some time in possession of these things, you will realise how preciously fitting they are for you—and how they are

one of the energisings of God's grace and call—one among many, each requiring all the others.

Very like with Semeria, a good bit like with Tyrrell, you are evidently a born, or a quite early called, pastoral helper of souls. The two above could become great helpers of this sort, and grandly save many souls in this way, and their own selves in and through this work ; or, without it, they would shrink and pine. So I do believe, very largely with yourself.

I have to admit, no doubt, that your King's College Hostel work had grown dear to me for you. It struck me as probably sufficiently pastoral to satiate even your own large appetite of that sort. Still, the institution is, of course, directly academic ; and the souls you were helping there were to be pastors themselves, not simple people.—So, although I have to confess to a pang when I think that not only our L.S.S.R.—still very dear to me—but also, and much more, the Hostel work is to miss you, as far as we can foresee for good and all—I nevertheless can and do rejoice with you, convinced as I am that you will do much good and get much good—and that each good will aid the other.

I want, in memory of our friendship and in token of my warm appreciation of God's gift to you of this pastoral zeal, to find a copy for you of "Ideal" Ward's *Lectures on Nature and Grace*, because they are full of how to win and raise souls through their natural bent and categories—Honour, Fairplay, Courage, etc. A fine book.

How pleasant to see you, the plucky Wife, the dear Children, now so soon. Mind to let me come and see you all together.

Yours in devoted friendship,

F v. Hügel.

To Mrs Clement Webb

May 24, 1917.

My dear Mrs. Webb,—It is not easy to decide which of you two kind hosts should be written to, in thanks for all the trouble you both of you so persistently took to serve and help me in every way, during these last days. But when I spend a night with any friends, I generally write my thanks for the couple to the Wife, for it is she who then has the greater, or at least the less interesting, part of the attentions in her hands. And so I come, also in the case of Holywell Ford, to thank you both, most warmly, by a little letter to yourself. I am well aware that I give fully double the trouble required by younger or more robust visitors ; and also that, in these times, we all have so much else, such much more pressing things, to do. I was so very glad to see you both thus again, in that home of yours which, at this season, is ideally beautiful ; and to find you both so well and active. It was very pleasant, also, to be

able to finish my very attentive and appreciative reading of your "Pearl" under your own roof. I forgot to tell you that a Church of England bookshop close by here has sold the little book largely. I want it to get to another, and many more editions, and that Longmans may allow you to make any improvements that fully commend themselves to you. The little book has, a good four-fifths of it or more, greatly refreshed and much delighted me. And now I can look forward to your man's Gifford Lectures—to their helping us all greatly on fundamental problems. May they turn out as good as the best that we already possess from him ; and may their form and spirit be as noble as are those of J. A. Smith's writings, but their positions distinctly not what J. A. Smith's appear to me more and more to be coming to. Certainly his two Papers in *History and Progress*, for the most part, greatly dissatisfied and distressed me, as I read them with the closest care and every, persistent, good wish for the noble character from which they sprang.—Will you please tell your Husband, with my warm thanks for all his most pleasant attentions and true help at the little Balliol meeting, that I shall be obliged if he will send me his review of A. S. Pringle-Pattison's *Idea of God.*

The Master of Balliol was most cordial : what a homely, humorous, human creature that is ! And I saw her too : handsome and shrewd. Dr. Bridges turned up there, too. And Canon Streeter came to Plater's Hall and spoke much about various points. How fond he is of the Christian Student Movement.

Very gratefully and sincerely yours,

F. v. Hügel.

To Bishop Edward Talbot

Sept. 18, 1917.

. . . You have been kindness itself to us, my very dear and much honoured Friend, these three days under your roof ; and we are deeply, abidingly grateful !

It will be very good if, at Christmas time, you can come to Vicarage Gate alone ; better still, if you can come with your fine Edward ; and, best of all, if you can bring both sons—Neville being a figure that is very much in my mind and heart—that soldier-cleric, so virile, deep and true.

I shall not forget Aliotta's book for you, when I get home ; and I intend also to find for you that noble section in Varisco which treats of the essential temporality, successiveness and "begunness" of all that is not God—God, the essentially, not simply unbeginning and unending but Unsuccessive, Eternal. Creation was not effected in Time—there was no Time anywhere before any Creation, since Time

exists only as a quality intrinsic to, but present only in, created things. Augustine already has all this in Books XI, XII, of the *Confessions*.

With affection, sympathy and deep respect,

Yours ever,

F. v. HÜGEL.

To Bishop Edward Talbot

Nov. 6, 1917.

My dear Bishop,—A little letter, please, about two points connected with our meeting, next Monday to Friday, at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. Neither point requires an answer till we meet—indeed the first would not, alone, make me write now. It is the second point which I feel I had certainly better put before you already, so that, on my arrival at the Hall, you can have a word, written or spoken, for me as to what you consider wise and right for me to do.

1. I have accepted for the whole time, because I think you will kindly let me come to *parts* of the discussions throughout—that you or Dr. Cairns will charitably let me know, a little beforehand, as to what topics will come up, and when, and will allow me little 10–15 minutes remarks some 3 or 4 times—perhaps two such each full day— if and when I have something definite to say. I am, of course, carefully considering Dr. Cairns' draft report, and look forward to the general impressions of each of us, and then to our detailed acceptances or demands.

2. I have carefully noted how frequent, and how fairly prolonged is going to be joint prayer at the meeting. I am, of course, *most* glad and grateful that this is so. But it has occurred to me that you might be willing—that you might possibly even like—that I should say some words—give some explanation of, or interpretation to, my abstention, not from praying for our work, nor from praying at those special times for it, but from joining in the same room with all of you. I may not do that. But I think I could say some words which would combine loyalty to Rome with other things which you would all fully like and endorse. I would not propose this were I to come only, say, for half a day, and were my absences from the prayers only one or two. But the abstention, thus, some eight or ten times seems to furnish a natural occasion for saying things which might actually help on understanding—which, in any case, would not, I think, change anything, or any disposition of our souls and minds, for the worse.—It is plain, I think, that if you *do* like me to speak on the point, the speaking ought to be, either immediately before, or immediately after, the first praying. But, of course, on this detail also, I am entirely in your hands.

Yours, my dear Bishop,

with most sincere affection and respect,

F. v. HÜGEL.

To Miss Maude Petre

Jan. 10, 1918.

This season of the year—the last three weeks—have brought me, as doubtless to us all, a crowd and crush of work, correspondence and business of all sorts. And now I am up in my bedroom, laid by, for two or three days with a chill and some of my old friend—some pain.

As I look around me, there is no one (next to Loisy) I feel so sorry for having kept silence towards so long, as to yourself. The causes are entirely accidental—letters becoming increasingly a toil to me, literary work pressing on me and demanding an unfogged brain, and then (as to yourself in particular) the hope of seeing and conversing with you, and, lastly, the dilatoriness that has now crept over my readings of Loisy's present-day writings. This last peculiarity comes from no insensibility to the fine and noble things which, thank God, persist in his utterances, nor from any temptation to faith from the sceptical and purely moralist current now so potent there. It is only that I find, as I get older, I grow more sensitive to such subjectivisms, more sad over them and with less confidence as to being able at all to check them by any words of mine. And such sadness means loss of spring for such other work as one finds does have some traceable effect. I say all this in explanation of why I have only now read your *Free Catholic* article "He that loveth his life,"[1] for I wanted first carefully to read L. himself—which, even now, I have still not done. Yet I know well what his general line is; and I am warmly appreciative of your delicate insight, wise generosity, and withal firmness and clearness of conviction and counter-statement. It cannot have failed to do good—if not to him, then with others. I am glad to hear you have now some longer thing getting ready; and I hope to read it placed well in some prominent magazine.

Then, 2, 3 months ago, I wanted to write to you, after seeing your Arthur nephew in his Artillery uniform—looking more than ever the very picture of refinement. May he do well, and very well, and be spared for a long, useful life, after this terrible War is well over! I much fear that such ending is still distant. *That* is a reason, all the more, for keeping at least part of our activity outside of direct war-work—this, so as to keep our nerve, balance and judgment, without which we can do but little good anywhere.

I myself am now on a very interesting Inquiry into "The Army and Religion." We have had some 250, mostly admirably *real*, documents from fighters, stretcher-bearers, surgeons, etc. in or behind the firing line. The committee numbers 22, with Bishop Talbot (of Winchester) and Professor David Cairns (of Aberdeen) as the Conveners.

[1] An article on M. Loisy's book, *Mors et Vita*.

I am the one Catholic on the Committee ; but we are now still getting some very good reports from Catholic men and chaplains etc. We have to concentrate all this into a book of some 450 pages to be out in the spring of 1920. Dr. Cairns holds the pen for us, but we, 22, pull the poor fellow about, till we reach a text acceptable, more or less, to us all.

There are also some German prisoners—students in theology—whom I have been asked to help with books and advice as to their study. I have two such men in hand now—simple, grateful fellows.

But what is occupying me most is my study on " Agnosticism and Faith " as exemplified in the religious opinions and writings of Sir Alfred Lyall ; and then the preparation of a thirty-pages Paper on " Progress in Religious Thought since 1870 " for the Summer School at Woodbrooke in August next.

The article asked about by Dr. Prenner is " What do we mean by Heaven ? And what do we mean by Hell ? " It appeared in last April's *Church Quarterly Review*. I was given only a very few copies, and I have none left. But allow me to send you my " Progress in Religion " (of which I have still a *pull*) and my Paper on " Catholicism and Protestantism " (although I am ashamed of my photograph being given—American taste !)

With cordial good wishes for 1918,

Yours affectionately,

F. v. Hügel.

To Miss Maude Petre

March 13, 1918.

Thank you for your kind invitation to give you the names of such things of mine, published since 1914, as I may think appropriate for appearance—just the names—in your little *History of Modernism*. I give you the little list herewith, first ; but I beg you will kindly not use it, in whole or even in part, until you have made up your own mind in connection with points I will put to you immediately after giving you the little list.

I. 1. " The German Soul." London, Dent, 1916.
2 " Progress in Religion " in Marvin's *Progress and History*. Oxford University Press, 1916.
3 " What do we mean by Heaven ? What do we mean by Hell ? " London, *Church Quarterly Review*, April 1917.
4. " The convictions common to Catholicism and Protestantism." New York, *Homiletic Review*, September 1917.
5. " Religion and Illusion " (Religion and Reality). London, *The Quest*, April, July 1918.

II. My points then—not as criticism of your undertaking (which may really clearly meet my *desiderata*, and which, of course, in any case, is your affair and has been definitely shaped as you consider best), but as elucidation of what I think myself, and hence of how I like—I hope—to appear in such publications—are as follows :—

It seems to me that there are two, really (in substance) distinct, subject-matters which could be described under the term " Modernism " —especially if we mean Catholic " Modernism." The one is a permanent, never quite finished, always sooner or later, more or less, rebeginning set of attempts to express the old Faith and its permanent truths and helps—to interpret it according to what appears the best and the most abiding elements in the philosophy and the scholarship and science of the later and latest times. Such work never ceases for long, and to it I still try to contribute my little share, with such improvements as the experiences of the Pontificate of Pius X have—in part only very slowly—come to show me to be desirable or even necessary. The other " Modernism " is a strictly circumscribed affair, one that is really over and done—the series or groups of specific attempts, good, bad, indifferent, or variously mixed, that were made towards similar expressions or interpretations, during the Pontificate of Pius X—beginning, no doubt, during the later years of Leo XIII, but ending with the death of Fr. T. and with Loisy's alienation from the positive content that had been fought for,—also from the suppression of *Rinnovamento* onwards, and the resolution of so much of the very substance of the movement, not only, or even chiefly, under the stress of the official Church condemnations, but from within the ranks of scepticism dominating what remained of organs claiming to be " Modernist."

Now I take it that you are certainly not attempting the fine, but gigantic, task, of even a sketch of " Modernism " in the first sense, but only a sketch of " Modernism " in the second sense. And I do not really see what my own, or indeed any one else's, writings, since that definitely closed period or crisis, have to do with your subject-matter. And the point is not a purely academic one, for my mind ; nor does it, I believe, spring from cowardice. It arises forcibly in my mind—as far as I know myself—from a strong desire not to appear (it would be contrary to the facts, and indeed contrary to my ideals and convictions) *as though all that action of the Church authorities had, in no way or degree, been interiorly accepted by me.* Certainly that action was, very largely, violent and unjust ; equally certainly, if one had been required definitely to subscribe to this or that document without express reservations, one could not, with any self-respect left, have done so. Yet it is not cowardice or policy, it is in simplest sincerity, that I have come to see, more clearly than I used to do, how much of serious unsatisfactoriness and of danger there was especially in many of the philosophical (strongly

subjectivist) theories really held which *Pascendi* lumped together. And Troeltsch has taught me vividly how profoundly important is Church appurtenance, yet how much appurtenance never, even at best, can be had without some sacrifices—even of (otherwise) fine or desirable liberties or unhamperednesses. These two things—the actual fact of a very real, though certainly not unlimited submission, and the duty of such submission—I care much should not be left uncertain on occasion, in my own case. And a list of my own, or any one else's, work, since that crisis, given without comment, could hardly fail, I should think, to look thus "superior" and defiant. Having said my little say, I will leave it to yourself to act as your knowledge of your book, and of what I want, will appear to you to be best.

A Henri Garceau

17 mars 1918.

Chéri,—Je veux te dire que j'ai bien réfléchi à la critique que tu es "a bit slow." Je vois maintenant clairement, qu'il est fort vrai que cela, en soi, n'est pas un péché, ce n'est pas une faute morale. Cependant c'est un défaut, une imperfection intellectuelle, et ce serait une faute morale, cela donnerait occasion à du péché, si à la longue et délibérément, tu t'y laissais aller, plus encore si tu obstinément t'y attachais. Car, vois-tu, cela t'empêcherait de bien profiter de l'École. Tu y serais toujours en retard avec tout—les diverses classes et sujets ne pourraient pas t'attendre, et les autres garçons gagneraient bien plus en six mois que toi en neuf mois ou un an. Donc, Chéri—humilité et détermination, persévérance—humilité à accepter comme exacte cette critique de "a bit slow"; et détermination, persévérance à lutter contre, pendant les heures à l'École surtout !

Vois-tu : ici déjà *ta religion* trouve un beau, un double travail à faire contre toute prétention, tout ce laisser-aller.

Ton Ami,
H.

To Claude Montefiore

May 28, 1918.

My ever kind Friend,—It is indeed good of you to write me so cheering and helpful a letter—and this actually about a book of mine no more very new, and which you had already read once before ! Most grateful thanks.

I have looked up the pages you especially commend, and I am much pleased to find that they are precisely those which most strive to utter

the facts and truths I most love and most seek. As to what you criticise—as to Judaism and the "negative movement," I will, most gladly, insert a note, or expand and qualify, at the place you refer—am inserting your remark in my "Hand-exemplar"—in case of a new edition, and that the publisher then lets me make various changes. Thanks much then for this too.

Your more general criticism, or half-amused, half-musing, impression interests me particularly. I cannot but think that it is really compounded of three strains, and that, when thus analysed, it leaves both you and me with very solid, objective, and fact roots for our several convictions. I believe, then, that both you and I do not read into, but that we actually find in—you in Judaism, I in R. Catholicism, heroisms, sanctities, spiritualities, etc., which are *actually present in, and which actually spring from*, the deepest life of these several organisms. Judas Maccabee, Rabbi Akiba, Maimonides, Sir Moses Montefiore, your own fine first Wife (I quote only the dead) are *facts*—Jewish *facts*, Jewish *products*, I thank God for them—I do not read them into Judaism, nor do you : we find them there. Similarly Francis of Assisi, Joan of Arc, Las Casas, Abbé Huvelin—they are *facts*, Catholic *facts*, Catholic *products* : I do not read them into Catholicism, nor do you : we find them there, and again, we thank God for them. We can accuse ourselves, or be accused, at all truly, of "reading into" our organisms, I think, only in that we doubtless keep vividly alive, and we largely live by, such very real facts and products, *as though they were not only real, but also prevalent, average*—whereas they are, doubtless always, more or less rare. Yet this is, after all, doing no otherwise than does the botanist who lovingly dwells upon the perfect leaf, flower, fruit, seed—the complete plant—*i.e.* upon—what will it be ?—well, say, three to five in every hundred seeds of that plant extant in the world !

And then there is the third and last strain—we each think, or tend to think, our own organism as productive of the deepest or the richest spirituality—and this can hardly be pressed from each side and not involve a contradiction. Yet I would cheerfully deny that it is as much of a contradiction as it may well look. Cardinal de Lugo (*E.L.*, pp. 350, 351) teaches so finely the *genuine* omnipresence of truth and goodness throughout all the various religions—though this in very various degrees. Were any one religion (our own) to be held by you or me, as alone containing truth and power—*that* would, of course, involve a direct, complete contradiction between you and me. But if (as most assuredly I do) I am vividly aware of the richness of truth and power possessed by your religion, and if I am right in holding that (whatever may be the objective greater or lesser richness and depth between J. and R.C.) there *are* such objective differences and degrees extant between the different religions : then we hold between us two great root-facts,

root-principles, which lie deeper down even than our perception or conviction as to J. or R.C. being the richer and deeper. Also we do well to remember that all those other truths are vividly, fruitfully tenable only with, and within a particular Church membership—and of course we do (*and ought to*) feel this, our own Church, to be the richest and deepest—or at least, the one organism which we can manage to apprehend and to grow by.

Yours ever,
F. v. H.

To Miss Maude Petre

June 15, 1918.

Thank you much for the interesting and touching "Foreword" to your forthcoming *Modernism* book, and still more for your very kind and handsome letter—so kind even (and especially) where it is most emphatic and insistent. I have read both things very carefully, but think I had better return to you the MS at once, whilst leaving over, for later on, anything that may, perhaps, slowly arise before my mind or in my conscience as to the two points you put with such kind frankness. Only last night I returned from a five days' stay in a Home for a little operation ; and this—with my far more painful, and often very weakening, latter-day other local trouble, which somehow *would* be extra active during these days—has left me weak and empty-headed. Hence I do not want to take the absence of any special resonance within me as to your two points, as proving to me that I will not be finding them to prove me gravely inconsistent. Certainly with regard to Gertrud I have not ceased to feel the keenest regret at having put so much, too much, of a strain upon her than her mind and heart could bear —a strain from which Fr. T. saved her as much, I think, as even Abbé Huvelin. And assuredly, in a more general way, I have felt and feel how impossibly difficult turned out to be for many of one's friends—especially the clerics—I mean difficult even and especially *interiorly*—what had gradually grown into second nature for one's own self. And assuredly again, real scepticism was as little at any time what one wanted for one's friends, as what one still wants for oneself. Certainly, in so far as one has moved any soul away, even from the *Civiltà Cattolica* or Benigni, to scepticism, one deeply regrets it, one most humbly begs God's pardon for it. But all this is only said, lest complete silence just now should look like offendedness or inaccessibility or ingratitude ; and is not a clear meeting of your direct appeals. If a quiet and clear light comes to me, I will trouble you again and tell it you ; if I remain silent, it will mean that, somehow, none has come.

I am quite satisfied with your decision concerning my letter writings.

How pleasant if we could meet again soon, spite of our both being so (variously) busy.

Yours affectionately and gratefully,
F. v. Hügel.

To the Rev. H. Handley

Knoyle House, Salisbury,
Sept. 14, 1918.

My dear Mr. Handley,—Only the necessities of holiday-making have made me a little late in answering your interesting and honouring appeal—in giving you my impressions of your *Thomas à Kempis* (herewith returned with thanks).[1]

It was not till yesterday that (bundled about, for a few days at a time, until I came for a little to anchor here) I could browse through these firm and faithful pages. And now, having let them simmer in my head over night, I must try and accurately report to you how precisely they strike me. . . . Perhaps I had better add that, though I have not directly, or (rather) with pen in hand, been working at the point quite lately, yet that my having to tackle, three weeks hence, a revision of my *Mystical Element* is keeping these questions pretty constantly, in a ruminant manner, before me.

I find, then, your Paper truly delightful—it is so entirely not "got up," not "clever," not merely literary, nowhere forced, all straight out from all you are, from all that during forty years you have become, in considerable part through Thomas's influence itself. But not only is the Address thus attractive through its transparent sincerity and unforced fullness: it is also, to my own feeling, deeply true and most opportune and appropriate, to its time, place and audience. . .

Only one point for your consideration occurs to me. Some twenty years ago Professor von Hertling (the very man who is now German Chancellor) in his Annual Address to the "Görres-Gesellschaft"—a very extensive Association of mostly lay, and mostly young, German Roman Catholics—dealt—he a convinced and "practising" Roman Catholic—with practically this same question—as to the all-round helpfulness and complete soundness of the *De Imitatione*. He came, I remember, to the conclusion that à Kempis nobly, and still most persuasively, embodies the world-fleeing movement essential to all deep religion, and especially to Christianity; but that Thomas is much less satisfactory as to the other, itself also essential element of all deep, or rather of all complete, religion—the world-seeking, the world-penetrating, element. That Thomas is unsatisfactory as to this second

[1] An address by Mr. Handley on Thomas à Kempis, given before the Conference of Modern Churchmen at Cambridge, 1918.

essential element—not because of his insistence upon the other, the first, as the more difficult, the more easily forgotten ; nor, again, because it is well for some men to be called by God to practise a maximum of the world-fleeing and a minimum of the world-seeking, and because he specially thanks God for this call and concentrates his care to the utmost. No. The unsatisfactoriness only comes in where and when he writes as though the depth and delicacy of the spiritual life was measurable by the world-fleeing element alone, or as though the very mortification and Cross—the very asceticism of Christianity—did not require the presence, the material and the friction, of the world-seeking element, and of that Nature which, in its various good levels and qualities, this element seeks. And Dr. von Hertling pointed out that it is this double sense, or (rather) this single keen sense of the two-fold movement of the spiritual life which is so cryingly wanted in these our days. And hence that, though à Kempis can and should continue to do us the greatest services in feeding that need of solitude, eternity, the Cross, and God, without which Christianity, in spite of any and of all enlightenment and philanthropy, is a weak, one-sided, shallow thing : yet this same à Kempis requires, at least in part, to be brought to and kept within a more continuously *double-pole* outlook than he usually himself supplies. For my own self, I am now pretty often struck with a certain difference between Book IV and the previous three Books, in the sense that Book IV (quite naturally) is so largely busy with graces and with dispositions, given and exercised very consciously within special times and special places, whereas Books I to III so greatly concentrate upon getting away from all special times and special places. The two movements together—the tension thus generated between what thus conjointly produces a true paradox—are, I submit, of the very essence of our training, our testing and our trial. . . . It might be well, for the sake of others, to make this point even clearer than it already is. But even if you leave the Paper quite unmodified, I shall most sincerely thank you for composing it, for publishing it, and for doing me the honour of telling you how it strikes me.

Yours very cordially,

F. v. HÜGEL.

To the Rev. Frank Wane

Sept. 1918.

. . . As to the books—of those which I know at all—I like the Faber and the Rickaby better than the St. Alphonsus. But may I suggest also the study of *Ethical* (as distinct from *Casuistical*) books ? I could descant at length on the importance of this. I am thinking, *e.g.*, of *Aquinas Ethicus*, 2 vols., by Fr. Joseph Rickaby : reprinting

just now by Burns and Oates. It will cost 12*s.* or, I believe, at most 15*s.*

Non-religious interests, this strikes me as the most important of the points, in the sense that you have evidently been least awake to it so far. Allow me to tell a story which, ever since it was most vividly told me, over 30 years ago, has been influencing me in everyday's life. A very able mind and much tried conscience, an Oxford friend of mine (a Scotchman) who from his father's Presbyterianism passed through Tractarian Anglicanism into the Roman Catholic Church, and who, though later on he fell away, alas, had, during the years of his R.C. priesthood when I knew him well, a wonderful, most rare, sensitiveness to the genius, the latent spirit and affinities of Catholicism in its purity, recounted the following. As a young man at Oxford he had made a 10 days Retreat under Dr. Pusey, staying all the time under his roof, living the Dr.'s life with him, and becoming saturated with his spiritual temper and affinities. He spoke with deep reverence of him, of that experience I think, at the time of the telling, twenty or more years back—years spent, for the most part, as a R.C. member of a Religious Congregation. Now my friend said that, comparing Dr. P.'s spirit with that of Rome at its best, he had come to be vividly struck by one deep-down, all-pervading, but not directly theological difference. And that he had come to see with a full finality that *there* was the point in which the Dr. and many of his following were (quite unconsciously) really not Catholic. That Dr. Pusey, at least at the stage of his life when my friend was under him (and seeing Dr. P. also entirely outside of Retreats, etc.), was incapable, or had made himself incapable, or deliberately acted as though he were incapable, of taking any interest in anything that was not directly, technically religious, or that was not explicitly connected with religion. And that this was quite uncatholic, quite unlike the greatest of the Catholic saints, quite unlike the Jesus of the Synoptists, with all of whom God is the God of Nature as of Grace—a God deeply interested—if this be not profane—also in not directly religious things—grace things. Two movements—of attachment and detachment, of particularity and of abstraction, of sense and of spirit, of time and of eternity, of place and of ubiquity, etc. : one thing in and with another thing : only these together yield the full blossom, the richest fruit and fascination of Catholicism. I venture to send you my *Eternal Life*. If you will study pp. 55–81, 101–120, 301–378, my present point will become clearer, I hope.

Yours very respectfully,

F. v. Hügel.

To the Rev. Frank Wane

Sept. 6, 1918.

It was with regret that, a few days ago, on this my hard-earned holiday, I found among my unanswered letters a note from yourself, dated July 9th—indicating, I fear, that you are still without an answer to your question. But indeed I have been so hard worked amidst such little health, that my correspondence generally has had to suffer much intermittence and delay.

As far as I know (and I have been on the look out for them during now some 40 years) there does not exist any good book dealing exclusively and systematically with the Psychology of Woman. What I have come to know of this difficult, elusive, although very real and very important subject-matter, has had to be gained from incidental remarks or short passages in various psychology or philosophy books, from the French works of Dr. Pierre Janet on the "Mental Condition of Hysteric Patients" (largely utilised in my *Mystical Element*, Vol. II), from the description of women in great plays and great novels (*e.g.* George Eliot's *Adam Bede*, and Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*), from female letter-writers (especially Mary Sibylla Holland, Dorothy Osborne, and Madame de Sévigné), and, above all, from direct personal observation and, even more, from the personal observations transmitted to me by friends more penetrating than myself. As to the psychology or philosophy books referred to above, I think you would profit greatly by studying the Chapters on "Woman," "The Family," "Education," "Religion," in Münsterberg's *The Americans*, English translation, Williams and Norgate, sold as "remainder" by Messrs. William Heffer, Petty Cury, Cambridge, for, I think, 6*s*.

Yours sincerely,
F. v. Hügel.

To Bishop Edward Talbot
(from Baroness Hildegard von Hügel)

Oct. 25, 1918.

Dear Bishop Talbot,—I have been trying to write each day but have been somehow rather overwhelmed of late what with anxiety, work and worry generally, but one should not let that be. I have also waited to write hoping each day I could give better news of him—for days I could have written but one word, "suffering," and that is hardly cheering for those who *truly* care in the way you do, you kindest of friends, so I waited, and to-day really I think he is turning the corner, and, though he looks very ill, I think there is a little progress and less pain. *That* is such a great thing. He has been too *wonderful*, speaking

of what a splendid school suffering is and how it teaches one more than any amount of learning,—how he feels these days have been given to him to get nearer the great Realities, and that if he is spared he feels that all this will only deepen and strengthen his work by a greater and deeper experience of the greatest Grace, Suffering. It is wonderful to see his face all illumined with joy when he speaks of it, though he is so weak and exhausted. They seem to think that he will soon be able to come home though with a nurse, and I fear it will be long before he is able to resume his accustomed life, but, of course, one can hope it will be otherwise. He sends you much much love and thanks you so much for your kind prayers, as does your most grateful and affectionate

HILDEGARD HÜGEL.

To Professor Clement Webb

Dec. 5, 1918.

My dear Webb,—your kind postcard showed me—what of course was most natural—that you were unaware of the dangerous and painful time I have been through these last six weeks, nearly now. I had to undergo a grave operation (grave, because delayed so long) and I spent three weeks in a Nursing Home, with really *solid* suffering, the first fortnight of the time. Now, here at home, I am, D.G., free from all pain—even the discomforts are slight ; but the blood that is so much wanted is very slow in returning. I am kept in my bedroom—a good deal in bed (with a little turn out of doors in chair when fine). And I cannot yet manage any concentrated reading or lengthy letter-writing—they promptly throw me back. But the doctors are thoroughly satisfied that, some weeks hence, I shall be stronger than I have been for the last three or four years. So I must be very thankful. It was *most* kind—if I may say so—touchingly gentlemanly and Christian of you to draw my attention, and to suggest an answer, to Lytton Strachey on that point as to Manning's dispositions towards his late Wife.[1] I wanted first to read Strachey before answering. I have now finished all the *Cardinal Manning*. I next wanted to see whether Sneyd Cox in his 2 vols., *Life of Cardinal Vaughan*, has not published my information. But I find not a word on the subject, though Manning, of course,

[1] Mr. Lytton Strachey accused Cardinal Manning of a desire "to bury the recollection of his early marriage." The Baron in a letter to *The Times* said, on Cardinal Vaughan's authority, that "the old Cardinal, with eyes about to close for ever, feeling beneath his pillow, pulling out a small, worn volume, and handing it to his spiritual son and successor [Vaughan], said, 'I know not to whom else to leave this—I leave it to you. Into this little book my dearest Wife wrote her prayers and meditations. Not a day has passed since her death on which I have not prayed and meditated from this book. All the good I may have done, all the good I may have been, I owe to her. Take precious care of it.'"

figures largely there. I now suppose that Cardinal Vaughan left a memorandum on the point with one or other of the two men entrusted with accounts of M. corrective of Purcell's book. But this is only a guess ; nor do I see why I need make further enquiries, since I hold the facts so firmly and vividly, since they are all to the credit of everybody—especially M. himself, and since, now perhaps more widespreadly and insinuatingly than ever, this detestable charge is brought forward anew.

I am writing to ask Bruce Richmond whether he will let me have, say, half a column of his *Times Lit. Supplement* (Correspondence). But, even if he says "yes," I must await my dilatory new blood—I suppose another three weeks.

Again let me say it : I am deeply, deeply touched and grateful.

My cordial greetings to you both.

Yours very sincerely,
F. v. HÜGEL.

To G. G., a Niece.

Dec. 11, 1918.

No letter you will ever write to me shall, please God, ever remain unanswered—shall remain without a reply as careful and complete as I can manage to make it. But you may have to wait a bit, my Niece, I never could write with ease—not on such subjects, where we should never write, speak or think except with *voce di petto*, never with *voce di testa*. And now I am still weak, and empty of brain, hence a further delay.

Let me make *three or four points* of your letter ; and try to explain these as well as I now can manage.

1. *The gradual preparation for, and God's revelations preceding, His fullest self-revelation in Christianity.*

I am very glad you apprehend and appreciate this great fact—a fact, however, which you will have to learn to apply, not only to the *succession of history*, but also to the *simultaneous present*. What I mean is that, not only was Judaism especially, yet also, in lesser and other degrees, Hellenism, Hindooism, etc., an historically previous preparation by God Himself for the fuller and fullest self-revelation ; but this *holds still* of those imperfect, mixed forms and degrees of light, in so far as they still continue distinct in the world. The synagogue here in Bayswater is still, now, on Dec. 11, 1918, a fragmentary but very real revelation of God and, however unconsciously, a very real pedagogue to Christ. The little Mosque at Woking is still, for some souls, a yet more fragmentary, but still real, revelation of God and teacher of truths more completely taught by Christianity. All this, however, only in so far as the souls thus helped have no interior incitement to move on and up into a fuller, truer religion. And nothing of all this

means that these various religions are equally true (or false), and that it does not matter to which you belong (provided only you are in good faith). No : in these deepest and most delicate of all matters, even a little more light, more power, more reality—even what *looks* a little —means, and is very, profoundly, much. It all only means, that nowhere does God leave Himself without *some* witness, and without *some* capacity on the part of the soul (*always more or less costingly*) to respond to, and to execute, this His witness. And, again, that everywhere, the means and the process are from fidelity to the light already possessed (yet often difficult to see owing to the agitations and cowardice of the soul), to further light, which again, in its turn, demands a delicate, difficult fidelity and fresh sacrifices. Yet, with each such fidelity and sacrifice, the peace, the power, the joy, the humble fruitfulness of the soul grow. Always it is a search for expansion and happiness, found in acts gently costly and increasingly exacting.

2. *Only the best attractive to you ; and any, every Church, very middling, hence dull, repulsive.* Thus you do not go to country Church services, etc.

The touching, entrancing beauty of Christianity depends upon a subtle something which all this fastidiousness ignores. Its greatness, its special genius, consists, as much as in anything else, in that it is without this fastidiousness. A soul that is, I do not say tempted, but dominated, by such fastidiousness, is as yet only hovering round the precincts of Christianity, but it has not entered its sanctuary, where heroism is always homely, where the best always acts as stimulus towards helping towards being (in a true sense) but one of the semi-articulate, bovine, childish, repulsively second-third-fourth-rate crowd. So it was with Jesus Himself ; so it was with St. Francis, the Poverello ; so it is with every soul that has fully realised the genius of the Christian paradox. When I told you of my choking emotion in reading, in St. John's Gospel, that scene of Jesus, the Light of the World (that He is this, is an historic fact), as the menial servant at the feet of those foolish little fishermen and tax-gatherers, what do you think moves me but just that huge life-and-love-bringing paradox, here in its fullest activity? The heathen Philosophies, one and all, failed to get beyond your fastidiousness ; only Christianity got beyond it ; only Christianity—but I mean, a deeply *costingly* realised Christianity—got beyond it. It is really, a very hideous thing ; the full, truly free, beauty of Christ alone completely liberates us from this miserable bondage.

"Well, perhaps yes," you will say ; "but what am I, here and now, to do?" Do, as to church-going, *nothing but what you already do.* Only be conscientious and regular in going to your Holy Communions, whether in country or town, and in going to Church every Sunday when you are in town. But as to your thinking and speaking, pray

ruminate, Niece, over what I have been saying; look out, in your readings, for what confirms it; grow shy of any defence of fastidiousness; pray to God gradually to cure you of it, if and when you come fairly to see it to be a poor, a very poor, thing. You rightly dislike Pater's "affectation." What I call "preciousness." Well, in face of the dread facts of human nature, and of the rich teaching of history, that church-fastidiousness is a sort of Paterism.

3. *What is the precise meaning of Thekla's insistence upon religion as primarily an is-ness, not an ought-ness?*

A good question. Well, you see, when the Renaissance and the Protestant Reformation, and later the French Revolution came, they in part, only articulated, but also they, in part, each differently, yet all, greatly, fed and excited a reaction which had permeated the educated average man of Western Europe ever since, say, A.D. 1300. It was a reaction away from the (by then too exclusive) occupation with the object—with *things*, taken as though apprehended by us without our minds, and especially with *supernatural things*, taken as so different in kind from our natural endowments, as to require a sheer imposing from without—a simple plastering on to the human soul and mind. These doctrines, against which there came the reaction, are *not* the doctrines really held by the Middle Ages at their best—say, from A.D. 1100 to A.D. 1300; but they were the doctrines of the later, moribund Middle Ages, and they were doctrines by which those Renaissance, Reformation, and Revolution doctrinaires were really profoundly infected—as is always the case with men who do not patiently study the past (also the more recent past), and who, instead of discriminating, condemn what is before them *as it stands*—who do not untie knots, but who cut them. Again, Dear, do you note? Life taken cheaply—"cheaply," I mean, because practised and sought outside of, and not within, and by working through, its entanglements! Well, now these three (and other) specifically "modern" movements have been very largely dominated by a most ruinous, excessive, or even exclusive, insistence upon the *subject*—your own (or at least humanity's) apprehending powers, feelings, etc. These *subjective* powers get, here, more or less taken as alone certain, as always the first facts in the order of our life and consciousness. Thus a baby will be taken first to feel, know himself; or rather, his own feeling and knowing; and then gradually to discover an outside world—his mother's breast, his nurse's hand, his cradle soft or hard, etc.—all this being really less certain (in itself, or at least for his mind) than is his thus feeling, knowing himself. You entirely follow?

Well, then, even more as to God the supersensible, the Infinite—He is pushed still further back amongst the late acquired, the more or less doubtful, "ideas," "notions," "perhapses."—The regulative

notions for our conduct, the useful, more or less, working answer to our real difficulties amongst our real facts.—An hypothesis ; "it is useful to live *as though* there were a God?" Kant's celebrated "als ob?" conduct is here alone quite certain ; but then, too, conduct alone entirely matters. Religion is here always directly dependent upon, it is but the (really derivative, though seemingly superior) sanction of morality. How different is real life, and the spontaneous attitude of all unsophisticated religion ! In real life (all good psychologists and all careful theorists of knowledge are coming to see it) there is from *the first* direct contact with, direct knowledge of realities other than ourselves. Light and air ; plants ; animals ; fellow humans. The Mother, the Nurse : these are known together with ourselves—we never know ourselves except with and through these realities, and with and through our knowledge of them. Indeed, it is them we know best first ; we know ourselves, at all adequately, only last of all. This knowledge of other realities less than human or simply human is never a knowledge through and through—it never simply equals the reality known. But it is a real knowledge of these realities, as far as it goes ; realities which reveal their natures in their various self-manifestations. I *know* Puck as truly as Puck knows me ; my knowledge does not merely extend to appearances of him—appearances hiding, and probably travestying, his mysterious, simply unknowable, essence.

We thus certainly *know* other realities besides our human reality (whether individual or even collective). And mark you, if this very real knowledge of realities not ourselves always lags behind those realities as they are in themselves : *this knowledge, nevertheless, is (or can be) fuller than any complete and clear analysis of it can ever be.* Thus reality comes first ; then knowledge of it ; then science of this knowledge.

What about God? Well, we must first of all become clear to ourselves that, *as with every degree and kind of reality*, we always apprehend Him only in, and with, and on occasion of, yet also in contrast to, other realities. Again, that this apprehension and sense of God is (where not worked up and developed by the great historical, institutional religions) very vague and general, if taken as something statable in theoretical terms. (Here again, then, is the difference between knowledge and science !) Nevertheless, even thus diffused, the religious sense exercises a *prodigious* influence. It is the religious sense, even at this stage, where it seems no more (on strict analysis) than a deep, delicate, obstinate sense of Other-ness, of Eternity, of Prevenience, of more than merely human Beauty, Truth and Goodness, which really keeps our poor little human world a-going. No great artist, no great philosopher or scientist, no great ethical striver will ever, fully consciously and deliberately, admit that what he strives to paint, to sculpt, to compose,

or to discover or to understand, or to live and to be, is just human so-and-so-ness, very possibly without any further significance or truth about it whatsoever.

We have to be truthful, conscientious: why? Because these are the dispositions for putting us into fuller touch with realities of all sorts, especially with the reality of God. Dispositions are thus means to acquiring reality—towards knowing, loving, willing realities greater than ourselves,—in which energisings we grow in our own smaller reality.

When, then, Thekla says "religion has primarily to do with is-ness not ought-ness," she means that religion is essentially evidential; that it intimates, first of all, that a superhuman world, a superhuman reality *is*, exists. The first and central act of religion is *adoration*, sense of God. His otherness though nearness, His distinctness from all finite beings, though not separateness—aloofness—from them. If I cannot completely know even a single daisy, still less can I ever completely know God. One of the councils of the Church launched the anathema against all who should declare that God is comprehensible. Yet God too, God in some real senses especially, we can most really know, since, as does even the rose, how much more He? since He deigns to reveal Himself to us. He does so in a twofold manner—vaguely, but most powerfully—in the various laws and exigences of life and of our knowledge of it; and clearly, concretely, in and by the historic manifestations in and through the great geniuses and revealers of religion—the prophets and especially Jesus Christ. These latter manifestations get thoroughly learnt only in and through the various historical religious bodies. It is through men trained through and through in these schools of religion that all the more solid and sane insights and habits, even of the vague religion, get given most of the point and steadiness which, as a matter of fact, they possess.

4. There is not a line of all the above which has not to be learnt in careful detail, in lowly practice, in humble daily fight with self—in docility and docility, on and on. We will gradually, ruminatingly, get the whole unrolled before us. The all-important point is, I think, at each step to feel how rich, how inexhaustible, how live it all really is! *That* is why I am trying to get such words as "Rome," "Athens," etc., to mean a great rich world to you.

Gradually I shall give you more directly religious books to ponder; yet, to the end, these should be made to penetrate and purify a whole mass of not directly religious material and life. God is the God of Nature as of Grace, He provides the meal and the yeast. Let us act in accordance with this, His own action.

To Professor Sonnenschein

Jan. 3, 1919.

My dear Professor Sonnenschein,—I like to call you *that*, at least once, now that you have retired, especially !—Your letter, with its precious friendliness and with its rich, manysided awakeness and interest, was a most solid pleasure to me. If I am a bit late in answering it, this comes, in part, from the seriousness of your themes and questions, but above all, from the fact that ever since the end of October, hence for some 9, 10 weeks, I have, after a serious operation then, had to sit or lie in my bedroom, with occasional outings in a bath chair, awaiting the return of good, thick blood and of general strength—a thing necessarily slow at well-nigh 67 years of age. The Doctor is most confident that I am going to be more fit, by far, than I have been during these last three or four years, with their ever-increasing hemorrhages and the ever-growing thinness of such blood as was left me. So there is nothing for it but patience, patience, whilst much work is clamouring to be tackled, and even my ordinary correspondence requires neglect. I am using this enforced leisure to read, for the first time very extensively and systematically, Matthew Arnold, Sainte-Beuve, and Madame de Sévigné.

First let me say how glad, selfishly, I am that, if you did not settle in London, you have settled at Bath. For at Downside Abbey, some ¾ of an hour south of you, lie buried my dear Mother and my much-loved Sister and a very old family friend of us all. It is there, too, that my Brother and I intend to have our final earthly resting-place. We all loved and love that fine Abbey Church, and the genial, scholarly, very English Benedictines there—the lineal descendants of the Monks of Westminster Abbey and with the history of the Order going back to A.D. 520 ! Our second daughter and I, or I alone, pretty often—generally once a year, go to Chilcompton, for Downside and Stratton-on-the-Fosse, through and from Bath. And if and whenever we or I do so again, I will let you know, in hopes of visiting you between the two stations and two trains.—By the bye, if ever you are in serious want of sympathy or help in Early Christian or Patristic Studies, I am sure that the Abbot, Dom E. Cuthbert Butler (the author of the first critical edition of the *Lausiac History* of Palladius), or Dom Leander Ramsay (busy on a most elaborate, admirably *intimate* new edition of St. Cyprian), or again Dom Hugh Connolly (discoverer of various early texts and facts concerning Orders in the Western Church), would, any of them or all three, gladly help with admirable competence. But they are so busy that I mention this because I know well how occupied you are yourself, and that you would be free from all temptation to abuse their, and your own precious time !

But go some fine sunny day to Chilcompton by train, and walk thence

the easy, pleasant mile to the noble Abbey Church—best of all after writing to Dom Ethelbert Horne (as from me) that you are coming : and you will be delighted with your day—with all the art and the history, all the cordiality and the deep-rooted, Benedictine *Pax*. Of course, you yourself might be of great return use to them, with their flourishing school. But dreams outrun discretion !

To Bernard Holland

Jan. 7, 1919.

. . . I have been much and often looking at the pictures and browsing through 2 or 3 pages at a time of your wonderfully rich and stimulating book, *The Lancashire Hollands*. What a history ! Your children need hardly go beyond their family and its connections to possess, during the most picturesque period of English History, the quintessence of what was at that time central in heroic and fruitful deeds. I am also much struck and attracted by the skilful (*i.e.* the well-proportioned, tasteful) manner in which you utilise various events as elucidations of Catholic history and doctrine. Edward Conybeare, at Cambridge, did the same kind of work, even (perhaps especially) before his reception, but he so overdid it, he took up such disproportionally large spaces of his historical and topographical works with explanations, *e.g.* of what really is an Indulgence, that he cannot, I think, have failed, rather, to put up the backs of many of his readers. *Ne quid nimis !*

I will assuredly attend, still more carefully, to your *Kenelm Digby* biography—that shall be read from cover to cover. There you will of course be quite free, indeed you will be expected, to treat great Catholic questions *in extenso* ; although, especially there, you will be following K. D. himself, in his very wise preference of exposition and history to all direct controversy and shipshape theory.

I am, of course, much interested in the three children's progress. May I say how much I hope that, during the holidays, and especially in the Long Vacation, you do Latin, especially Virgil, with Verena. In looking back I note that perhaps no one thing knit me so closely to my eldest as just the Latin we did and loved together. And I also note how hopeless it is, practically, to get grown-ups (perhaps especially grown-up women) to start Latin successfully, or even to do much to acquire the taste for it. No, now, not later, is the time for Verena, as it is for my 14-year-old, Henri Garceau, with whom I do complete pieces of Ovid's *Fasti*, a book I love, and have studied so amid the ruins of the temples and other buildings he so vividly describes.

Now I must sink away for awhile from active occupation with your doings, though not from an ever awake warm goodwill for you all five. May the quintett do very well in 1919 !

To the Rev. Tissington Tatlow

Jan. 25, 1919.

. . . First let me thank you for this fresh, big proof of your much appreciated trust. If I may say so—when I think of you, there regularly recur to my mind those glorious words of the Fourth Gospel, as spoken by Jesus concerning Nathaniel. I want to try always to become and to remain worthy of so precious a trust.

Next, please understand that I clearly see myself incapable of completely meeting your correspondent's requirements. For how could I, in any honourable self-consistency, believe and *live* as I do the conviction that, after all due allowances considered and made, Rome is, in simply final differences, right even as against the Anglican degree or modification of Protestantism ; *and* believe in the existence of an Anglican book completely fair as between Canterbury and Rome ? I can and I do, of course, learn much and gratefully even from directly polemical anti-Roman books—not only Anglican, but really more still from continental, especially German Protestant works. But this does not mean that I find them really conclusive on really conclusive points, but only often very suggestive of very real abuses and absences in the average R.C. practices and positions, or again of certain ignorances of fact, or of confusions of thought, amongst these anti-R.C. critics.

I can, however, give you the names of the books that I have found least inadequate—that I would back up as against certain other, less just, less competent works.

The four books—English, recent, small-size—that I have found thus to be the best are :

(1) Bishop Gore : *The Roman Catholic Claims* ; Longmans, I think. (Far and away better than Littledale, although the average evening newspaper would be sure to prefer L.)

(2) Meyrick: *Some Errors of Romanism*: S.P.C.K. ? or Mowbray ? (The booklet appeared first in the eighteen eighties, I think. The man is a bit bitter, and a good deal outside our inner life. But he is a scholar ; has lived long in Spain ; and really tries to be fair.)

(3) J. N. Figgis : *Churches in the Modern State*—the Chapter "Ultramontanism." Longmans, 1915 ? (F. shirks the specific texts and their theological meaning ; and thus plays *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark. But he is very alert and interesting, as far as he goes.)

(4) *Letters of the Revd. Mr. Jefferson, from Italy.* Edited by the Revd. Mr. Lambert. Longmans, 1917. (More incidental in its information and free from any direct polemical bias. J. knew many of the younger Italian R.C. clergy—friends of my own, who largely lacked the finest, deepest R.C. spiritual training.)

Let me put down the names of the two best, recent, short R.C. books on the same controversy.

(1) H. Ignatius D. Ryder : *Catholic Controversy.* Burns and Oates. 2*s.* (This is a truly scholarly little manual, originally written in answer to Littledale, but so full of facts and so empty of rhetoric, as to fit in even with Bishop Gore. Ryder is quite as gentlemanly as Gore, and, I think, even more learned.)

(2) *Ecclesia.* A series of seven Essays on the History etc. of the Conception. Burns and Oates, 1917. 3*s.* 6*d.* (The Essays are not all equal in value ; but the three or four best are good pieces of work.)

And let me, in conclusion, point to a crucial matter, still largely *sub judice*, or rather (to my mind) capable of an all-round adequate solution, only if a very wide and deep outlook and conviction is admitted and attained. I am thinking of St. Cyprian, his views and influence ; quite the most complete and first-hand living authority on all this is Dom Leander Ramsay, of Downside Abbey, who, I trust, will be allowed to live till he finishes his great new critical edition of St. Cyprian's works. This edition will assuredly promptly supersede the very defective last edition—that of Hartel, assumed by many to be perfect. Dom R. himself admitted to me : (1) that the authentic writings of St. C. are, substantially, " Anglican," *i.e.* the Priesthood and the Bishop are alone the necessary, visible representatives and means of the Church's unity—also of her spiritual unity ; the Pope, in so far as claiming more than to be Bishop or more than to have a Primacy of honour over the other Bishops, is not such a necessary representative and means. (2) That his position was not accepted by Rome, nor had Rome, for Centuries, taught other than the doctrine of Priesthood, Episcopate, Papacy, being all three equally necessary to the Church's unity. (3) That some fifty years after St. C.'s death begin the " forgeries " of Cyprianic writings ; but that these " forgeries " were perpetrated largely by admirers of St. Cyprian—by men who clearly felt how St. C. had halted in a really untenable *intermezzo ;* who in no wise contravened, by so doing, the literary ethics of their time ; and who, by this act, merely attempted to bring their hero into line with logic and the historic development. And (4) that the volume of *Essays on Church Order*, edited by Dr. Swete, 1917, was reviewed by an obviously sceptical, but highly trained historical expert, in the *Nation*, in the above sense—a sense which R. holds to be alone adequate to the curious situation.

I must not run on, and must beg pardon for doing so, even thus much. But you can, of course, if you prefer, send to your correspondent only those four Anglican book-titles.

Yours with cordial respect and sympathy,

F. v. Hügel.

To G. G.

Jan. 26, 1919.

. . . I am sorry but not a bit surprised that you have been finding Varro a bit dull—even though he be presented by Boissier, who assuredly is, in no wise, the cause of this dullness. But, Niece mine, I felt that I must thus risk, now and then, say, once in ten times, to give you something that will a bit bore you. No: I felt something more and other than that. You see, Dear, one reason why there are, as I think, so few at all large, strong minds and characters about nowadays, even in spite of the War etc., is that education, training of all sorts, religion even, have been and are so largely pursued systematically as so much beguilement, so much sheer *Kindergarten*. The dullness, the monotony, the hardness, the sheer trust as to worth while-ness, the self-discipline, the asceticism: all this is to count as old fogey-ness: and the result is? Well, wayward childishness. When, at 18, I made up my mind to go into moral and religious training, the great soul and mind who took me in hand—a noble Dominican—warned me—you want to grow in virtue, to serve God, to love Christ? Well, you will grow in and attain to these things if you will make them a slow and sure, an utterly real, a mountain step-plod and ascent, willing to have to camp for weeks or months in spiritual desolation, darkness and emptiness at different stages in your march and growth. All demand for constant light, for ever the best—the best to your own feeling, all attempt at eliminating or minimising the cross and trial, is so much soft folly and puerile trifling. And what Father Raymond Hocking taught me as to spirituality is, of course, also true, in its way, of all study worthy of the name.

The letters of the Younger Pliny.

These are truly silver-age literature and without the genius that stamps the work of his close friend Tacitus as world-literature of the first rank. Yet how charming they are! How much I hope you will browse on these utterly leisurely letters and learn much—very much, not only about the Roman character already so pathetically but half, but a tenth part, aware of the great light and life and love of Christianity—but about the human heart, the human soul—what I aim at, after all, as the end and crown of all your reading.

How wonderful in this way is his letter to Trajan about the Christians—how delightful all his relations with that Emperor, one of my dearest figures!

To the Same

Jan. 31, 1919.

. . . I trust that even already you feel what a support against such windy impulsions, against such wild rootlessness, is the habitual living in

a world steeped in history, in knowledge of the human heart—your own, first and foremost, and above all, in a sense of the Presence, the Power, the Prevenience of God, the healing Divine Dwarfer of our poor little man-centred, indeed even self-centred, schemes.

God bless you then.

To G. G.

March 10, 1919.

You asked me in your last letter to write again soon ; and hence I do so, as to two points in your reading and in your mental habits generally, which I am confident you will find of great advantage. I have myself practised and tested these habits now for some 30 years with very great fruit.

1. Whenever you study a book which is yours, cultivate the habit of pencil-marking it, in a small hand, with a sharp-pointed pencil, as follows : (i) Use the *inner* margins of the pages, for references as to words, phrases—form generally ; and the *outer* margins for references as to persons, places, doctrines, facts and things generally. You slightly underline, with a short horizontal line, the word, or words that strike you. If they strike you as to *form*, you put, on the inner margin, at the corresponding height of the page, the number of the other page or pages, on which (before or after this page) the same word or phrase occurs. If the passage strikes you as to its *content*, you put on the outer margin the numbers of the other pages on which these contents occur again. In fact, you form your book into a sort of Reference Bible. Thus, for instance, in your Pliny the Younger, any special garden arrangements, or special points of his Bithynian administration, or particulars as to the heathen cults or as to Christianity, would be thus marked and marginally annotated with the numbers of the pages on which further details as to these several things can be found. Note, please, that for Translations, one only marks and refers for things ; and that only in originals (hence, with you, only in books originally written in English or French) will have underlinings for *both* Things and Expressions. Hence Cæsar, Tacitus, Pliny, etc., would only have outer margin references. But Boissier etc. would have references also on the inner margins, just as Shakespeare etc. would have them.

Then, on the fly-leaves at the *beginning* of the books that belong to you, I would, in short words or headings, put down the points as to things that you specially love, or have most learnt from, in the book, with the numbers of the pages in which these several things are discussed. And on the fly-leaves at the end of the same book I would similarly put down the things I have not liked, that I object to.

You will find that this twice double system of annotation makes the

reading sink ever so much more lastingly into you, and that only thus can you readily find again all the things that have specially helped you.

2. Strive hard (especially now you will be coming to the directly Christian books) to attain one of three possible frames of mind. It will be only if you can manage to make the right frame of mind into your second nature that you will deserve to grow in insight, love, and fruitfulness.

(i) You could try and force yourself to see, or to pretend to yourself that you see, principles or convictions advanced by men holy or revered. Do nothing of the kind : you would only lose your sincerity, you would but prepare for yourself a dangerous reaction, and you would not thus come to see a single step further than you already see.

(ii) Or (and this is, I think, for all of us the more immediate fault) you could concentrate on your own, present, explicit not-seeing of a thing, so as to decide that it does not exist, or (at least) that it never can or will be seen as true by yourself. This is doubtless the chief reason why so few minds grow in their outlook after, say, 18 or 21 : they are so busy, pompously affirming to themselves and others, that they don't and can't see this or that—that this is not, and that can't be—as to harden down, for good and all, into their narrow, stuffy little world. They thus confuse two very distinct things—sincerity concerning the insight they have got, with striving to acquire further, deeper, truer insight. It is, of course, profoundly true that we get to see more and better, by being very faithful and very operative with regard to the light we have. But then, this fidelity and operativeness should be very humble, very certain that there exist oceans of reality—of things and laws beautiful, true, good and holy, beyond this our present insight and operation. I so love to watch cows as they browse at the borders, up against the hedges, of fields. They move along, with their great tongues drawing in just only what they can assimilate ; yes—but without stopping to snort defiantly against what does not thus suit them. It is as though those creatures had the good sense to realise that those plants which do not suit them—that these will be gladly used up by sheep, goats, or horses ; indeed, that some of these plants may suit them—the cows—themselves later on. So ought we to do : not to sniff and snort at what we do not understand here and now ; not proclaim, as though it were a fact interesting to anyone but ourselves, that we do not, here and now, understand this or that thing ; but we should just merely, quite quietly, let such things stand over, as possibly very true, though to us they look very foolish—as indeed, possibly, things that we ourselves will come to penetrate as true and rich indeed. In a word, we can and should be sure of all that is positive and fruitful for us in our outlook ; sure also, that whatever really contradicts *that* is false. But as to possible further truths and facts, we will leave ourselves peacefully docile and open. . . .

To Bernard Holland

March 22, 1919.

. . . Your Verena's letter is most taking, as much so, though with certain differences, as was her sister's letter. I am delighted they both do Latin copiously, with eagerness. This by itself is already a splendid mental training. Then these addresses they go to are assuredly very good for them. Father Plater is absolutely at home in " reconstruction " matters ; they and Retreats for young laymen, especially military, constitute his particular life-work. He is sure to have been interesting.

As to . . . I still dare not tackle the book. But my not inconsiderable knowledge of the man makes me feel how well-founded is your impression of a certain current in his mind of a Greek (not Christian) contempt for the human herd, superiority to its needs. There, Catholicism—humbly received and faithfully practised—say even only a decade of the Rosary every day—would be the cure, the completion of the man. There is not enough in him of the Incarnation, as a fact, and a force especially. But then even such great Catholic Mystics as St. John of the Cross will, in their theory, often for whole pages, write in a (quite unconsciously) un-ideal indeed anti-incarnational manner.

To G. G.

April 7, 1919.

Your letter has set me thinking—re-thinking your mind and soul, and how best quietly to feed and help them. I wanted to write in answer on Saturday, and then to-day. But my last four or five nights have been, upon the whole, so bad that I dare not yet write directly about your very important and delicate points, since, when I am in such " en-compote " condition, such-letter writing means further bad nights. I will write as soon as I can. This is only a scribble, lest my silence were to end in making you fear indifference or offendedness on my part—neither of which would be at all the case.

I wonder whether you realise a deep, great fact ? That souls—all human souls—are deeply interconnected ? That (I mean) we can, not only pray for each other, but *suffer* for each other ? That these long, trying wakings, that I was able to offer them to God and to Christ for my child—that He might ever strengthen, sweeten, steady her in her true, simple, humble love and dependence upon Him ? Nothing is more real than this interconnection—this gracious power put by God Himself into the very heart of our infirmities. And, *it is the Church* (which, imperfectly understood, " dumbs " my bewildered Child)—it is the Church which, at its best and deepest, is just *that*—that inter-

dependence of all the broken and the meek, all the self-oblivion, all the reaching out to God and souls, which certainly "pins down" neither my child nor this her old groping Father—which, if it "pins down" at all, does so, really only—even taken simply intellectually—as the skeleton "pins down" the flesh. What a hideous thing the skeleton, taken separately, is, isn't it? Yet even Cleopatra, when in the splendour of her youth, she had such a very useful, very necessary, quite unavoidable skeleton inside her, had she not?

But this will be better explained another time. Meanwhile we will both breast the waves, whether sweet or bitter, looking not at them, but through them on and up to God, our Peace.

To G. G.

May 5, 1919.

Here I am writing to you, in your new temporary home, looking out of your window, I expect, upon how much of past history recorded in gloriously beautiful monuments, poems in stone! And I am doing as my first act (after an urgent business card) on this my birthday, this my scribble to you. I am, alas! alas! 67 years old to-day! Thus, dear Child—you might almost be my grand-daughter—do I strive to attain to the joy of Princess Colombe, in Browning's touching Play. You remember how she, Colombe, had, up to that her coming of age, always received countless, sumptuous presents—and she had found only pleasure, and less and less pleasure, in such receiving. So then she settled she would receive no gifts at all on this, the first day on which she could order her own life in her own way; but she would herself give and give and give. She felt *that* would bring—not pleasure, but joy, but beatitude. And so it did—Colombe finishes her day radiantly happy. So then, sit on a footstool here, by me, Daughter; and I will try and give you—not exterior things, but interior things—things that cost one a lot to get, a lot to keep. They are things, indeed, that also cost one a good deal to give—and I can clearly tell you why. Look you, Dear, there is simply *nothing* that one soul can transfer to another soul—even at these souls' best—with the particular connotations, the particular experiences of heart and heart, of blood and breeding, of sex and age, etc., yet it is these particularities which incarnate the convictions of any one soul for that one soul. Any one soul can be fully impressive for another soul, only if that first soul comes out, to the second soul, with its convictions clothed and coloured by those its particularities. And yet the second soul, even if thus impressed—even if it thus wakes up to great spiritual facts and laws—this second soul will at once, quite spontaneously, most rightly, clothe and colour these its new convictions

with *its* own special qualities and habits and experiences of thought, feeling, imagination, memory, volition. And so—most really—to try and help on the life of another soul means, Dear, a specially large double death to self on the part of the life-bringing soul. For it means death to self before and in the communication—the life-bringing soul must, already then, discriminate within itself between the essence of what it has to say and the accidents, the particularities, which clothe the utterance of this essence ; and it must peacefully anticipate the acceptance *at most* of that essence, and not of these accidents. And then, after the communication, this soul must be ready actually to back the other soul in the non-acceptance even of the essence of the message, if there is evidence that the other soul is not really helped, but is hindered, at least for the time being, by this essence now offered to it. And, as already said, at best, *only that essence* can and should be taken over by this other soul ; and the light-bearing soul, even then, must at once be busy helping the less experienced soul to clothe the newly won essence in clothing free from the wardrobe of this other soul.

You see, this now, as follows, is the point which, with the sendings of books which I begin to-day, I hope you may end by seeing clearly, steadily, in your quite individual manner and degree. You see, *I* see, how deep, and dear, how precious, is your faith in God and in Christ. I thank God for them, and if to the end you cannot acquire, without really distracting or weakening that faith, a strong serene insight and instinct concerning the great occasions and means by which those great faiths have been, and are still conveyed to, and articulated and steadied amongst mankind—why, then, to the end, I must, and will, actually defend you against the sheer distraction of such instincts and insights not actually possible to you. But it is plain that you would be a much richer, wiser, more developed and more grateful soul if you could and did permanently develop the insights and instincts that I mean. And certainly the things I am thinking of—their perception—constitute just the difference between a fully awake, a fully educated mind, and a mind that is awake only as to results, not as to the processes ; as to what it holds, and not as to who it is to whom it owes that it has anything large and definite to hold at all.

You see how vulgar, lumpy, material appear great clumps of camphor in a drawer ; and how ethereal seems the camphor smell all about in the drawer. How delicious, too, is the sense of bounding health, as one races along some down on a balmy spring morning ; and how utterly vulgar, rather improper indeed, is the solid breakfast, are the processes of digestion that went before ! Yet the camphor lumps, and the porridge and its digestion, they had their share, had they not ? in the ethereal camphor scent, in the bounding along upon that sunlit down ? And a person who would both enjoy camphor scent *and* disdain camphor

lumps ; a person who would revel in that liberal open air *and* contemn porridge and digestion : such a person would be ungrateful, would she not—would have an unreal, a superfine refinement ? The Institutional, the Church, is in Religion, especially in Christianity, the camphor lump, the porridge, etc., and the " detached " believers would have no camphor scent, no open air, bounding liberty, had there not been, from ancient times, those concrete, " heavy," " clumsy," " oppressive " things —lumps, porridge, Church.

There is, most certainly, a further difficulty in this question. The Church, especially *the* Church in the most definite sense, the Roman Catholic Church, has, at its worst, done various kinds of harm, introduced complications and oppressions which, but for it, would not have been in the world. I know this in a detail far beyond what you will ever know. But, my dearie, let us keep our heads ; and let us ask ourselves, not whether " Church " of any kind does not open the door to certain abuses special to itself, but, primarily, only whether *as a matter of fact* it has not been through the Church or Churches that Christianity has been taught or practised ; that Paganism has been vanquished ; that Gnosticism and Pantheism have not carried all before them, long ago : whether indeed it is not owing to the Church and Churches—to the organised, social, historical, institutional fact and tradition, that the most independent-seeming, the most directly inspired souls, do not draw a large part of the purest of their conceptions. Thus George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, taught that souls are each and all directly taught by God, and have no need whatever of Churches, institutions, etc.—all these latter things are so much obstruction and incubus. That he himself, at the end of two years of utter aloofness from all men, was taught directly from heaven (without any kind of previous initiation by any human being) that Jesus is the Way, the Truth and the Life ; that God is Love ; that to live is Christ and to die is gain, etc. He naively admits that, during all that time, he had his *Bible* with him, reading, reading it, all those 24 months. And how that, after those entirely individual, entirely direct, utterly new revelations, he *did* find teachings in St. John's Gospel and Epistles, yes, not unlike his direct revelations ; but these revelations were *not in any way* suggested by those Bible passages, for these Fox's revelations were real, were revelations from the living God to his, F.'s, living soul—and how can something living be suggested by something dead ? How can the Spirit be tied to the Letter ? How can anything but God Himself, and my own soul itself—these two working and responding directly in and to each other—how can or could they be otherwise than stopped or stifled by anything not themselves—by any person or thing other than just themselves in this their unique intercourse ?

Now all this does not prevent Fox from having been a very spiritual

man, and his good faith is transparent. Yet equally clear is the utter rottenness of his psychology and the childish simplicity of his conception as to the methods actually employed by God. For those beautiful thoughts, those great facts as to God and as to Christ, were they less beautiful, less great because they had been perceived and expressed already 1500 and more years before Fox? And were they less Fox's own, was he less free in uttering them, because they had been awakened in himself, so utterly freshly, by those lovers, thinkers, and writers of the past? Nor would it be adequate to reply: "Ah, well, at least the individual Fox was awakened by, or on occasion of, another individual; such two individuals do not make a Church, still less does that one individual (the Johannine writer) constitute a Church." Such a reply would be poor indeed. For the Fourth Gospel is already a *Church Document*—it already simply articulates the faith and love of the Christian Community some 60 years after our Lord's death. And even the whole New Testament, or also the oldest parts, even the unique life and love of Our Lord themselves; even these again presuppose a Church, a Community, a tradition, etc.; in which Jesus was brought up, and which He learnt from and obeyed till He transcended it, transforming and fulfilling all that was good in it.

You may ask, my Niece, what precisely I am driving at? Do I want to make you an R.C.? Why, of course, no, dear, I am busy, not with trying to get you to turn actively "Churchy" even. I am hoping only to get you gradually to see the huge, unique, irreplaceable good that you, as we all, owe to the Church. Even if (which I hope may never happen) you came to find it somehow impossible to keep up as much of Church practice (Holy Communion etc.) as, thank God, you practise now: even then you would (if I succeed) feel a deep, deep gratitude to the Church—something like, though considerably more than, you will come to feel towards the ancient Rome and ancient Greece. Want of such insight and such gratitude towards any of these forces constitutes always, I am sure, a very real limit and weakness.

Further back, I said that the main point to consider was, not the harm done by Churchmen at their worst, but the special function and work of the Church at its best. You see, this is but the same principle which comes continually into everything. Take *marriage*. What a unique means of training the soul; how magnificent is its ideal! Yes, but nothing is, of course, easier than to collect volumes full of instances of infidelity, tyranny, non-suitedness, etc. A good lawyer-philanthropist friend of mine has enthusiastically put forward the example of certain American States which allow 16 valid reasons for Divorce.

Take *Parenthood:* what a unique relation, what an irreplaceable means for the mind's and soul's growth. Yes, but the volumes full of misguided parental affection or folly or tyranny? So with the *State*,

so with *Art*, so with *Science*, so with all that the hands of man touch at all—hands which so readily soil even what they most need, what is most sacred. But notice how the Church, State, Family, Children, the Marriage Tie; these, and other right and good things not only possess each its Ideal, unattained outside of and above it. No, no: they each possess *within* them more or less of that Ideal *become real*—they each and all live on at all because, at bottom, they are necessary, good—come from and lead to God, and really in part effect what they were made for.

To G. G.

Clonboy, Englefield Green,
June 12, 1919.

I have been revolving your letter—its points—in my old head and heart, and the following is the upshot. I begin with the books and end with direct life.

1. I am glad you have read *Paradise Lost*, and still more glad that you do not like it. Rabindranath Tagore, at Vicarage Gate, told me that all his life he had wondered why Englishmen considered Milton a poet at all; for that to be a poet is not, primarily, to have a keen sense for poetical forms, but to be penetrated by a love of all things good in Nature, as vehicles and presentations of the spiritual realities—that an innocent sensuousness is a *sine qua non* for all real poetry. But that Milton is, in his heart of hearts, doubly cold, doubly hostile to Nature—good Nature. That he is incurably a Puritan; and then has also taken over the cold side of the Renaissance. I think myself that you are more just than Tagore, and that those exquisite early and short pieces *are* true poetry, *are* innocently sensuous. I feel the same with *Lycidas* and *Comus*. But T. is right as to the poet in *Paradise Lost*—all but grand bits, such as the invocation of light, his blindness, the description of Eve in Paradise, etc. The fact is that Puritanism is neither natural (in the good sense) nor (really) Christian.

2. As to Shakespeare, he is, indeed, an utter marvel of richness. But, in S., I always end by feeling a limit in a way the very contrary to M.'s limit—yet a grave limit still. S. is a true child of the Renaissance also in the *Renaissance's limitation*. He has not got that sense—not merely of life's mystery, etc.—but of the supernatural, of the other Life, of God, our Thirst and our Home—he has not got what Browning—on these points—has so magnificently. No dying figure in Shakespeare looks *forward*; they all look backward; none thirst for the otherness of God; they all enjoy, or suffer in, and with, and for, the visible, or at least, the immanent alone. When the soul is fully awake, this is not enough; it only arouses, or expresses, man's middle depths, not his deepest depths. It is not anti-Christian; it is even Christian—more

Christian, really, than Milton—as far as it gets ; but it does not reach the ultimate depths, it never utters the full Christian paradox and poignancy.

3. As to the Martyrs, I well understand, dear, that you have had enough of them, at least for the present, yet I do not regret sending you the Allard. I am profoundly convinced that we can never be impressed too much by the *reality*, the transforming, triumphing *power* of religion —by the immense factualness. And, for the purpose, I know nothing more massively impressive than those first three centuries of persecution. But it is literature, doubtless, more for a mature or elderly man, rather than for a young woman. And you will be able to feed the *astringent* emotions (alongside of the sweet) in other ways. This, of course, means, that I hold these astringent emotions and moods—this apparent hardness, this combat and concentration, this asceticism, to be, in the right place and proportion, an absolutely essential constituent of the Christian outlook. Of course, a child can and ought to have only a very little, and a peculiar kind of it ; a woman ought to find and to foster a form and amount of it, different from a man's needs. But where this element is not, there is not authentic Christianity, but some sentimental humanitarianism, or some other weakening inadequacy.

4. I had got you your next parcel made up of books about Gnosticism and the Church's immortal victory—in the first two centuries—over that many-headed monster, so live again amongst us. I had got passages from the chief Gnostics for you in English ; such Pagan *Magic* writers and attempters of a Gnostic-Magic substitute for Christianity as Apuleius and Philostratus (life of Apollonius of Tyana). And I had finished up with Ibsen's grand, little-known play, picturing these last attempts—for those times—of Paganism in competition with Christianity. I had all this ready, again, to bring home the reality, the irreplaceableness of Christianity ; and to protect you, through the self-expansion we can attain by History, from the Esoteric Buddhists, the Spiritualists, etc., the Gnostics of our day, very small descendants of those ancient Gnostics, who, bigger though they were, could not prevail in the fierce testing of human life.

But I see you are hungering now, not for the knowledge of things to avoid, but for the further revelation of realities to love. And so I am putting this Gnostic packet away for the present. I will take it when we have done the Pagan and Christian Greek things ; as a matter of fact, Gnosticism *was* primarily Greek, though it broke out as a spiritual epidemic, at its worst, in the late Roman Empire.

5. (i) The *Octavius* of Minucius Felix.

I think this is the finest Latin Christian pre-Constantinian document, *as so much literature*. It is touching and helpful also spiritually ; but as to depth and power there exist greater things in that range of documents, *e.g.* Tertullian. But then Tertullian is disfigured with

every kind of vehemence, want of proportion, bad taste in details, sometimes even in great things. Whereas M.F. is so beautiful throughout his form, that Boissier loves him for it. You remember B.'s fine analysis of the *Octavius?* Read, then, this short piece, very carefully, ruminatingly, at least twice. The Introduction first of all, and at the end of the second reading.

(ii) Turmel's *Tertullian.*

Turmel is an excellent initiator into Tertullian, and will give you, I think, a vivid sense of what a genius, what a dazzling variety, what a harshness and impossibleness that poor great mind, that vehement, burning and largely burnt-up soul, was in real life, and is still in his very difficult, largely repulsive, but astonishingly *live* books. You will never forget, will you, that Rome—that official Christianity—deliberately and continually refused to accept Tertullian's tone, or to endorse his Rigorism. He ranks as the greatest of the Montanist heretics. And most undoubtedly Rome was right in all this, and T. was wrong. Yet it remains simultaneously true, that Tertullian's is the first mind and personality of the first rank, classable as Christian, indeed heroically Christian in intention, that God gave or permitted to mankind, after the long break since St. Paul. Our Lord, the Unmatched, the Inexhaustible God with us, surrounded by little, little men. And then, promptly, one great follower, St. Paul. And then a long break, followed by a second great follower, Tertullian. And then a shorter break, and a third great, indeed a still greater, a far mellower, a far more fully Christianised Christian man, St. Augustine. You will at first hate Tertullian as much as the Milton of *Paradise Lost* perhaps. Tertullian, a lawyer by training, and a hard, fierce, African Roman by temperament,—with all the tendency to excessive reaction and vigilant rigorism of most converts—especially of converts from the moral corruptions of that late Paganism, can seem—can be—along certain of his most numerous sides—as legalistic, as mercenary, as cold, etc., as Milton. Yet all this surrounded by so much more, and the whole as part of a personality full of vehement *exuberance*—a personality, which, though it can shout unjust reproaches and apparent arrogances, is, at bottom, pathetic in the sense of its own unloveliness—so in his little treatise on "Patience," a virtue, he confesses at starting, which he, the vehement, the turbulent, never possessed. Please note, too, that Tertullian stands quite unique in the way he has always been treated by the Official Church. A man once declared a heretic, and his writings were shunned by all but a few orthodox scholars, and his writings would never be used with admiration and for acceptance. But Tertullian was taken by St. Cyprian as his, the Bishop's, daily spiritual reading; and, indeed, St. C.'s own writings are full of reminiscences of those of T. And even in our recent times, upon the

whole more strict amongst the orthodox than were those earlier centuries, this same privileged treatment remains : there exists, *e.g.*, a three-volume *Selections from Tertullian*, made ready for Sermons throughout the Sundays and holidays of the year : this by a French priest in the eighteen-forties or eighteen-fifties, with full Episcopal approbation. Why has T. always enjoyed this quite exceptional treatment ? It is, I think, not so much because he was the first to coin a whole string of striking technical terms, which were taken over permanently by Christian, especially by Latin Christian theology ; but because T.'s errors were mostly excesses in opposition to the natural, the first impulses of the average man or woman—thus those errors were, upon the whole, harmless.

(iii) Tertullian, English Translations of some of his chief writings, in the *Library of the Fathers*, Vol. I. Although Turmel will already have given you well-chosen, well-translated extracts from T., I should like you to read, in this (very fine) English Translation, the great *Apologeticus*—so amazingly rich in vivid pictures and in vehement emotions—and the beautiful, deep, *Testimony of the Christian Soul.* I have deliberately withheld from the packet a good English translation of the *Testimony of the Martyrs*, and (again) of his *Testimony of the Christian Soul*—a little volume like the Minucius Felix. I have so acted, because I do not want to give you a second Tertullian volume, unless and until I find that you are more helped than repelled by the fierce African. Of one thing I am sure : no one can get much out of T. unless the person, man or woman, be thoroughly self-disciplined, self-trained in the fruitful art and virtue of gathering roses amidst thorns, and of discerning jewel eyes in a toad's head. I want my Niece to end by becoming such a discriminator ; how weary I am of the *lumpers*, the *whole-hoggers* ! I will not press you, over the Tertullians, as to the amount of reading of him. You may find even a single reading of the Turmel volume, as of the *Apologeticus* and *Christian Soul* in the *Library of the Fathers* volume, more than you can stand. Or, again, you may discover refreshing oases in that scorching desert, and may be drawn on by a genius, as certainly a genius as he requires bucketfuls of expansion and of sweetness to render useful and palatable even thimblefuls of his rigidity and bitterness. If you *are* thus fascinated, a double reading of Turmel, and a double reading of the English volume (at least of the two pieces proposed) would certainly not be too much.

(iv) Palladius' *Lausiac History of the Early Monks.*

You will think that I have never done with astringency ! Just you only get inside any one of the deeper and deepest *men* souls, when fully awakened by grace, and you will perhaps marvel at, you will certainly have to note, the large presence—in very various forms, no doubt—of such astringency; so, if it be only to understand the history of *men's* souls,

a considerable acquaintance with such pickles and prickles, such salt and such mustard, is necessary. Besides as to this Palladius book, in particular, it admirably balances and completes your outlook upon dying Paganism and upspringing Christianity in the decadent Roman Empire. Also, you can hardly understand well the St. Jerome and the St. Augustine volumes, of the packet to follow, unless you know something about St. Anthony and his companions. I shall be interested to hear whether my little old child manages to discern, in those often strange scenes, a necessary, abiding element (capable of all sorts of forms and of degrees) of Christianity itself. There is still a strange (at bottom childish) intolerance abroad as to the ascetical element ; but men—the deeper ones—are again coming to see what they had far better never ceased to see—so Prof. William James, so too Prof. Ernst Troeltsch—both men of the largest outlook. If you like Palladius, read him twice ; if you don't, put him by till you can appreciate him.

To G. G.

July 3, 1919.

Two facts or laws—the first that our ideal must be, in and for the long run, a genial, gentle, leisurely expansion—no shaking of the nerves, no strain, no semi-physical vehemence, no impatient concentration. Suffering and involuntary strain may come to us ; but all this will, where good—be upborne and expanded into Peace and humble Power if we keep little in our own eyes, gently watchful and united to God, in love. The second fact or law is that nothing we may feel, think, will, imagine, however spiritual, however *real* spiritually, but has, in this our earthly life, to be paid for by the body. True, the joy of it will even do our body good ; still, a certain subtle unintentional strain has been introduced into our nervous system. The same in its degree and way would be true if we took systematically to music or mathematics. There is no necessary harm in this, and no means of fully avoiding it. Yet it is important we should be aware of the fact. For such awareness will help to give us a certain sobriety and moderation in all this our emotional life—a sobriety and moderation which will, if wisely managed, greatly add to and aid that fundamental Christian virtue, *creatureliness*. And lastly *Consolation* is sooner or later followed by *Desolation* ; and the latter is, when and where God sends it (and we have not ourselves brought it on ourselves by laxness and dissipation), as true a way to God, and usually a safer one than Consolation.—Day and night, sunshine and storm, union and aloneness—*both* are necessary, sooner or later, Sweet. But of course—it is for God, for Him alone, to know and apportion these vicissitudes to each soul, and certain it is that it is of much help to have

some older, more experienced soul handy—who can and will, if and when we get into Desolations, cheer us on by the reminder of the former Consolation and still more by the great fact, that only through such vicissitudes, through fidelity in them, can we grow strong and deep in God and for Him.

To Bishop Edward Talbot

Clonboy, Englefield Green, Surrey,
July 8, 1919.

My very dear Bishop,—Hildegard found, in yesterday's *Daily Telegraph*, the death of Mrs. Edward Lyttelton. . . . . How dumb and helpless we stand, or seem to stand, before it ! What an impertinence, what conceit, it appears to be, if and when we utter more than a groan, a sigh, a tear !

In the case of this your Brother-in-law—a man whom, I know, you love most deeply and very tenderly—a man, again, whom our good friend Bernard Holland (doubtless with countless other Etonians) has felt with and for, so keenly, in all his previous troubles—this most stunning blow has come on top of a great, though quite different, previous trial. I was not, in connection with that past ordeal, able to see eye to eye with him ; yet how deeply one felt, at once and throughout, the utter unworldliness, the lofty striving after justice, the moral and spiritual nobility of the man, and indeed of this very action of his, problematical as, outside of his own consciousness and motivation, it might seem to oneself to be ! . . . And now, alas, *this* !

. . . May he, fine, deeply tried man, find peace and a mainstay, even in this terrible trouble ! I will, and I do, join my poor prayers with yours, to that effect.

To G. G.

Aug. 7, 1919.

1. *St. Augustine.* I cannot exaggerate the gain that I think you will derive from feeding for years upon the *Confessions.* They more than any other book, excepting the Gospels and the Psalms, have taught me—and I believe they will teach you, will penetrate and will colour every tissue of your mind and heart—as to four things especially.

(1) *Seriousness.* The average, conventional, latter day, "enlightened" etc. outlook as to moral responsibility, purity, humility, sin, is just so much childishness compared to the spirit that breathes in those deathless pages. That entire way of recording one's own or other lives, as

though they were just so many crystals, or at most so many plants—as though they could not, in the given circumstances, have been other than in fact they were : all that sorry naturalism and determinism, with its cheap self-exculpation and its shallow praise (because also shallow blame) of others : all this is nobly out-soared, is obviously nowhere in that deep manly world of St. Augustine.

(2) *Reality, Distinctness, Prevenience of God, our Home.* This again, how little we are recognising it ! And how this fundamental fact pervades St. A. ! It is because of this mighty fact, ever taken in all its seriousness, that the soul is left rock-based, serene, unshaken ; even though it wander far away from God, its Home. Yet that Home continues ready to receive it back.

(3) *The Church, the Community, the Tradition, the Training School of Seekers after, of Souls found by God and Christ.* This great fact overlooked nowadays as fact, and the other two—St. A. has them all three in deepest operation—each requiring, supplementing, strengthening the other.

(4) *Our Dead—ourselves when dead.* St. Augustine is the finest antidote to our prevalent weakness here again. What soul ever owed more to another than A. to Monica ? Can there have been many souls more holy than Monica's ? And have there been many, come back from more deadly sins and errors, than Augustine ? Yet with all she was, with all her saintly life and glorious death, all still vividly before him, Augustine quietly records her frailties and prays for her, and begs all who read him throughout the ages to pray for her, for the forgiveness of her sins. In this way even Monica becomes, if I may speak in homely fashion, not a lobster-pot, but a springboard, not a blind alley or a terminus, but a starting-point and a spur to seeing, willing, doing even further than she whilst she was in this life.

2. *God.* I shall be glad if on this point you can and will develop two distinct currents of conviction and emotion : the *two together* will give you a deep growing faith. By all means concentrate upon the lights that may come to you, as it were incidentally and as background, in and through your prayers—of Church Services, Prayer of Quiet and Holy Communions ; and leave alone definitions of Him and clear, reasoned articulations of your faith in, of your conceptions of Him. Good, excellent—provided you not only respect for others, but you interiorly reverence as indirectly but most operatively necessary for yourself, the great positive conclusions of the greatest thinkers, theologians, saints, the great definitions of the Church concerning God. I mean, learn to shrink away from the childish attitude of Schiller, in his epigram—that he refuses to belong to any religion, because of his profound religiousness, or of Goethe in his *Faust*—that it does not matter *what we think* God to be, *what* we *say* of Him—that it all equally

affirms and equally denies Him. I cannot exhaustively know, I cannot adequately define, even a daisy, still less Puck. Still less you. Does it follow that I cannot know, in various degrees, really know, a daisy, Puck —still less you—that it does not matter how I conceive them, that *this* conception is not ever so much more penetrating, ever so much more true, than is *that* conception? You know Gibbon's far too influential gibe at the Arian Controversy—that it was all a silly squabble concerning a diphthong—as to whether Christ was "Homoousios" = *same* substance with the Father—or "Homoiousios" = of *similar* substance with the Father. Gibbon thus confounded rich, far-reaching live differences, with their ultimate reduction to technical terms. You might as well declare that a controversy turning upon one milliard pounds sterling —that presence or absence was but a wrangle over the numerical sign— the vertical stroke—of 1; since, on the one side, men wrangled "000,000," and on the other side men wrangled "1,000,000." Of course *all great issues can intellectually be reduced to such beggarly seeming symbols*; and, in this reduced form, they can only appeal to those who know them in their living fulness and operativeness. But it is a transparent piece of clap-trap to decide offhand, from such reductions, that this or that one is worthy of all respect because it covers great riches of fact, and that another deserves all contempt as a mere empty formula. My child will then just simply love and serve God in and through her prayers, her joys, her sufferings—her Church and her Communions—her children and her dear ones all—but she will *not* tilt at, she will *not* treat lightly definitions however dry-seeming and abstract.

Two great laws—I am convinced they are—of and in our little earthly lives and probation. The *one fact and law* is, how unequipped are young people, say, up to 30 at the earliest, for any final negative decision as to religion. I mean—definite, institutional religion; and therefore how heavy is the responsibility of Parents and seniors if they provoke, if they give ready occasion to, the young, to any indiscriminate revolt against such definite institutional religion. Such seniors may have the deepest experience of what such definite, institutional religion means in and for *their own* lives, but they ought simultaneously to make clear to themselves that this their own formed conviction has been an affair of time, and that they must not presuppose it as extant in the young, or as simply transferable to the young by command or even by careful teaching. This, of course, in no wise means that children and young people should not be taught *some* religion, should not be wisely trained in *some* religious (institutional religious) convictions and habits. It only means that at every step you should remain conscious of the inevitable, the right of difference between these young things and yourself—and that we will have gained a great point if they leave your hands

with only a little definite religion, but with a sense that there may well be more in it than they can, so far, see for themselves.

The second great fact or law of human life is that good faith and the effects of our view and decisions (upon ourselves and others) are strikingly incommensurate. A child is taken over a factory—in the best good faith it puts its hand into the machinery—its good faith in no wise saves it from its own quite sincere but entirely ignorant action. No doubt that, in more purely spiritual matters, good faith does more or less neutralise some of the effects of inexperience, precipitation, etc.—but it does not neutralise them entirely. All this then means that we will strive to make the young feel more and more that *sincerity* is indeed a *one*, most necessary virtue for them; but that *docility* is quite as necessary a virtue.

To Bishop Edward Talbot

Aug. 25, 1919.

My dear Bishop,—I have revolved these various texts for the Whitehall Cenotaph in my old head, and I think that *the text from Revelation is really the most appropriate* of all texts within the New Testament. It is certainly not the *most beautiful, nor the most authoritative*. And I should dearly love to find Protestant England at one with the King of the Hedjas and with the Chief Rabbis of Paris and London, not to speak of the Russian Church authorities or of the Roman Catholic Church in this as in all other countries, accepting, requiring prayers for these Dead. I would, in that case, propose the text in the Second Book of Maccabees: "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead. . . ." But, *of course*, as matters stand, this would never do.

Your gratefully affectionate old Friend,
F. v. Hügel.

To Professor Clement Webb

Clonboy, Englefield Green,
Aug. 15, 1919.

My poor old conscience was anyhow pricking me on and on, and more and more, as to my non-response to your delightful, most welcome long letter of July 23rd; when, behold, on the very day I had fixed as the one when *your* turn had come, I receive a further communication from you—a note about pleasant young Dr. Brilioth.

I do not, in spite of the above tragic picture, feel I could really serve my friends better than I do in fact—so long as my present condition lasts. For, though I am certainly much better in a general way, yet

I cannot take to scribbling at all largely (I mean still only letters and notes) without white nights coming promptly upon me and throwing back my full recovery. I am anxious, if I can at all achieve it, to get home and to the beginnings of work again by September 15 at latest; and that means that I must carefully husband the strength that so slowly returns, even if (as is the fact) I have in my drawer letters still unanswered from last November!

As to your kind offer—and the Committee's handsome proposal, that I should report for Roman Catholic Theology at *next year's Summer Meeting of the Oxford Society of Historical Theology*—my difficulty is not so much that I am uncertain as to my health as from now to then; but that I have now managed carefully to transfer or postpone all my literary engagements (except a long-standing address at end of this October) for the purpose of concentrating upon attempting a new book which has, for many a year, been getting ready in my head and heart. And at 67½ I must not hope to achieve *that* and sundry other things alongside of it. Yet experience has taught me that one may be actually much helped on in a big, long task like that, by some smaller, short affair—provided, however, that this latter does not break in upon the former as quite disparate and distracting. If you can allow me *till Dec. 1st*, to see how I get on with my big job, I shall be able to judge then, and I will then let you know, one way or the other.

As to *Norman Kemp Smith* I have got to know him quite intimately, owing to having induced him to come and speak to our L.S.S.R. on June 3rd last. He then stayed three days with us, and in his Paper, and in the private talks we had about it, he revealed pretty well, I think, the whole of his deepest convictions. Well as I know, and sincerely as I like, Baillie, I could not but wish N. K. S. to have the Edinburgh succession. Had N. K. S. been already occupying a Chair somewhere in the British Isles, or even elsewhere in Europe, the case might have been different. I was glad to be able, quite sincerely, to dwell upon this latter circumstance to Baillie, when he wrote asking me to write him a testimonial, and when—oh, the odiousness!—I had to get out of doing so, not because I felt B. would not be a worthy holder of the Chair, but because N. K. S. seemed to me so clearly to deserve a European appointment. I assured B. I should not write a Testimonial for N. K. S. either. I am truly sorry for B.'s disappointment; and, with you, I fear it is great.

How delightful about your brother-in-law's marriage to the Poet Laureate's daughter—how beautiful she may well be, with that really quite Apolline Father! And how cheering that your sister-in-law has so fully got over her terrible accident. How happy you two good people must feel in your kind hearts! May you both have an excellent holiday!

Some time back *Dr. Marcel Rifaux*, who founded and, I think, so ably edited short-lived little *Demain*—an uncommonly fine character and cultivated mind, and a man with excellent literary and philosophical connections—wrote to invite me to contribute, and to suggest other English contributors, to a volume he was preparing to edit, answering the question : " Pourquoi suis-je spiritualiste ? " The whole would appear in French, in English, in German, and in Italian. *Jacques Chevalier* would translate the English communications for the French Edition. I had to refuse for myself, but I proposed four other English contributors : *Clement Webb* and *A. E. Taylor*, for mature work ; *Flew* and *Leslie Hunter*, for junior work. If and when R. writes to you, pray strive to say " Yes " ; I think you would do much good.

Kindest grateful regards to you both—from my Wife also.

Yours very sincerely,

F. v. HÜGEL.

To G. G.

Aug. 18, 1919.

I am always so glad, my darling Child, when you can and do articulate some perplexity about one or other of the huge, rich, many-sided—not questions—but facts and laws which I try to help you to see ; for thus I feel on sure ground—not only as to these great facts, but also as to your whereabouts, or your obscurity, concerning them. I do not any more remember my exact object in telling you what you have evidently written down very accurately. But I will now take the point in (and more or less by) itself, and will make it as clear as I possibly can.

You see, my G., that, with the all but limitless sway of *subjectivism*, especially since the 18th century, almost everyone nowadays, who is not deeply fed and filled by quite definite religious life and convictions, thinks, if they think of truth and fact at all, as of things not *given*, not *found*, but as things somehow projected, or created, by us, and this, all within and only for the purpose of our *human* nature and *human*, *limitedly* human, certainties and happiness. Strictly speaking, such an attitude should never speak of truth as in any sense ultimate and independent of ourselves, or of any reality as certainly existing prior to, and independently of, our affirmation of it. Such a temper of mind, if it talks of Church, of Christ, of God at all, can only talk of them as just so many " beautiful " or " interesting " ideas within your and my brain and heart, as things without any reality outside these receptacles ; such people could not ever raise the question as to *whether all these three facts and realities* (as you and I hold them to be) *themselves communicate themselves to man, themselves invade his consciousness*, provided said consciousness is pure and sincere. This question, note, dear, is distinct from the

question as to whether or not Church, Christ, God, are all three true, all three real. The Roman Catholic Church, any and every Christian group or individual, who would deny, or even discriminate between the truth, the reality, of any one of the three, would stultify itself or himself. God leads to Christ, and Christ leads to the Church ; and, inversely, the Church leads to Christ, and Christ leads to God. Or, better, the Church always involves Christ, and Christ always involves the Church. This, dear, is clear enough, isn't it ?

But please note (not as contradictory to this, but contrary, but different to this) that, when we speak thus, we are speaking of the complete interconnection, the complex three mountain chain, as God always sees it, as some human souls here below always see it. We are not speaking as it is in itself, whether many or few, all or no, human souls see it. *We are not speaking as* (in this world of slow growth, of complications and of trial, of weakness, cowardice and sin) *the situation actually stands.* Everywhere, in this little cabined life of man, we have to introduce a similar distinction between the complete type, as most certainly willed by God, most certainly planned by Him, and effected again and again by and with His help, and the incomplete, the merely inchoate *individuals*, always, in all ranks of actual life, the considerable majority. I believe only 5 per cent. of most flies ever attain to their full development, yet every one of these 19 in every 20 achieve, *as far as they go*, the type ! They indicate, they imply it. With mammals the waste is less, but still very large—if it is right to talk of waste, where, very possibly, life is, after all, the richer for even such inchoations. When we come to man, we still get something similar, the many mere beginnings of human life, children dead before birth or before the age of reason, idiots, the insane. Also the long ages of Barbarism. All this, note, quite independently of any personal fault, any sin, on the part of these inchoate human beings. Well, here again, we can say that so far (that is, apart from any sin) the world is, after all, richer thus, than if there were here no such inchoations, than if it were reduced to those individuals who attain to the full human stature.

Now this great fact or law, this great *difference between type and individual, the realised ideal and the average attainment*, runs also clearly through the manifestations of God to man, and the apprehensions by man of God and of His condescensions. The Jewish religion was not false for the thirteen centuries of the pre-Christian operations ; it was, for those times, God's fullest self-revelation, and man's deepest apprehension of God. And this same Jewish religion can be, *is*, still the fullest religious truth for numerous individuals whom God leaves in their good faith, in their not directly requiring the fuller, the fullest, light and aid of Christianity. What is specially true of the Jewish religion is in a lesser, but still a very real degree, true of Mohammedanism,

and even of Hinduism, Parseeism, etc. It is *not* true that all religions are equally true, equally pure, equally fruitful—the differences are, on the contrary, profound. And it is our duty never to level down, never to deny or to ignore God's upward-moving self-revelation, God's *type*-religion. At the same time our ardour requires harnessing to patience, to a meek encouragement of all the smoking flax, all the broken reeds, of our earthly time and comrades, for these are God's *individuals*.

Now then, back to your precise question. The ordinary R.C. scholastic text-book teaches that such good faith (not adequacy), such individual sufficiency (not type-fulness), is more largely operative with regard to ignorance, or even denial, of the *Christian Church*, or even of *Christ*, than with regard to denial, or even to ignorance of *God*. This because, after all, Church and Christ are historical, contingent facts, which require to be imparted to us, in a way like the existence of the Emperor Augustus and the reality of the United States of America, this at the beginning. But, no doubt, the non-Christian religions all furnish their followers with (imperfect) conceptions of God, so also with (imperfect) conceptions of Christ (Moses, Mahommed, Buddha, etc.), and imperfect conceptions of the Church (Temple, Mosque, etc.). Whereas God is the metaphysical, the absolute Reality, which is involved in, which indicates itself in, our deepest needs, thoughts, and conscience.

When I told you that story of Monsieur Littré, I did so, amongst other reasons, in order to indicate how careful, how non-judging, as to individuals we should keep ourselves, even where such individuals ignore or deny even God. Yet I do think that that ordinary R.C. teaching is after a very real distinction, and also that the present-day ordinary cheery dismissal of all thought of responsibility, and even of guilt, in such denials, is but part and parcel of the insufferable shallowness of Naturalism.

To G. G.

Sept. 1, 1919.

I want this little scribble to reach you on your starting your packing-fortnight. I want to put, very shortly, what has helped myself, so greatly, for now a generation.

Well—you are going pack, pack and unpack, unpack for a fortnight. What is it that I would have you quietly set your mind and heart on, during that in itself lonesome and dreary bit of your road, Child ? Why, *this* ! You see, all we do has a *double-relatedness*. It is a link or links of a chain that stretches back to our birth and on to our death. It is part of a long train of cause and effect, of effect and cause, in your own chain of a life—this chain variously intertwisted with, variously affecting, and affected by, numerous other chains and other lives. It is certainly

your duty to do quietly your best that these links may help on your own chain and those other chains, by packing well, by being a skilful packer.

Yes, but there is also, all the time, another, a far deeper, a most darling and inspiring relation. Here, you have no slow succession, but you have each single act, each single moment joined directly to GOD—Himself not a chain, but one Great Simultaneity. True, certain other acts, at other moments, will be wanted, of a kind more intrinsically near to God—Prayer, Quiet, Holy Communion. Yet not even these other acts could unite you as closely to God as can do this packing, if and when the packing is the duty of certain moments, and if, and as often as, the little old daughter does this her packing with her heart and intention turned to God her Home, if she offers her packing as her service, that service which is perfect liberty.

Not even a soul already in Heaven, not even an angel or archangel, can take your place there ; for what God wants, what God will love to accept, in those rooms, in those packing days, and from your packing hands, will be just this little packing performed by you in those little rooms. Certainly it has been mainly through my realising this doctrine a little, and through my poor little self-exercising in it, that I have got on a bit, and you will get on faster than I have done with it. You understand ? At one moment, packing ; at another, silent adoration in Church ; at another, dreariness and unwilling drift ; at another, the joys of human affections given and received ; at another, keen keen suffering of soul, of mind, in apparent utter loneliness ; at another, external acts of religion ; at another, death itself. All these occupations every one can, ought, and will be, each when and where, duty, reason, conscience, necessity—GOD—calls for it ; it will all become the means and instruments of loving, of transfiguration, of growth for your soul, and of its beatitude. But it is for GOD to choose these things, their degrees, combinations, successions ; and it is for you just simply, very humbly, very gently and peacefully, to follow that leading.

Per Crucem ad Lucem.

To G. G.

Clonboy, Englefield Green,
Sept. 17, 1919.

Well, now, my darling, here is my letter for your restarting. I will attempt to make two, more or less new, points—very important discriminations—very clear to you, after first getting two immediate practical details out of the way.

I want you, then, carefully to study all the remaining Latin (Roman) Christian books I have given or lent you in the last packets. Tell me

when you are getting to the end of this study (the little Tertullian and the Swete at least twice, please !) and I will get quite ready for the first packet of Greek books—classical (Pagan) Greek books first—on the same scale as that we did the Latin books on. . . .

Now for my points.

1. It is quite possible (it is certainly much the more common state of soul) that your now deep and living sense of religion is making non-religious subjects more or less insipid to you—that you are feeling it rather a bore to concentrate upon Homer and Pindar, after Tertullian and the *Confessions*. But if this is so, or if it comes on, later on : I want you, my dear, *carefully to ignore, and vigorously to react against, this mentality*. If there is one danger for religion—if there is any one plausible, all-but-irresistible trend which, throughout its long rich history, has sapped its force, and prepared the most destructive counter-excesses, it is just *that*,—that allowing the fascinations of Grace to deaden or to ignore the beauties and duties of Nature. What *is* Nature ? I mean, all that, in its degree, is beautiful, true and good in this many-levelled world of the one stupendously rich God ? Why, Nature (in this sense) is the expression of the God of Nature ; just as Grace is the expression of the God of Grace. And not only are *both* from God, and to be loved and honoured as His : but they have been created, they are administered and moved, by God as *closely inter-related parts of one great whole*—of the full and vivid knowledge and service of Him and happiness of ourselves. No Grace without the substrate, the occasion, the material, of Nature ; and (in the individuals called to the realisation of the type) no Nature without Grace. Do you fully grasp, what I am driving at ? That I want you, just because you long for Religion, to continue to cultivate, to cultivate more carefully and lovingly, also the interests, the activities, that are not directly religious ? And this, not simply because, "Why, of course, we must eat our dinner ; of course, we must have our little relaxations," but, much more, because, without these not directly religious interests and activities, you—however slowly and unperceivedly—lose the material for Grace to work in and on. When we come to do the Church History of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance, etc., I shall be able to point out to you, on a huge scale, this great principle either fructifying all or sterilising all. Meanwhile, practise, practise it, and keep it up, long after I have gone ! *Hardly any woman works her religion thus ;* but then too, how thin and abstract, or how strained and unattractive, the religion of most women becomes, owing to this their eliminations of religion's materials and divinely intended tensions !

2. Hardly distinguishable in theory, yet rather different in practice, is the other point I want you carefully to watch. I have so much insisted upon *the Church* in my recommendations that it may look

inconsistent if I warn you against Church societies, Church newspapers —the little Churchinesses which, I should think, must be fairly frequent in your Cathedral town—yet, just this, the equivalent of just this, has been perhaps my longest, subtlest difficulty and temptation, ever since, through God's mercy, the Church took me and I gave myself to the Church. It was only when I was forty, that this trouble and uncertainty ceased—again owing to light from and through a saintly leader. I never have gained the bigger lights on myself, except that way. To love Holy Communion, yet tactfully, un-ironically, to escape from all Eucharistic Guilds, etc. ; to care for God's work in the world especially in and through Christianity, and yet (again quite silently, with full contrary encouragement to others who are helped by such literature) never opening a Church paper or magazine ; and so on and so on : what a pushing forward and a sudden inhibiting back all this seems to be.

Yet if you are made at all like myself—what safety, what expansion will be yours ! This, though, only if you have your life full of good, wholesome not technically religious interests ; and if these non-religious interests are more and more penetrated, warmed, widened, sweetened by the purest, humblest, most self-oblivious, homely heroism of supernature—of Grace in the full sense of the word. Such a life will also greatly help you in keeping free from what might make you an unnecessary stumbling-block to other not yet religiously awake souls ; and this, without the least indifference or sorry " naturalising " on your part. At forty I learnt this ; at forty or so, my G——, learn you this also.

I need not say that neither 1 nor 2 is of any obligation for you. They are only suggestions for you to watch and to see, whether and how they fit you. If you cannot get forward in this fashion, by all means get on in the other way. I only want to clear away every possible half-notion that to love God, Christ, Church dearly, it is necessary for everyone (hence also for you) to be *Churchy*. But again, humility, consideration, patience, encouraging of others to become quite different from ourselves ; all this can alone render the kind of independence I mean safe, because creaturely, and the isolation not fundamental or ultimate but only one concerned with middle things, with means and applications.

Am now weary. God bless you, Child. Be faithful, and He will sweeten to you, in the long run, all things, even bitter death itself.

To G. G.

Oct. 6, 1919.

I write to-day, hoping that this (now the strike is over) may reach you to-morrow—on the first anniversary of your dear Father's death. I often and often think of him ; indeed he, just as you yourself, Child,

are in my poor prayers thrice every day. And I love to think that, if he, in that great life beyond, is allowed to know what happens here below to his youngest, he is glad and grateful for your deep growth during this year just gone by. This growth has assuredly preserved, and only still further deepened, the noble good—all the touching purity and generosity —he taught you and he exemplified to you, indeed which, in a true sense, he gave you with his blood.

I want to write now, also, because, since you cannot come just now (very naturally, though I am truly sorry), I should like to make some remarks upon quite a number of practical points or of questions raised by you since last I wrote.

I. As to the practical points.

1. Much frequentation of the Cathedral.[1] You know well, how greatly I love this for you. Yet there is one warning I would give you, and would beg you to bear in mind. *Do not overdo it ;* I mean, do not take your utter fill, while the attraction is thus strong. If we want our fervour to last, we must practise moderation even in our prayer, even in our Quiet. And certainly it is perseverance in the spiritual life, on and on, across the years and the changes of our moods and trials, health and environment : it is this that supremely matters. And you will add greatly to the probabilities of such perseverance, if you will get into the way (after having settled upon the amount of time that will be wise for you to give to the Cathedral, or your prayer of quiet in general) of keeping a little even beyond this time, when you are dry ; and a little short of this time, when you are in consolation. You see why, don't you ? Already the Stoics had the grand double rule : *abstine et sustine :* "abstain and sustain" : *i.e.* moderate thyself in things attractive and consoling; persevere, hold out, in things repulsive and desolating. There is nothing God loves better, or rewards more richly, than such double self-conquest as this ! Whereas all those who heedlessly take their glut of pleasant things, however sacred these things may be, are in grave danger of soon outliving their fervour, even if they do not become permanently disgusted.

2. As to *Churchy* people, I did not, of course, mean devotedly Christian people, lovers of the Church, who work these loves into a large thoughtfulness. . . .

3. As to Bury's History : please write your name in it, and keep it as a further gift from me : it will be very useful for frequent reference in most of your further readings of Greek things. And, Child, try, by very frequent looking at the coins illustrations, to connect the chief Greek cities with their coins. It is in that way that the geography of ancient Greece sticks in my head. And dull as Geography, and still more Chronology, are, when taken simply by themselves—yet without

[1] G. G. was now living in Salisbury.

them—without a clear framework of time and of space in which to place and to remember the facts, external or interior, of the history, you will never remember the facts, and hence you will never be able yourself to reason upon, to apply the history. Let the coins help you very largely !

II. As to questions.

1. Shakespeare's *Macbeth.* I think you are right, and that *there* there is a truly Christian penetration and estimate. To-day week I will send you, on long loan, a *glorious* book : Bradley's *Shakesperean Tragedy : Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, Lear.* You will love it, I am sure. It is a book really worthy of its subject.

2. Shorthouse's *John Inglesant.* I must say I feel that book to have but *one* (a truly great) greatness, as against three very bad faults—faults which, I must confess, continue to spoil the pleasure I might otherwise find in it.—The book, then, I think, has one perception, or, rather an instinct stronger than the author is himself aware of—I mean, an all-penetrating sense of the massiveness, the awful reality, of the spiritual life within the Roman Catholic Church. This that he thus sees, is assuredly a fact, and a huge fact ; but it is a fact unknown, or turned away from, or minimised by the large majority even of religious Englishmen. And I really believe that the undoubtedly great fascination of this book for so many serious souls, is just this its all-pervading sense of that very certain, but very largely unknown fact. But then I feel that to one who, like myself, has lived within, has lived and been redeemed and been formed by that great life in that great Church, that discovery of Shorthouse is no discovery : if anything, such an one is somewhat irritated that something to him so massively plain, should—the discovery of it—stamp a book as quite *sui generis.* And then, against that strength of the book stand, I think, three great—even if smaller weaknesses. (1) The book, the man's style, indeed mind, are *precious*—surely, as much so as is Pater's *Marius.* All that is turned and returned, is cooked—to my taste to weariness. (2) The central figure and fate in the book—Molinos and his end—are far from certainly what they are painted here. *Possible* it is that M. was innocent ; I have studied the case very carefully, and have said so in print. But there is no certainty ; and much—too much—mysticism and moral depravity have certainly gone together in not a few other cases. (3) The underlying doctrine of the book is very lopsided, indeed it is false. All through, a Quaker indifference to the visible, to Forms, to History—to the Body Time and Space—is actively at work. Yet nothing is being more clearly re-proved, quite independently of the old institutions, by modern Psychology, than that that independence is only possible in a world saturated with the results of dependence. Mysticism, in all religions, always comes long after those religions have won and trained the soul

by their historic happenednesses, by their close contact with time and space. We shall find this later on, with the Ancient Greek, the Indian, the Jewish, the Mohammedan, the Christian religions. And to think like Shorthouse, is historic ingratitude to a high degree. I find that, throughout his book, those that insist strongly on institutions, and that fear or oppose more or less pure Mysticism, are all, in so far, worldlings, power-lovers, Pharisees, etc.! Stuff and nonsense: I *know* that this is a clumsy, false analysis; although, of course, there are worldlings amongst the strong institutionalists, as there are fanatics or moral decadents amongst the "exquisite" mystics.

3. Dean Colet. Yes, he is a very attractive personality, and Seebohm's book is a good book. But I have changed—have had to change—much as to those Renaissance Catholic Reformers these last 10 years. My ideal used to be Sir Thomas More. I still, of course, admit their greatness; and I hold still, with all my heart, that *that* Reform would have been far better than the Protestant violences which supplanted it. But I now have found in detail how profoundly ignorant, how bigoted, were all these men, as to the Middle Ages—they lumped these latter indiscriminately together, as just one long—6 or 7 centuries or more—of utter barbarism and contemptible puerilities. Dante and Aquinas, Anselm, Bernard, the Poverello: barbarians! *What* a notion! The fact is, certainly,—we are all coming to know it well now—that these men came at the fag end of some five generations of Iron Middle Ages, of their dissolution; and they were too disgusted, too impatient, too much blinded by the new light and lights, to pierce through those 150 years, back to the Golden Middle Age. The Golden Middle Age is the culmination, so far, of the Christian spirit as a world force and a world outlook; and compared with its greatest figures just named, even More and Colet, Fisher and Erasmus, are thin and literary indeed.—This, too, you will be shown in detail later on.

Now I will have to be pretty silent till October is at an end; have to incubate my Address at Birmingham on October 27. Grand, if you could come here, soon after.

To Professor Clement Webb

Oct. 9, 1919.

My dear Webb,—I have a somewhat ill-assorted lot of points I want to put to you: be patient, please, if I hop you about somewhat unmercifully.

For one thing (mentioned first, because it may help to excuse me) I came back here on Sept. 22, after recruiting ever since June 5, at a very kind cousin's house in Englefield Green, spending many a happy hour in Windsor Great Park, two minutes from the house. I have got

back certainly very much better—better even than when I wrote to you last, but still with various unmistakeable signs that, if I really again intend to work seriously, I will have to ignore (on the surface) my friends for long spells of time. I am clearing up my mass of accumulated papers, so as to have everything tidy and get-at-able when I make my start at composition work on Monday next—a short, though difficult flight this, as a beginning—an address to be delivered before the " Clerical Society " in Birmingham on Oct. 27.—Hence I write the more pressing of my letters, before getting some 18 days or so away to more concentrated occupation.

I write about four things:

1. Please find herewith Emil Wolff on Bacon and Plato. In sorting out my pamphlets these days I came across this, and I remembered that you asked me to lend it to you. Pray keep it altogether, if it is of any real use to you. I see that I exaggerated the range of the Dissertation—it deals with only *one* of Bacon's sources ; but I do not doubt its thoroughness within these its limits.

2. Will you kindly give this note (of congratulation) to Dr. Foligno —I do not know his address since his return to Oxford. I am so very glad he has secured this Professorship ; I did not even know of its foundation.

3. You will, I suppose, by now have got to know Dr. Yngve Brilioth, and his young wife—Dr. Söderblom's daughter—now that he, Dr. B., has returned for a little while to Oxford with this his bride. I like him thoroughly. But you will have the pull over me with them through your knowing her Father. The Archbishop has been very kind to me, in most various ways, but I have never yet met him.

4. I have given a card of presentation, to yourself and Mrs. Webb, to my great-nephew (Sir Hubert Parry's grandson) Richard Green, who is just starting at New College—a thoroughly good, gentlemanly, shy lad of 18—I believe a good classic but who has now taken to Physics—especially electricity. His Mother is a deeply religious woman, and notices how little religious are her boy's natural science friends. I have told her how utterly kind you two dear people are, and how solidly, tactfully religious.

With affectionate gratitude to you both,

F. v. HÜGEL.

To the Rev. Canon Newsom

Oct. 13, 1919.

I have never forgotten what you told me of Dr. Merz and the conclusions of his long and most devoted search after the fullest and deepest truth. You well guessed how profoundly sane and solid, and

how far-reachingly important, I would instantly feel them. And so it is a genuine delight and spiritual help to me to hear from you that *A Fragment on the Human Mind* is about to be given to the Public. The strike delayed your letter's arrival; and then I wanted to give myself some three or four days in which to look around me before answering your very attractive proposal. You see, I am still so little strong that, on resuming work, at last only this morning (after having had to wait and wait ever since my operation of last October), I knew well that I was giving myself a decent chance of persevering in it, if I cut myself adrift, for a good while at least, from all other undertakings, however attractive. Even letter-writing must be severely curtailed, and this if only because, if I broke down permanently, I should be exposing myself to deepest melancholy.

I find, then, that I can indeed promise to read, and to re-read every line of Dr. Merz's new book. Also, if I achieve my present big undertaking, to use it, and analyse it, and to draw respectful attention to it, as well as I possibly can manage. But I feel certain that any undertaking of a review (a thing that I have done not more than three or four times in my life, with infinite trouble, and with, I think, not very much effect) would be considerably spoiling my present, long and costingly prepared, chances of fresh work of my own. And in this fresh work I could serve Dr. Merz far better, I am sure, than by any review.

Pray tell him again of my deep sympathy, my joy, and my regret. I will deeply prize a copy with his inscription; but I do not feel I deserve it, and I will, most gladly, buy myself a copy.

To Dr. Y. Brilioth, of Abo, Finland

Nov. 12, 1919.

I feel much ashamed of myself to have left both your last letters so long unanswered, especially since they were both so very helpful, kind, and welcome. But all my life I have been bad at combining different activities; and now, after a year's almost complete break in my work, I thirst to keep the said resumed work free from all avoidable hamperings, which means, alas, writing but late and shortly even to kind friends like yourself.

I have now got my study into really good order; and amongst the books and papers on my working table stands Archbishop Söderblom's massive tome on the historical evolution of the conception of God, one of the works I shall have to study now with the greatest care. I doubt not that my profit will be great. The Archbishop was also good enough to send me—I found it was a second time—his dissertation on the method of such researches. I have given one of these copies to a very distinguished classical scholar, a lady friend of ours. . . .

It will be a real pleasure to my wife and myself, and also to our home daughter, to see yourself and your wife, when you come to London. I trust you will be staying in town for some appreciable time. We could, in that case, have several good walks, and I could show, to you two, the few historically interesting things of our immediate neighbourhood during my afternoon walk. So mind you let me know, some days before your arrival, about when you will be in town, so that we may secure yourself and your wife for lunch or tea. This neighbourhood, on a fine day, is charming for walks.

I trust you are seeing something of our old friends the Clement Webbs, of Holywell Ford, Oxford. They would be sure to like, and to be liked by, you both.

I am much interested in your attainment of that Church History lectureship. You must tell me more about this when we meet.

To the Rev. Tissington Tatlow

Nov. 24, 1919.

It was kind of you to send me a copy of *The Army and Religion* ; and I accept it with many thanks as a record and symbol, and as the remarkable and devoted presentation, of an enquiry in which I had the honour to take part and from which I gladly and gratefully learnt much. I wanted, before writing, once more to have read, in this its quite final form, Dr. Cairns' fine presentation ; but the long-deferred resumption of my special work has made this, and all other similar systematic reading of anything but what is directly necessary for this my own work, impossible. Yet even the snatches I have been able to consider, show me plainly that the work is at least as remarkable in its richness, fairness of quotation and utilisation, and in incisiveness and readableness, as it was in the proofs ; indeed, I do not doubt that it is more so.

That enquiry would always remain a memorable experience for me, even if it had done nothing beyond getting me to know Dr. Cairns and yourself, or, rather, yourself and Dr. Cairns. It also led on, I think, to my getting to know your Student Movement officials—a very refreshing thing.

And this brings me to what, had I not, soon after that September meeting at Annandale, fallen into the hands of surgeons and nurses for so long—what I would months ago have attended to, as well as I could. —You will remember that you asked, on that occasion, whether there was anything, and if so what, that you could do, towards coming to an understanding with our Roman Catholic Bishops—especially in Ireland —concerning the character of your work and the attendance also of R.C. young people, at your reunions and in your work generally ?

I think I entirely understood the temper and point of view of your Movement ; and certainly I was deeply touched by what you told me of your own history—as to your attitude towards Roman Catholicism—I could not but entirely trust and deeply respect you.

Well, I have had even more time than I had wanted for considering your query ; and I have come to the conclusion (very reluctantly) that there is nothing direct and official that you can do. But there remains a discrimination and a deliberate policy which I will venture, as my second point, to make as definite as I can, since I am sure that your entire good faith and deeply Christian temper are fully equal to it, and cannot fail to appreciate it ; whilst, on the other hand, not even this temper and this faith need have already concluded, as definitely as I venture to propose it, upon the policy I have in my head.

1. I am, then, very sorry to have to think you cannot hope to achieve anything by a direct arrangement or understanding. When, two years ago, I again studied the Protestant Reformation with considerable care and detail, I was again struck by a most saddening and strange feature of it—which, to my very deliberate judgment, does not mean what the Protestant Reformers took it to mean, nor what Protestants, to this hour, interpret it as meaning. I refer to the universally admitted fact that, in city after city of Germany and of Switzerland, the Reformers—Lutheran, Zwinglian, Calvinist—invited the Catholic Clergy and Theologians to expound and defend their traditional Faith, and that in city after city—I think in pretty well all Switzerland—the said Clergy and Theologians shirked the issue. In all these cases, it was only after this silence and evasion, that the respective cities, etc., were proclaimed Protestant. Now it is, of course, perfectly clear, that nothing could have more confirmed the Reforming Party in their (assuredly already sufficiently strong) assumption that theirs was the quite clear, absolutely certain, indeed irresistible truth. Nevertheless it is very certain, that the silence and the shirking sprang directly, not from the erroneousness of the Catholic position, but from the very general inferiority (*for the time being*) of the representatives of the old positions—in matters of learning, eloquence, enthusiasm—as compared with the flower, or perhaps even the average, of the Reformers. It is easy to see that what I mean is really the explanation of that "going by default," because, some 30 years later, the situation had changed—there was, by then, no more the inferiority indicated ; and, up to two hundred years later, the Catholic expositions of a Baronius, a Petau, a Bossuet, were at least as learned and vigorous as the best Protestant work.

But all this is here meant, merely to indicate how old—alas, how *very* old—is the policy of silence and aloofness ! (To be quite fair, I would only add that a good deal of the Protestant attitude and writing

was, *qua* Protestant, up to, say, now 60 years or so ago, of a tone and temper unworthy to elicit a full and dignified consideration.) The authorities of the R.C. Church are still immersed in that over-defensive, aloof and silent, temper and policy which cannot well fail to produce, at least upon outsiders of the nobler sort, the very opposite effect from that desired by every fervent Roman Catholic.

2. But, dear Mr. Tatlow, you *can* do something—something immensely virile, generous and great ; you can refuse to let this attitude of the R.C. authorities cloud your mind or embitter your heart against the contents of the Creed they thus themselves obscure. Monsieur Thiers used to say that France would, in the long run, belong to the wisest, the most inclusive, amongst the competing political parties of his country. Somewhat similarly, but far more certainly, all largeness and wisdom will tell for, and all sectarianism and crudeness will tell against, whatsoever religious body practises either set of dispositions. Hence I trust that, for everybody's sake, you will continue, and will even improve upon, your respect for, and reasonable care of, your R.C. students. I should love to think that in your Book Room, your book recommendations, even (eventually) in your own publications, you would work towards the deeply historical, generous, *just*, view of Church History, especially of the Middle Ages, represented by the present Master of Balliol, the late Professor F. W. Maitland, etc. Now and then you could have an R.C. book—provided always it were deeply scholarly and fair—such as Richard Simpson's *Edmund Campion.* The very spiritual life of even the least ecclesiastical-minded of your students would, in the long run, be thus improved—since, after all, we are none of us built up in water-tight compartments, and it is really better to see anything and everything as it really is.

Pray forgive this long letter—it is a very busy man's expression of deep confidence in your rare integrity of mind and Christian devotedness.

P.S.—In reading over the above, I find myself to have written as though you were the sole arbiter of the Student Movement's orientation. Yet my little pleadings will hold good for your share in the shaping of your movement's policy—a share which is doubtless great.

To Professor Clement Webb

Dec. 3, 1919.

Forgive me for being a couple of days behind the latest date I had given you for letting you know my decision concerning the kind offer to take a leading share in *next Summer's Meeting of the Oxford Society of Historical Theology.* I delayed as long as I could, because I wanted

first to be well started again at my old studies, so as to forecast better how all could or would fit in.

I regret to find that, taking all in all, I had better, I think, decline. I do so with much reluctance. I have, now for many years, never said "no" to any proposal, to which I did not clearly see very definite objections. In this case, my reasons against have nothing whatever to do with your Committee—with any misgivings as to not being accorded sufficient freedom etc. My reasons are simply that I find my health *just* allows me, so far (after three weeks' trial), to do 1½ hour of concentrated study a day. I am anxious to give myself every chance of really achieving a new, long-planned book; and if I do not get considerably stronger by, say, May next, I would have then to make a serious break in this my work, and I would, perhaps, somewhat lose the thread of it, —if, at that time, I had to begin preparing the proposed Paper. True, such little breaks I have often found very refreshing. But then, in this case, there comes in, as the second hostile reason, the fact that my subject would (through no fault of yours) be, inevitably, largely a depressing one for me. This, because I would have to discuss not this or that department of Theology, by whomsoever worked; nor again, the large lines of the Theology I believe in: but the specialist work of Roman Catholics during these last—say, twenty years. This would bring me straight up against all the dreariness of the Modernist involvements, at a date still too early, I think, to do much good.

Pray do not think that I mean indirectly to criticise your Committee's plan. On the contrary, I think it excellent. I would, indeed, suggest that it might very profitably encourage each of the representatives of the several chief religious bodies, whilst bringing forward the best theological work achieved by their own body, to draw out, with quiet candour, in what points they have found or consider their own body to favour (unconsciously or more or less deliberately) this or that study and method, or, on the contrary, to thwart or deflect them.

I like to dwell upon the very certain fact that a marked *détente* has taken place within the Roman Catholic Church under the present Pontificate; and upon the consequence that, this *détente* continuing, such a Paper as you now so kindly offer me might, with great advantage, be furnished by a Roman Catholic Scholar, say, in another two or three years' time.

To G. G.

Jan. 2, 1920.

I had counted upon writing my first 1920 letter to you; but, alas, strict duty intervened, and forced me to write to other three people instead. But I want you to look upon this scribble as though written on New Year's Day itself.

I want, then, to wish you a very rich, deep, true, straight and simple growth in the love of God, accepted and willed gently but greatly, *at the daily, hourly cost of self*. I have to try my little old best more than ever at this, now ; for I find that any and all brooding or sulking or useless self-occupation—any pride or vanity at once disturbs or dries up my incubation-work. Professor James Ward and I agreed one day, that nothing in philosophy, still more in religion, should ever be attempted in and with the first clearness (what, *e.g.*, journalists are content with, and have to be content with), but in and with the *second clearness*, which only comes after that first cheery clarity has gone, and has been succeeded by a dreary confusion and obtuseness of mind. Only this second clearness, rising up, like something in no wise one's own, from the depths of one's sub-consciousness—only this is any good in such great matters. And this process is costly, humiliating, and very easily disturbed by rubbishy self-occupations.

I am so glad you are trying to work the *Imitation* into your life : it is the only way to read it which is really worthy of what itself is so intensely alive. Now *there* is a book written as should be all religious books ; they should be the quintessence of a long experience and fight in suffering and self-transformation. Also the 20 Huvelin sayings—they sprang straight from a life penetrated by God and the deepest love of Him. I will, a little later on, copy out for you another 20 sayings—they are all, please God, at work within me ; and how happy, if they can get to work in my niece child also !

As to my *Apocalyptic Element*, keep it as long as you feel re-reading it can help you. I have two or three other papers which may also be of use to you. But, you see, with religious reading I always feel the situation is different from more ordinary reading. I mean, that religious reading should always be select, slow, ruminating, and given to comparatively few books or papers. So we will, when you are again ready, get on with our Greek things—plenty of *them*—and, alongside, and behind them all, will be our few deepest readings, full of prayer, full of self-humiliation, full of gentle attempts, gently to will whatever suffering God may *kindly* send us. A Jesuit novice once told me, with kindling countenance, how grand he had found the practice of *at once* meeting suffering with joy. God alone can help us succeed in this ; but what is Christianity, if it be not something like that ?

To G. G.

Shrove Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1920.

I want this letter to reach you on Ash Wednesday, when we all start Lent, because there is one little practice I should like to dwell upon for a minute, in case you have not yet waked up to it, or that you require,

perhaps, a little encouragement in it. I mean the practice of some little voluntary renunciation. I know well, of course, how much vague and airy wisdom oozes out of the comfortable and shallow modern mind about this. But then you see, we have the *little* (!) examples of the Baptist in the wilderness, with his wild honey and locusts meal ; our Lord's Fast of 40 days ; St. Paul's mastery of his body ; and really without a break, the asceticism of all the great Saints. I say this not to suggest anything special in your food, sleep or dress ; and as to the amount of Church, half an hour a day will be enough, and it would be unwise to add to it, even in Lent. But I am thinking of something without thinking *what*—that would correspond, say, to my not buying any books for myself during Lent. Depend upon it such little self checks—checks on good propensions, and checks self-imposed—where they spring from Love, really feed Love. They are good things and still useful to our spiritual growth. . . .

To G. G.

March 5, 1920.

. . . . . I am sure that when, say, 20 years hence, you look back upon your life, you will specially thank God for this double current I have tried to establish in your mind and soul : the current directly religious—this very pure in quality and genially costly ; the current not directly religious, this also very large and deep—a great bucket of pure water into which to drop drops of the purest religious wine. This greatly helps us to escape all reactions. . . .

To Mrs. Lillie

March 13, 1920.

It is truly kind of you to write to me thus. Your letter of Feb. 3rd reached Edinburgh on March 8th and myself here a day later. It is letters such as this, and hardly ever reviews, that make writing worth its while to the natural man, and in so far as he writes with any thought of eventually having a response to his labours. I thank you also for the interesting photographs ; these, with what you typed for me, and still more what you add in sheer manuscript, seem to make me know you really well, though, of course, not exhaustively. Let me, then, attempt two or three discriminations for you, such as I feel may help you. But pray do not strain over them ; if they readily find a place in your heart and conscience, good, get them to grow there ; if they don't fit, well, again, I will have meant well and you will forgive !

1. Catholicism at its best, in its depths (not always, not often, visible), retains certain intuitions and fruitfulnesses of the supernatural order, which Protestantism has never securely gained, and which, if it were alone in the world, might cease to have an institutional home. Take the world-fleeing noble ascetical, monastic pole or element of the Christian (indeed, of any deep) life. I yesterday saw a Sikh convert to Christianity (was received by the Haficaas, thirteen years ago). This Sundar Singh felt called, a month after his baptism, to the Sadhu life—that of an itinerant, penniless, celibate preacher ; took the vow of this, and has kept it ever since. Now what interested me so deeply in his history was to note that Bible and ecclesiastical Protestant missionaries of India have had great difficulty in accepting him, and have had to work hard to interpret him. Why ? Because, as he is well aware himself, he is neither more or less than a Friar, à la St. Francis ; and because poor dear Protestantism, as such, is simply without the sense that *that* is just simply what Our Lord and His followers did and were, and that something of the sort is an essential of full Christianity. Of course, no Catholic, indeed no Greek, or Russian, or Oriental, Church Christian, would have the slightest difficulty. As I told him, a Christian *Sadhu* (a Dominican Friar) first helped me to God when I was eighteen ; how could I boggle at *him*, another *Sadhu*, now that I am sixty-seven ?

Another point which Catholicism has still quite alive, and which *Church* Protestantism has strangely little of, is the sense that religion is not a department of the civil service, as the late Lord Houghton so touchingly used to say it is. In the midst of their absorption in the question as to whether Romanism is, or is not, loyal to the State, most Protestants have been curiously without the sense that Christianity was, for the first three centuries, an outlawed religion.

And a third point appears clearly in the pages of Pope Benedict XIV of his great book on the Beatification and Canonization of the Servants of God. You will there find that (not for beatification, but) for canonization, of the formal Roman kind, not three but four conditions are necessary : (1) popular extant cultus ; (2) three well-attested miracles ; (3) three well-attested heroic acts ; and (4) the *note of joy* in the life and influence of the person who may be as melancholy *by natural temperament* as possible, but who must, somehow, be bracing, be expansive. This last requisite—the requiring it—seems to me nothing short of spiritual genius—don't you think so ? I know, of course, that God has Friends of His everywhere ; yet I doubt whether Protestantism has produced more, or anything like as much, of such joy as it has produced of rigorist or moralistic piety.

2. Catholicism was, in *Aquinas's*, and even still in *More's* time, a great intellectual culture and rich mental training school, as well as the home of saints ; but, since, say, 1720, and still more, since the French

Revolution, it has shrunk more and more to being, usually and easily, just that home ; the culture and the school lie now, very largely, elsewhere ; and, I do not say to gain, but even fully to retain, such culture and such training within the Roman Communion is now distinctly difficult. But pray let us have no exaggeration : though they are all *un peu à côté*, though they do not dominate the popular presentation of the Catholic faith, ripe scholars and often minds exist sure enough now still within that great Church.

3. You have no business to abandon Protestantism, simply because it does not help or satisfy you much ; nor to embrace Catholicism, because it attracts you much more. You would deserve to find Rome an utter disappointment, if you came like that ! Your one sufficient, and really compelling motive, would be your feeling that you *must*, that you *would be committing sin* by not coming. In that case you would leave alone all the petty calculating as to whether, and how far, and in what way, your Protestant mind would be understood, or refinements of mind would not be outraged, etc. For God Who was freeing you, and Whose pressure you would be following, would see to all that. But *I entirely agree* that, until and unless you have that quiet but definite Divine order, these " Roman Catholic vulgarities," etc., would matter greatly, would be a great danger for you. Better a thousand times that you remain where you are, striving hard to be faithful to all such helps as you may have, than to come to Rome, and to leave it again.

I venture to enclose a little prayer card for my darling eldest daughter, who died the death of a saint on St. Clare's Day, 1915.

F. VON HÜGEL.

To G. G.

March 26, 1920.

. . . Am trying to show how crude, how without solid Christian precedents, is such a monasticism with such a sheer aloofness from every Church organisation. I am trying to drive home St. Teresa's magnificent rule for all her own life and for that of her Nuns to this day. That she believed herself to have received very real direct revelations, and that she hoped her Nuns might receive the same. But that *never* had she allowed herself, or were they to allow themselves, under the apparent suggestion of any revelation to decide *anything* concerning their duties, appurtenances, work, dependents. On the contrary, the genuineness of the revelations, or at least the right use made of them, would always have to be measured by *the increased* obedience, self-oblivion, love of enemies, suffering. . . .

To G. G.

Easter Monday, April 5, 1920.

I have purposely waited till we should all have got through these every year newly wonderful Church days—so as to be able to refer to the entire *prism* of many-coloured fact and emotion—which only thus together give us the true Christian reality and life. The great fact, and even the commemoration of Good Friday, would, alone, be too austere, too heartbreaking. The great fact and even just the Feast of Easter if alone—even if they had followed upon Our Lord's Hidden Life, or even His Preaching, but without the Passion and its commemoration, would not have drained the Cup,—the bitter cup of the possibilities of earthly human life and earthly human interconnection to the dregs. Good Friday *and* Easter Sunday, the two together, each requiring the other, and we all requiring both—only this twin fact gives us Christianity, where suffering holds a necessary place but never the place of the end, always only of the means. My great Troeltsch always marvels anew at that *unique* combination effected by Christianity so earnest and yet so *un*rigoristic—so expansive and so full of suffering without morbidness, and of joy without sentimentality. We will all, please God, see this more and more every year that these bitter-sweet contraction-expansion, sacrifice-serenity great days come round. . . .

Oh how next to one's prayers and the practice of the Presence of God, one's work, my absorption, in the mornings, in my book—its immediate preparation and composition, helps one to limit, to ignore and bear one's load.

I am now deep in Section I of the body of the Book, but dare not yet write any of this till I see more clearly, more vividly, the main points and lines of my position. It is *Kant* especially, I have to master as to contend with—the Section on him in *Eternal Life* may have given you some fair notion of him.

To Dr. Y. Brilioth

April 12, 1920.

How kind of you to write me that P.C., and how apparently unappreciative of me to answer only now, and so shortly! But one of the chief crosses of my life has been my inflammable brain-conditions which, when I am working hard, make it almost impossible for me to keep up with my many kind friends. To-day, *e.g.*, has had to be empty of all but a friend's visit for an hour and a half, and then this poor little scribble! I am now soon to study Archbishop Söderblom's *Das Werden der Gottesidee*, and his *Natural Theology*, etc., very carefully for my

book writing. He will help me very much, I am quite sure; my grateful respects to him, please!—Dr. Heiler himself kindly sent me his astonishingly rich, suggestive, and in many ways deeply satisfactory book. Indeed, I so greatly loved his religious realism and his sense of historical method, and much else besides, that I found it very difficult to write to him before studying the whole, and especially to write, and, on an important group of points, to have to say a very deliberate "No." I cannot accept, as the really highest, a spirituality which does not recognise and utilise the sense stimulations—indeed the whole of man. I feel *that* to be the weak side of the Lutheran outlook. . . . Need I say that this does not prevent my having learnt oceans from, and my loving dearly, such decided Lutherans as my kindest of friends, the late H. J. Holtzmann, or Rudolf Eucken, and others? They have, poor friends, to put up with my "inferiority"; and I, in return, have to make what I can of their "superiority": even so, very much remains for me to sit at the feet of—the one attitude which is thoroughly congenial to me. But I hated to have to differentiate myself from Dr. H. precisely on the point he seemed to attach so much importance to!

To G. G.

April 21, 1920.

Here at last, my Child, I come to my scribbling to you! I have four letters of yours—three of them long. But I think they give me chiefly one big subject-matter for consideration—the stress of dryness and darkness, and what to do then. I know, oh, well, well—what that means. Such times must be peculiarly trying. But—mark this well, Child,—*irreplaceably profitable.* If you but gently persevere through them, you will come out at the other end of the gloom, sooner or later, into ever deeper, tenderer day.

Let me give you three images, all of which have helped me on along "many a flinty furlong." At 18 I learnt from Father Raymond Hocking, that grandly interior-minded Dominican, that I certainly could, with God's grace, give myself to Him, and strive to live my life long with Him and for Him. But that this would mean winning and practising much desolation—that I would be climbing a mountain where, off and on, I might be enveloped in mist for days on end, unable to see a foot before me. Had I noticed how mountaineers climb mountains? How they have a quiet, regular, short step—on the level it looks petty; but then this step they keep up, on and on as they ascend, whilst the inexperienced townsman hurries along, and soon has to stop, dead beat with the climb. That such an expert mountaineer, when the thick mists come, halts and camps out under some slight cover

brought with him, quietly smoking his pipe, and moving on only when the mist has cleared away.

Then in my thirties I utilised another image, learnt in my Jesuit Retreats. How I was taking a long journey on board ship with great storms pretty sure ahead of me ; and how I must now select, and fix in my little cabin, some few but entirely appropriate things—a small trunk fixed up at one end, a chair that would keep its position, tumbler and glass that would do ditto : all this, simple, strong, and selected throughout in view of stormy weather. So would my spirituality have to be chosen and cultivated, especially in view of " dirty " weather.

And lastly, in my forties another image helped me—they all three are in pretty frequent use still !—I am travelling on a camel across a huge desert. Windless days occur and then all is well. But hurricanes of wind will come, unforeseen, tremendous. What to do then ? It is very simple, but it takes much practice to do well at all. Dismount from the camel, fall prostrate face downwards on the sand, covering your head with your cloak. And lie thus, an hour, three hours, half a day ; the sand storm will go, and you will arise, and continue your journey as if nothing had happened. The old Uncle has had many, many such sand storms. How immensely useful they are !

You see, whether it be great cloud-mists on the mountain side, or huge, mountain-high waves on the ocean, or blinding sand storms in the desert : there is each time one crucial point—to form no conclusions, to take no decisions, to change nothing during such crises, and, especially at such times, not to force any particularly religious mood or idea in oneself. To turn gently to other things, to maintain a vague, general attitude of resignation—to be very meek, with oneself and with others : the crisis goes by, thus, with great fruit. What is a religion worth which costs you nothing ? What is a sense of God worth which would be at your disposal, capable of being comfortably elicited when and where you please ? It is far, far more God Who must hold us, than we who must hold Him. And we get trained in these darknesses into that sense of our impotence without which the very presence of God becomes a snare.

As to your feeling the facts of life and of religion complicated—*that* would be, I expect, in any oppressive way, only during such desolations. Yet I want to note this point for you—viz. that though I believe your *Confessions* and *Imitation* (with Psalms and N.T.) and the Church Service do not strain you, nor, I think, my letters written specially for yourself, I am not at all sure of my writings in this respect. I mean that they are the writings of, I believe, a masculine mind—that they contain far more sheer thinking than is suited to a woman. This is why I was slow to give or to lend you my writings. Yet I did so, because I want you to feel that there is also much hard thinking, much

unpettyfying of the great lesson which God's world and work convey if we can and do front them fairly. I wanted you, even, in times of temptation, to feel the realities you were called to, perhaps, straining at times—even apparently mere illusions—but not cramping, not petty. You can thus settle quietly into your little cabin with the huge billows buffeting you, Dear, the ship : their size has not been minimised : they *are* huge : well, God is in the storm as in the calm ! But, of course, I am deeply glad the sunshine and calm are back again. And certainly these, and these at their utmost, are intended for our eventual life !

" Par passage pénible
Passons à port plaisant,"

carved a prisoner on to the wall of his cell, during his long imprisonment in the White Tower of the Tower of London. *That* is just it : both are true, both are facts : the *pénible* of the *passage* and the *plaisant*—oh its grand expanse—of the *port*.

To G. G.

May 4, 1920.

Have just had your pathetic little lines. I too am overwhelmed with work. And your and my work is *just the same*, if we learn to do it simply for God, simply as, here and now, the *one* means of growing in love for Him. To-day it is cooking, scrubbing ; to-morrow it may be utterly different : death itself will come in due time, but, before it, still many a joy and many a training. We will gently practise a genial concentration upon just the one thing picked out for us by God. *How* this helps ! *How* greatly we add to our crosses by being cross with them ! More than half our life goes in wishing for things other than those sent us. Yet it is these things, as sent, and when willed and at last loved as sent, that train us for Home, that can form a spiritual Home for us even here and now.

The *Fioretti*'s chapters are each complete in itself. Five minutes would give you rich food. And didn't St. Francis know such troubles as yours,—bigger than yours, and didn't he just rise to them in all-transforming love !

To-morrow I am 68, yet, thank God, I feel fresh and young in soul. . . .

To the Same

June 23, 1920.

. . . The wise way to fight antipathies is *never* to fight them directly—turn gently to other sights, images, thoughts, etc. If it—the hate—persists, bear it gently like a fever or a toothache—do not

speak to it—better not speak of it even to God; but gently turn to Him your love and life, and tell Him gently that you want Him and all of Him: and that you beg for courage whilst He thus leaves you dressed, or seeing yourself dressed in what you do not want to endorse as a will-decision, but only as purgation if so He wills. It is an itch—scratching makes it worse. Away out into God's great world, Sweet,—even if your immediate landscape is just your unlovely antipathies. . . .

To G. G.

Aug. 10, 1920.

. . . I greatly loved seeing, actually living for a day with you, in that precise concrete time and space condition in and through which my child has to grow into Eternity and God—the Ever abiding. I so much cared for the "Old Yew Inn" and the genial old owner, who made himself very pleasant to me as he drove me down towards the ever graceful spire of the Cathedral, with his old, a bit weary white pony. . . .

It is here especially that Christ and God helped and would help you to turn isolation or crowdedness, natural over-vehemence, pain, perplexity, pleasure and joy—all—all into gold, into love of God and gradual assimilation to Himself. I was especially glad to see that Crucifix there. Let people say what they will, there never existed, there will never exist, a symbol so deep, so comprehensive, so realist and yet so ideal, of our august religion—as just simply the Crucifix. I once read an address by the late Dean Stanley in which that brilliant superficiality denounced the Crucifix as a mediaeval skull and crossbones grotesqueness, and contrasted this morbid extravagance with the poetry and smiling restraint of the Catacombs and *their* symbols—Christ as Orpheus, Christ as Good Shepherd, etc. As if the admitted absence of the Crucifix there did not spring from two very certain causes only—the fear of giving the Pagans any clear clue as to which is meant for Christ—(lest such acutely hostile Pagans should thereupon deface or otherwise dishonour the image); and, again, the fear lest those early, not yet traditionally rooted Roman Christians, should have their faith strained rather than strengthened by the presentation of God hanging on the (Roman) gallows—gallows these (the Cross) which were employed only upon slaves—runaway or the like canaille. . . .

To the Same

Aug. 31, 1920.

. . . My own first point brings up once more a matter we have often considered but which I do not think we can ever get too much

cleared up. A friend of mine, whom I have known for 45 years, died some days back, at 76—without any traceable shred of religion (at least in the ordinary sense of the word). He was a man of finely clean life, full of philanthropy, genuine and costly, a cultivated man, a scholar, also a man of naturally religious temper. It is certainly impossible to know the depths of any soul: yet certain points are once more clear to me, over this further case—that the agnostic tempest which roared between say 1855 and 1875 was so violent, that no wonder quick-witted lads went under, many, many of them. That even so, the finer ones managed to retain much that was high and right—even that was touchingly Christian—but that they owed this, not to the Agnosticism, but to the Christian faith, the tradition from which they had broken away less than they themselves thought. And finally that, not only did they show faults or limitations—who does not?—but that these limitations were readily traceable to their Agnosticism. (I could easily draw out the details of this in my friend.) . . .

. . . I am struck, too, at a peculiarity here which I have noticed hundreds of times in actual life and in history. It is how the little regarded, the very simple, the unbrilliant souls—souls treated by impatient others as more or less wanting—are exactly, pretty often, specially enlightened by God and specially near to Him. And *there*, no doubt, is the secret of this striking interconnection between an apparent minimum of earthly gifts and a maximum of heavenly light. The cause is not that gifts of quick-wittedness etc. are bad, or are directly obstacles to Grace. No. No. But that quite ordinary intelligence—real slowness of mind—will quite well do as reflections of God's light, and that such limitations are more easily accompanied by simplicity, naïveness, recollection, absence of self-occupation, which dispositions are necessary for the soul's union with God. Such souls more easily approach action—and more easily escape activity. So it was markedly with the Curé d'Ars, a soul you must get to love with me. Yet a man who knew him well told me the Curé had been still simpler than the charming life and notes taken of his sayings make him appear.

A wonderful thoughtful friend insisted to me that the soul's health and happiness depended upon a maximum of *zest* and as little as possible of *excitement*. *Zest* is the pleasure which comes from thoughts, occupations, etc., that fit into, that are continuous, applications, etc., of extant habits and interests of a good kind—duties and joys that steady us and give us balance and centrality. *Excitement* is the pleasure which comes from breaking loose, from fragmentariness, from losing our balance and centrality. Zest is natural warmth—excitement is fever heat. For Zest—to be relished—requires much self-discipline and recollection—much spaciousness of mind: whereas the more distracted we are, the more racketed and impulse-led, the more we thirst

for excitement, and the more its *scirocco* air dries up our spiritual sap and makes us long for more excitement. . . .

And that "side-shows" *queer* things religiously—all that is not central, sober, balanced, may indeed help certain souls in certain ways, but that for ourselves we should carefully eschew being drawn into attending to them, and thus weakening our own *centrality*.

Feed upon zest—and zest-bringing things—you will more and more become so central that, even if you live thirty years more than this old scribbler, you will be able with little or no human encouragement to escape excitement, lopsidedness, oddity, etc.

To Mrs. Clement Webb

Oct. 1, 1920.

I had first to see Professor Kemp Smith's departure from here, late last night, before I could get back to my letter-writing. So now at last I can and do thank you and your Husband very warmly for all your manifold kindnesses. How many people you get to your house—all persons I was so very glad to meet, again or for the first time. Then too, and indeed most of all, I liked my talks alone with you or with him, learning much from you both, and watching, with so much interest, the recent events of your lives and your reception of them. Thank you then, both of you, for everything.

My Wife promises to do all she can for the dressmaking couple. But she wants first to talk the matter over with Hildegard, who does not get home till next Monday evening. I do not doubt that, between them, either directly for themselves or through others, they will be able to give or to get the couple work. But meanwhile I have agonising questions asked me: *e.g.* "Does Mrs. Webb dress well?" This is as though the Professor were asked to explain the Binomial Theorem. How truly humble we all ought to be!

To G. G.

Oct. 4, St. Francis's Day, 1920.

Here I am, at last, once more scribbling to you! I have really not missed a single day on which I *could* have done so. First, there was the getting ready for Oxford—a big business, because one of us four paper-givers delayed everything by his absence abroad; then returned to England only to say that *now* (some changes having occurred while news could not reach him) he could not, and would not, join in; then

let another man write a paper in his stead ; and then—when this poor thing had actually printed his hurried contribution, paff ! came back into the game and gave us a (fifth) paper after all ! Then last week was very full with Oxford—our five little speakers each one about his own paper, and as to what he agreed and disagreed with in the other four papers—this on Sunday, September 26th, with Mr. Balfour in the Chair and speaking also, when we five had spoken. I made the first little speech, but spoke, I was told, too fast and too shortly. Then came a *French Professor*, a good friend of mine, a fervent R.C. The little speech was excellent in its substance, but, it was generally thought, too mathematically demonstrative in method and tone. Then followed Professor S——, the man who had led us such a life—able but very unsatisfactory—has, somehow, quite lost the sense of what religion is, and of why we so greatly need religion. Then came *Principal Jacks*, head of the Unitarian College in Oxford, who, on our subject, "The Relation between Morals and Religion," had distressed me, by printing in his paper that a belief in a Beloved Community (a Church without God) was quite equivalent, as a Motive for Morality, to faith in God. In his speech Dr. J. was chiefly busy with that very vague, Pantheistic thinker, Professor Wildon Carr, and was thus busy in a smart journalistic sort of way. And finally came this Professor Wildon Carr, very thin, very abstract, a good bit hurt with Dr. Jacks. Mr. Balfour's speech was beautiful. All morality, in the precise degree of its depth and truth, consists in a continuous and an increasing sacrifice of lower motives for higher and ever higher motives. Yet we cannot, we do not, make such great searching sacrifices for nothing, into the blue. We make them, we *can* make them, only to reality ; and the highest motive, love, demands and finds that Reality to be the highest possible Reality, love, God. Hurrah !

It had been planned that then objections would be raised to these six speeches ; and that each of the six speakers would have ten minutes for reply. But nothing of this came about. For two Frenchmen now managed to break in—the one, to explain and defend the non-religious moral teaching in the French State School; and the other to try and show that, at all times, the French State Schools had taught a Positivism. Especially this last, a tiny little man, was interminable, and quietly continued his exposition *twice* after Mr. B. had pulled him up for being well beyond the time allotted to us all. This meeting lasted three hours. Then on Monday and Tuesday I saw many friends and new acquaintances, mostly connected with the Congress. And then on Tuesday evening my great friend, Professor Kemp Smith of Edinburgh, came home here with me for two nights. The two full days of his stay required all my strength for my talks with him—a large, religious soul as well as a highly trained intellect.

He said a number of striking things. That the age of the largest spiritual mortality amongst men was in middle life. That he had first been struck with this, when a great gathering of all its past and present students took place at Princetown University, U.S.A. You had to pass over the young men, some of whom, indeed, looked unsettled, uncertain, but not lost to faith and heroism, and to move on to the men in their forties ; and, alas, how many self-centred, dried up, all to pieces, cynical countenances ! Then what piercing insight into souls he has got ! He talked of a cultivated, clean-lived ex-R.C. Priest whom I also know, and whom the average man would, I think, never feel to be anything but all right : " Why, the man is all to pieces : the wish-wash of the newspapers—progress, etc.—is all he knows or believes. All true insight is gone." Then, too, this : " More and more I am coming to see that the chief source of errors is subjectivism, is distrust of, disbelief in, the natural, normal intimations of our senses, of our reason, of our conscience, of our religious sense." And when I told him (brought up a Presbyterian) of how one of the members of our " Religion " society had recently asked to be allowed to appear as a " D "—" Detached "—because he had ceased to find any use whatsoever for himself in Churches, Sacraments, etc. : he, K. S., shivered as though pierced by a sharp instrument.

My doings have cost me a good deal : I know why. The fact is that, like all three of my daughters but quite unlike their Mother, I have a very vehement, violent, over-impressionable nature, which, on such occasions, gets ridiculously over-roused, jarred, confused. Hence I have then a big job (quite apart from all visible doings) to drop, drop, drop all this feverishness, and to listen, as docilely as I can, to think,will and pray, with only " la fine pointe de l'esprit " as St. François de Sales and Fénelon never weary in recommending. I tell you this because I am sure you are much like that yourself, and hence may encourage you along the same path of a most necessary stillness and peace. The minute I at all attain to these dispositions, fruitfulness succeeds to fever.

I have been thinking about and praying much to-day for an American lady in far-away Chicago who has been both comforting and alarming me by her, entirely unsolicited communications—three in number—that she is now 53 years old, wife of a University professor—a man of nobly clean life and spiritual mind, but no definite religious belief whatsoever—and mother to four children of 23, 17, 14, 7 ; that till some two years ago she herself was an Agnostic ; that then, more and more, St. Catherine of Genoa, in my *M. E.*, seized hold of her and the instinct that she might still come to believe much, if only she attained to much humility and to much love of God's poor ; and, now, that she had fairly made up her mind to submit to Rome to-day, on St. Francis' Day, she a Frances. Her very Protestant, touching mother-in-law was

in this my room with me, a week or so ago, to speak her mind and to draw out my own. Both to the daughter-in-law in Chicago and to the mother-in-law in London I said : that neither in that book nor in my life did I, or do I, aim at making R.C.'s : that would be odious presumption. That God and His grace are (in various degrees, no doubt) everywhere—but specially, very especially, in Christianity. That the presumption is always in favour of souls remaining, as to institutional appurtenance, where they are—it being God's affair to make it clear to them if, doing their best where they are, He wants them elsewhere. That no æsthetic etc. attraction, no preference are enough : that only the sense of obligation in and for the particular soul should decide. The dear old lady was very touching, but I saw quickly that even the bare possibility that her daughter-in-law could be seeking anything but services more gorgeous than were those of the Ritualists etc., did not, doubtless could not, enter her head.

To Mrs. Lillie

Oct. 13, 1920.

Your own very interesting letter from on board the *France* reached me just seventy-two hours ago. I would have answered sooner but could not.

I am struck in your case, once more, with the now fairly frequent great attraction to the Church, the Beloved Community, the world-wide congregation of believers, with little or no attraction to—indeed with perplexity concerning—Christ and even God. I have no doubt myself that this special combination will not last, I do not mean in your life, but amongst souls at large. The Church will again be loved for other than itself, for Christ, love made visible, and for God, our Home. But indeed, in your case at least, I have no arresting fear on this point. After all, even now you love to be amongst, you wish to be one of these —not merely good people, not merely lovers of their kind but—believers. Believers in what ? Why, in Christ and God. You want these believers because in their company you find belief possible, even easy ; and because you feel (oh so rightly) that by belonging to them you can, in a very real way and measure, supplement your dimness of spiritual vision by the vividness of their seeing love. Bravo !

You will remember asking me for an introduction to any priest in Paris I could specially recommend, and that I answered rather making my responding or not depend upon whether or no you had been received before you reached Paris. It is plain that you have not been—I dare say very wisely. But I think it can do no harm if I enclose a card of introduction from me to one priest in Paris—the one I can think of as

now there and known to me and likely to be able to help you in one way or the other. You see my great light and help there was Abbé Huvelin. And how I should have loved to introduce you to that dear Saint! He would have understood you better far than you have ever known yourself, within five minutes; and the bracing, the expansion he would have transmitted would have remained with you as long as you lived. But then that dear Saint has gone Home. And I do not know of any Saint now living in Paris (depend upon it there are two or three—perhaps half a dozen about, but I do not know of them!). There is, however, a priest—a Jesuit—who unites, with remarkable completeness, a variety of gifts and graces, alas! not often thus operative in one and the same personality. Père Leonce de Grandmaison is a gentleman born, a fine scholar, a most discriminating mind, a tactful, wise reader of the human heart—one who, I am sure, would never push anyone, condemn anyone, complicate anyone. Even sceptics speak of him with warm respect. If, then, you feel you would like to talk to a priest, and would wish for assurance that it would in no case do you harm—that, on the contrary, he would be likely to understand you; and on the other hand, you renounce the expectation of meeting, in such a priest, one of the unmistakable big saints of God: Père de Grandmaison is your man. I do not know his present Paris address. But you will easily find it—either in the Paris Post-office directory or at the Jesuits Church in the Rue de Sèvres. But pray, pray, do not think I mean to push you to see him. Follow your own best light as it comes to you when your soul is quiet and humble.

If you feel inclined for one or two further spiritual books, here are two full of the interior life, and, I think, easy to get in Paris. (1) Jean Nicolas Grou, *L'École de Jésus-Christ*. Published by Doyette, 2 vols. Paris. (2) *Quelques Directeurs d'Ames du 17me Siècle*, Abbé Huvelin. Paris: Gabalda.

(Addresses by my Saint, written down by others. Surely the life invisible throbs in these pages. If you are really coming to London I shall be glad if you will bring me two copies—I have only one left.)

How good and pleasant it will be to see you in London in relatively quiet Kensington; to have quiet talks, I hope three or four of them; perhaps, too, to take you to see my Carmelite daughter. But please, if you do come over, let me know a week beforehand, so that I may arrange for you on my free afternoons (all afternoons except Saturday and Sunday). I much liked your Mother in her genuine simplicity and her straightness of mind and heart.

Please pray for me and mine as I do for you and yours.

Yours very sincerely,

F. v. Hügel.

To G. G.

Oct. 26, 1920.

No doubt a Retreat depends *somewhat* on the giver of it; yet it really depends far more upon the simplicity and generosity of the soul that makes the Retreat. I am sure you already know well that you must evade all straining, all vehemence, all as it were putting your nerves into it. On the contrary the attention wanted is leisurely expansion—a dropping gently of distractions, of obsessions, etc.—"La fine pointe de l'esprit." That is the instrument of progress, the recipient of graces. This old scribbler, how much of that dropping, evading—gently waiting—as against his interior vehemences and uproar, a sterile and sterilising restlessness—he has to practise. Yet the practice shows him plainly that *that* is what good sense and God want of him. Peace and power come that way and only that way. I know too that you should never strain, never directly strive to like people. Just merely drop or ignore your antipathies. There again I have been having hurricanes of antipathies—well—to keep quietly ignoring all that rumpus—that is all that God asks, and we then grow through, and on occasion of, these involuntary vehemences. They keep us humble and watchful and close to God. I am so glad you begin your Retreat on All Saints—my favourite Feast—the Feast not only of all the heroic lovers of God that have ever lived—but the Feast of single heroic supernatural acts—even if and where they remained single. May that darling glow, that genial sunshine of the Saints, with Christ their King in their midst, deepen, widen, sweeten, expand, steady this darling little child.

To the Same

Nov. 23, 1920.

I am very glad you are again visiting the poor people—I am sure you have real gifts that way. I have always much regretted that my deafness has so crippled me in that direction. I feel as if it would have done me so much good, even though I am not sure whether I would have had gifts that way.

As to the Fénelon, I am ever so glad that you love him so. But indeed I felt sure you would. But I kept him back till now because I always fear as to him just only one thing: that the reader may have too little experience of spiritual things to perceive, under all that apparent ease and suave simplicity, the masses of spiritual experience and of religious wisdom. But you by now have sufficient experience to bring to him to perceive what lots and lots he brings to you.

Among the letters I feel that perhaps those which will suit you most

and will teach you most are the letters to Sœur Charlotte de S. Cyprian. Oh, what a lot I owe to them ; they are often, often gently ringing through my soul. The biographical "Notice" will have made you realise her as an ex-Huguenot—a woman of great mind and the toughest will, but naturally haughty, contemptuous of the average, requiring to learn to lose herself in and for the average. If God, if Christ, loves men—and who can doubt it ?—He loves *the average* very much—the poor little virtue, the poor little insight. How splendidly F. feels in her a certain unchristian aristocraticalness of mind. Mind, Sweet, you bathe in, you saturate yourself with, those letters.

Then there are those letters to the two Dukes (Chevreuse and Beauvilliers) : what grand direction, as to how to lead a *very full and yet a leisurely life* ! Do you notice there, St. Catherine's "one thing at a time" ? And here there is also the insistence upon doing this one thing always with a certain environment of peace, of non-hurry around it. I find this double practice of golden worth ; and, in getting up of a morning, I gently plan the day's doings, not too many of them for the application to them of F.'s treatment. (One has, of course, to be ready to modify one's scheme, as sudden, unexpected duties crop up in the day. But, even so, that gentle scheme is useful.)

Do you notice one very wonderful thing in F. ? It is the combination of a rarely light (not frivolous)—a light and elastic open temperament with an earnest will and gently concentrated determination. People as determined and as ardent as he, usually are or become heavy, rigoristic. And again, people as light and elastic as he, usually are or become frivolous and corrupt. By that combination—the earnestness without rigorism—he always strikes me as belonging, in his measure, to that minority of Christian teachers who have reached closest to that same combination in Our Lord Himself—to have caught up a few drops of that genial rain, that royally generous west wind, that gently drops and brightly blows through the virile sunshine of His love. St. Francis is another, and, of course, a much greater instance of that delightful paradox. The future of religion, indeed even already its present propagation in our poor old world, lies in it.

You are doubtless unable to keep on with the Herodotus, *that* may be able to come some time later. Oh, I love him much : he is so childlike, so quaint, so wholesome, a little like a Greek prose Chaucer, I think. And then his general tone is so truly religious ; what a dread he has of all arrogance, and of its blinding effects and inevitable terrible falls !

As to Mrs. ——, she went off to America on Saturday, 13th November. We had four long talks, besides meeting twice in Church. I think she will really persevere and will greatly grow, for she is deeply humble and very anxious to become still more so, and

possesses a remarkable self-knowledge—knows how to distinguish what in herself is a surface mood and what is underlying, often very different genuine substance. So on the evening of her first Holy Communion day, she said, with a mischievous smile : " I trust and believe I shall never lose this my new, fuller light : you see, I do not think I have ever felt so Protestant as I have done to-day ! " But I wish (it is only a peripheral matter) that she did not put her political radicalism so high in her scheme of things.

To G. G.

Dec. 8, 1920.

I have to thank you for three very dear good letters—as always very welcome and very carefully read. I think the following points are those I see clear about, or as to which I have facts worth reporting about.

1. *As to Fénelon.* I am delighted you love him so. He is one of the, say, half dozen of the non-Scriptural writers who have helped me most directly and most copiously in my own interior life—a life requiring *immensely* that daily, hourly, death to self. I believe that less keen and violent natures *can* get harm from him : phlegmatic, drifting, inert temperaments could take him wrong way on. But I doubt whether he himself, the living man, ever harmed any soul he tried to help, and he was too amazingly penetrative of the particular soul before him thus to harm. The only possible exception is, I *think*, his cousin, Madame Guyon : possibly by his disciple attitude towards her, he did, as a matter of fact, help her to become still more the *Quietist* than she would have been without him. Certainly it was for the purpose of covering her exceedingly vague and wool-gathering expressions that in his *Explications des Maximes des Saints*, he strained his own language, and got censured by Rome for such terms. But then I have never taken him in that " livre manqué," but in these letters ; and again in these letters, as a man of immense action and persevering energising of will, addressing souls naturally too vehement and too intense. Taken like this I have found him tremendously helpful. Do not hurry to return these 4 vols. . . .

I am sending you three other volumes of the Correspondence—the Letters to his Family and the mixed Letters. This because I have found that his helpfulness was greatly increased by my realising him as a thoroughly flesh and blood, naturally faultful individual, and as a man to whom God was not sparing of much *much* trial and purification. . . . They do, you will find, humanise, concretise one's image of him greatly ; and here and there appears a letter, perhaps as many as a dozen all told, which really *are* spiritual letters.—Also, pray, especially notice and read and re-read M. Trouson's letters—that great soul, the trainer of Fénelon

at S. Sulpice. Pray note T.'s austerity, and *immense* ideal for F. and his piercing analysis of his natural faults. A fine example of what I so want my child to grasp vividly, and for good and all, that *usually* one thoroughly trained spiritual soul has in the background another trained spiritual soul as its trainer.

2. *As to Du Bose.* I want you, Dearie, first of all to realise that D.B. is not—up to this his swan's song—one of my men at all. His books are treated as gospels by many young High Anglican clerics. But they deeply dissatisfy me. Three ideas are with him throughout; and I am very confident that all three are gravely mistaken and highly impoverishing.

(1) God and man are in the whole work of sanctification, salvation, etc., on a *strict parity.* God's action never extends further than man's action. They are not only *both* wanted in some degree: right. But they are both, in actual fact, always and necessarily equal in depth and in breadth. What stuff, what blasphemy!

(2) The possibility of Sin is a *necessary* part of *Liberty* as such. In sheer thought, in the very nature of things, to be free to do and be good, is to be free and do the reverse—evil. No—and again NO. To be able to do, to be, evil, is a defect, a restriction on liberty. Perfect Liberty always spontaneously, joyously wills its own perfect nature. We should feel humbled, not only by our actual sins, but already by the fact that we *can* commit such things. (This alone cuts the ground from under all the Byronisms as childish un-reason.)

(3) There is an element of potential evil in God Himself. (This follows, of course, incontestably from No. (2). No—and again NO. Even if I were all wrong in my trying to account for the existence of evil in my particular solution—D.B.'s should be fought to the death.

Du Bose has still further notions hardly more sound than these. But these are surely enough. You will see then that, not as a further specimen of a teaching I believe in, but, on the contrary, as a *first* pathetically late instance of a *sound* spiritual yearning in contrast with painfully reckless or at least inadequate theorisings, I have loved the strain (the strain more than some of the actual words) of this Paper, in so far as it hungers for the Church.

(By the way, the sad unsatisfactoriness of D.B.'s own all but lifelong subjectivist Protestantism helps me to see how little ideal is that abounding in its own sense of each of the sound currents of Protestantism which D.B., even in this paper, tries to make out to be somehow really satisfactory. In reality *each soul* requires—constantly—inclusiveness, balance, sobriety, immense reverence. Its errors may get counterbalanced in the course of history and for mankind at large, by the contrary errors, or its incompletenesses may be made up for by the contrary incompletenesses of other souls—well—but what about this

soul itself? And the particular sentence you quote as to the *Church as the only Christ* in which we are and we can do anything by Him and for Him—I think you have spotted a seriously excessive phrase. The Church is not Christ—is no more Christ than it is God. We require God and Christ and Church : each in and with the other. But it ruins the whole richness, indeed the truth, of the outlook, if any one of these—especially if the Church—is simply identified with either of the other two. But there you have a just, a small touch of D.B.'s weakness which in his books runs riot—he overstates till he meets, implies, the very opposite of what he started out to defend.)

To Professor Friedrich Heiler
(Translated from German)

March 1921.

I heard a few days ago from Dr. Brilioth at Upsala that you had just become Professor in Marburg, but I will still direct this letter to the address at Munich which you gave me.

Please pardon that I did not follow my first impulse, and acknowledge immediately by a postcard the receipt of your book, *Das Gebet*. I wished to consider seriously at least something in it, before I wrote to thank. And so, alas, almost two months have flown by—the book with the friendly greeting arrived here on the 31st January—before I send only one word to you. Pray, pray, forgive me, and many, many thanks too for your manifold, very adequate appreciation of my *Mystical Element*. I have, even now, only gone through the two Forewords and the Introduction; the idea of prayer in divine service; and then the essential nature of prayer, but all this with close attention, and with manifold thinking out. But also now, for want of a serious knowledge of the central mass of your great work, I am wanting in the fullest possible knowledge of your position in the dominant parts. Much labour of my own, stiff labour on mostly quite different subjects, forbids me for a long time yet, to work through this central mass.—I have, quite possibly, misunderstood in this or that point, and, where I am not at present of your opinion, I shall greatly rejoice if it proves that I have wrongly understood you.

It has always been difficult to me to say "No"; indeed, where I admire much, it is altogether painful to me. And I do much and deeply admire your book, on many grounds, but especially because it is so through and through religious, autonomous, transcendental, metaphysical, realistic—bravo, bravissimo; and it, at once liberally, historically, critically and psychological-philosophically, strives to penetrate, and to represent, the object. And to that contributes a plenitude of less

expanded points of view which refresh and delight me as beautifully true and striking. But, in spite of that, the "No," alas, will not allow itself to be suppressed, and concerns two or three really closely connected points, which not seldom trouble and limit my otherwise pure joy.

More or less everywhere your conviction shows itself that the great religious geniuses, although in grateful connection with their spiritual predecessors—thanks much for this noble insight—know nothing, all the same, of actual concrete things ("*dinglichen*")—*dinglich* is my own word, but it expresses, I think, not incorrectly your view.

But then at once I find it otherwise with the Baptist and Paul, and even with Jesus Himself—in that phrase in the Lukan history of His childhood, exactly where it seems to be fully historical, τὰ τοῦ πατρός μου—"My Father's House," the Temple. Thither, to something local, actually concrete, the Jesus Child is powerfully drawn. And, as the last action of the earth-life of Jesus, we find Him purifying this same Temple in high indignation—He risks His life in so doing. Yet in both cases, not as accommodation to the lower, local, material standpoint of the masses, but, quite surely, as animated Himself by this "superstition," the Temple is to Him something especially holy. What, again, of the long fast of Jesus—not unhistorical, is it? And yet, if historical, not something unconcrete (*undingliches*)? Then, again, the Baptism of Jesus? There something material (*dinglich*) is present, and the contact with this concrete thing is not simply the expression of already present fulness of grace, but rather works with it towards the production of a growth of spiritual life.—What was the hem (or seam) (virtue) of the garment of Jesus? The best expositors see in it the two lower of the four tassels of the sky-blue zizith robe which every law-zealous Jew at that time wore. But it is a Thing, is it not? Again, Jesus heals the blind man not simply through prayer. He takes clay and kneads it, and wets it with His spittle, and lays it on the eyes of the blind man—only after that come prayer and healing. I think, in face of all this—the facts are similar in the case of Paul—the religious life of the Greatest appears actually free from that subtlety and doctrinairism of Luther's, which indeed permits the purely spiritually awakened belief to express itself in sensual forms, but strictly forbids anything sensual or factual to be used as a means to stimulating the spiritual. But what a curious Psychology, unassociated with God's world, if not absolutely turned away from it, which allows me, for instance, to kiss my child because I love it, but strictly forbids me to kiss it in order to love it. Why not this latter? Is, then, the sensual necessarily a blind alley? Does it then derive from the Devil, or even from Papistry? Is it not coming from God too, intended for the spiritual, and to be used as a bridge to the spiritual, as well as from

the spiritual? Why should, how should, my senses, my body, remain outside, when I pray? I shall find later, I hope, that you do not mean actually this. It will rejoice me immensely to find that you introduce no such subtleties into what is most deeply and purely Christian.

Beautiful and to me deeply contenting is your whole chapter on the Divine-service-common-prayer in early Christendom (pp. 470, etc.), and also the first six lines of paragraph 8, "the Divine-service-prayer in the Catholic Church."

Especially dear to me are the sections 1 and 2, pages 474–476; the whole is thought out, lived through, represented with high mastery. The four lines at the end of paragraph 2, page 476, "It is an indubitable Biblic-divine service" (*Wortgottesdienst*), are (fifty years have most deeply convinced me of that) powerfully, strikingly true. But it is really remarkable to me to see what a conclusion you draw from the admission just made. For a religious realist and metaphysician like you, this admission would seem to end the controversy, and to end it too in favour of the Catholic Sacramental Divine service. But—not at all—the controversy is indeed ended, but—who would have predicted it? —(pp. 467–476)—in favour of the Protestant Biblic-divine service. For now it is said, "the Evangelical common Divine service, that is, the sacrificeless, spiritual worship of God through an assembly of Christian personalities," remains the Ideal of Divine service. Are, then, Life and Truth so sharply opposed to each other? That more and more fervid prayer, is not that the fact, which you hold to be indubitable, decisive? Why, generally, is the pure spiritual worship of God the highest form of the cult? Those ripe Christian personalities bring, all the same, their bodies and senses with them, even to the highly spiritual assembly. Why should not also the sense-activity, and the beautiful, creaturely, plain, humble acknowledgment of the utility of such activity, be brought into the Ideal of the cult for all men? Is Docetism true for the Incarnation? And if it is false, why is its equivalent true for the Divine service? For such highly cultivated gentlemen, is not subtlety, fastidiousness, and miseries like those—is not all this a real danger? And is not precisely the sensual element of the Cult the right remedy for that? Just as that which strikes the senses in the Incarnation appears, according to St. Augustine, as *sanans tumorem et nutriens amorem*? If so with him, why not also with us?

I perceive how you (229 and elsewhere) explain the great word of the fourth Gospel as to prayer, the "worship in spirit and in truth," as relating to the exclusion of all that is sensual (*sinnlich*). But, in good historical criticism, this absolutely cannot be carried through. These words form part of a through and through sacramental document, which holds before us, in the dialogue with Nicodemus, the water baptism and its strong necessity, and, in the great speech at Capernaum, the Bread

(and Wine) of the Eucharist as spiritual partaking of the Flesh and Blood of Jesus, and, again, the necessity of this partaking ; and then, in the opening of the side of Jesus and the forthflowing of the water and the blood, Jesus represents to us the origin of the two chief Sacraments. So also, with regard to the subordination of even the ripest spiritual personalities beneath the Bearer of the outer, visible Church authority, the beloved disciple waits to enter the open, empty sepulchre until Peter, the more tardy-paced, himself arrives. The beloved disciple then first goes into the monument, after and behind Peter.

I remark, lastly, only one more thing in your rarely rich book. When you have come, with Christian Mysticism, down to its mediæval representatives, you make their dependence upon Plotinus, really Proclus (pseudo-Dionysius), stand out very distinctly. I also believe, with you, that Proclus has often been utilised too fully, and that he then seduced to agnosticism and pantheism. But you scarcely even allow an Augustine or Francis of Assisi to pass. I think that there must be something wrong in your methods, that you do not allow these great ones simply to stand as such. Here, in the case of Augustine at least, we have to deal with the very great and tender Plotinus, in all that does not directly belong to Christianity. But, and this is what I wish to express, you seem not at all to consider that no less strong parallel dependence of the Johannine Gospel on the philosophy of Philo (derived from Plato). Yet this is a clearly demonstrable fact. But if that is so, and you maintain the Johannine Gospel as a genuine, deeply Christian writing (and the opposed judgment would be too eccentric), then, in principle, there is nothing to object to Augustine or Suso. And I believe that is the one truly tenable, circumspect position which we have to take.

I allow myself to send two closely connected essays of mine, as to "Religion and Illusion" and "Religion and Reality," in order to emphasise very strongly those things which, thank God, we have so deeply and truly in common, and that which holds us much more than we hold it. I would also gladly send you my book *Eternal Life*, but do not know whether you do not already, perhaps, possess it.

Once more many, many thanks, and best happiness and fairest blessing for your researching and creating.

To J. M. (a Girl)

Epiphany, 1921.

. . . . . I got my Communion, on this most ancient, very hopeful Feast, this morning specially for you . . . . . And I then saw you so vividly before me in the two conditions of soul and of action which at all times express to me your deepest, truest

personality and call to me. The one is my Child amidst the little *poilus*, in her self-oblivious Nursing Motherhood. Indeed I see you doing there thing upon thing—a slipping away from all self, indeed even all regulations, to do more and other than they—acts unknown to us, forgotten by yourself, but which live on in God Who prompted them and Whom you followed. This I love so to remember just now when you are paying the cost of all that devotion, for thus I see how even this illness is not too much to pay for things as darling as are those.

And then there stood vividly before me the occasion—a good while back—was it four years ago ?—when you asked me whether I thought you might go to Holy Communion ?—that you had not been for a while and had let yourself drift, and were afraid of your unworthiness. Oh ! I just loved *that* : not, of course, the past drifting in itself, but the humility and frankness and, above all, the sense of need of that dear strength not your own. I remember this second, this directly religious, state of soul, just now, Blessing, because, you see, I want you to be doing all the wise things, all that will help you get well ; because I am sure that *that* incident represents your permanent deepest self, even if this self had been buried away for twenty years instead of five at most and at worst ; because your illness is, of course, primarily nervous, psychic, sub-conscious, so that whatsoever brings full order and appropriate articulation to your deepest self will directly promote recovery ; and finally because to restart *that*, your quite simple but very central religious and self-watching, God-dependent practice and life will reach deeper down into you and help you more than even all the severally good and necessary other interests and activities of your life, taken alone.

I know well, of course, from my own personal experience, that the longer and the more one has been slack or has turned away from the Inner Pleadings, the more it is (or rather *seems* to involve) a huge effort to start all again. So that, if we are in weak health, we say : " I will get well first, and then I will consider this matter and other serious things." No, no : *that* is to put the cart before the horse. We require interior harmony and happiness as a *cause precedent* to health and operative towards health, a harmony and happiness which even abounding physical health alone can never give us, and which only great fidelity to our best lights and a humble return to Christ's feet, if and when we have drifted away from them, can ever really bring to us.

Of course our religion will, especially when we are thus physically, nervously weak, have to be kept and taken very simple, elastic, small in its concentrated doses. No long services nor sermons. Only just Holy Communion. But this you could manage, I think, on most Sundays, at some twelve o'clock H.C. Service, after your breakfast in bed. And your spiritual preparation should be very simple and childlike, as much as possible a quiet rumination from the heart, looking in large

masses at your past, present, and proximate life—as to what dispositions and actions Christ may want you to reform or to practise. Then at His feet you get your strength. And then follows the week of humble, gentle practice of your resolutions, with little peaceful turnings to Christ to help you keep them or to forgive you when you fail in them.

You will thus (and thus alone) get a unity and drama, a reality and awakeness, a depth, steadiness and tenderness into your life which nothing else ever can or will of itself supply. All will spring up afresh, green and delightful. Your very expression, certainly your health, will gain a repose and a zest delicious to behold.

I noticed close to your door, immediately on the other side of the Cathedral, St. Andrew's Church; look, Dearie, there, at the Notice Board, and if there is Holy Communion marked there for 12 o'clock or so on Sundays, do you slip out, without telling anyone, especially without listening to your *raison raisonnante*—slip out as you used to do to help others in the War—and get your Holy Communion then.

When I come on Monday I will not say, nor expect, one word about this whole matter. Only let me say here now that simply *nothing* you could ever do will give me so complete a joy as if you thus give the secondary part of you the slip and if you thus restart, more deliberately and circumspectly than ever, your building up of interior unity in the daily watch and ward against the false self.

At the Fishmongers I often admire the way in which they slit up soles from head to tail—even the slimmest soles. Such division leaves these fishes truly broken up. Yes, because they *are* but fishes—*soles*, not *souls*. For as to souls, human souls, these, wonderful to relate, do not even begin to attain to their true unity, indeed they are not really awake, until they are divided up—until the spirit within them begins to discriminate itself against the petty self.

In the Scottish rivers the salmon will leap and leap, and only after much leaping will they succeed in jumping up and into the higher reaches. Jump, Child, jump: *I* jump with you, look, we both manage it!

Loving old Fatherly one.

To G. G.

Jan. 29 and Feb. 2, 1921.

I think of you as back at ——and, in any case, ready for a letter. I have had to be a bit long before getting to this one, but have not a bit forgotten you, Dear. There are three things or four that I specially want to write about this time. 1. Your music. I still await light on this point. For, on the one hand, it does look as if the necessary amount of violin practice were straining to the head; yet, on the other hand, this music-producing is such a unique vehicle of self-expression for you.

I should be so loth to see you give it up. The *crux* of the difficulty lies evidently in the *amount*—the *large* amount of practice necessary for your otherwise stiff fingers. If, say, an hour or 1½ hours a day were sufficient—that would not seriously strain the head. But then you seem to be sure that *that* would not be enough ! . . .

A couple of attempts to help souls seem to have gone awry with me just now : I mention the cases because you will, sooner or later, doubtless yourself have more or less similar experiences. One was of an Italian man friend of about 45—an immense reader and somewhat intemperately speculative mind—a man who came back to Christianity, indeed to the R.C. Church, from wildly secularist Socialism some 8 years ago. I had built great hopes for him from a Jesuit Retreat which I suggested his making. At last he went and made one, the other day. But the Priest who gave him the Retreat, an American, though a very good man, rather turned it into a series of theological speculations or discussions than that he kept it, and made it into directly practical instructions in Prayer, Meditation, Training of the Conscience, Discovery and Reformation of Personal Faults, etc., etc.—which is, of course, the direct object and function of a Retreat. I do not think those four full days have damaged my man, but they fed just his speculative bent which I hoped would be starved, and have starved his devotional needs and chances which I hoped would be fed. Ah, well—God may be offering him chances I do not see or know of. He is a well-intentioned man, and God will bless even unlikely-looking happenings.

Then there is a young English lady, artist, who adored her mother, who had no religion, or who had lost what she had had. This damsel came to stay for three nights a few days ago, and to our surprised pleasure seemed definitely religious in her outlook And she wrote me so enthusiastic a letter about my " Christianity and the Supernatural "—especially as to my tact with young people—that I thought I could and ought to say something about religion to her ; so I wrote her a careful answer dwelling on the importance of cultivating this her religious sense, just as she cultivated her artistic sense ; on the great Jewish-Christian-Mohammedan tradition of prayer for the Dead which she might get into the habit of for her Mother ; and on the great importance of, whenever reasonably possible, only *preliminary* judgments. This last point because I had tried to introduce her to Browning's poetry—entirely unknown to her till I read aloud to her some six of his noblest easier pieces ; and had found that she judged straight away and finally and with an angry hostility. As I pointed out, she could not, at that stage, know more than that, so far, she did not like him—after all, a very small fact, and one that might well be overcome on further acquaintance with writings which seniors of hers, well qualified to judge, had come to reckon of the rarest depth and richest delight. But this letter was

answered by a curt, dry little note, telling me she had done all the things I proposed, now during several years. I was glad in a way, for surely even without any self-knowledge she must know whether or not she has gone to Holy Communion, often, indeed if possible every Sunday, and whether she has done at least 15 minutes spiritual Reading every day. But then it was strange to note that she said "all the things," whilst it is clear that the suspense-of-any-avoidable-final-judgment practice has certainly not been done for several years. Ah, well: it does not follow that that letter was no use at all; and, in any case, one did one's little best.

Three dear friends have died since I last wrote—two of them quite old: fine old Dr. Alexander Whyte, the Presbyterian Edinburgh preacher and writer, a man with much of the Catholic mind in surroundings which made its utterance difficult, and really something of a saint; and fine old Lady Stawell (pronounced Stowell), a sweet strong serene Anglican, a devoted Christian. She had many a trouble, but her heroic resignation to God's holy will, her generous and strongly gentle application of her faith to her entire life and dispositions never left her to the last; and when I saw her lying dead on Sunday, the countenance was indeed beautiful in its triumphant spirituality. These two friends were respectively in their middle eighties and late nineties. But the third friend was only just 50; and *he* was carried off instantaneously by *angina pectoris*. He was a very devoted, very popular, immensely active Jesuit priest—the man who gave me hospitality in the Jesuit house of studies these last four years at Oxford. He was essentially a man of action, full of social service work. Well, *that* is necessary too—necessary that some, with the gift for it, should labour much at it. His devoted bull-dog *Jimmy* is sure to feel his master's death deeply: they were inseparables, day and night. . . .

I guess my Sweet has a time of dryness, of darkness, on. Well, these are times of great fruitfulness, provided we will be patient, force nothing, change no regulation, decide nothing capable of being put off, but gently busy ourselves with such other things as your Greek, etc. . . .

To Professor Clement Webb

March 7, 1921.

Let me first explain that, though I wrote yesterday an, I dare say robust-sounding, note of acceptance to speak (I hope) alongside of the Bishop of Winchester at the Summer School (Swanwick) on July 3 next: this is really a *plucky*, perhaps impudent, action of mine. For here I am, now a full week, in my bedroom with a chest and head cold which refuses to go, and which has stopped my loved composition work

for the time. The Doctor has been called in for to-day and I hope *he* will be able to expedite this unwelcome, tenacious thing. I say this to excuse my long delay in answering your most kind and very helpful letter, and again the (inevitable) inadequacy of this reply.

As to your criticism of my Heiler Paper, I will carefully follow up the valuable distinction you propose. For the present I am too brain-tired to see more than just, quite generally, the bigness of the problem you disclose. For, surely, that (at least apparent) sheer indifference of the Synoptic Jesus to any and all symbolic and liturgical acts, places, times,—His apparent scorn of the very notion that any intrinsic morality or obligation can or could possibly attach to their observation : this is *an utterly unoriginal trait of His life and teaching.* Amos, the First Isaiah, etc., are at least as emphatic. It is the *Prophetic* manner, the *Prophetic geste par excellence.* Now I find it most difficult to believe that those Hebrew *Carlyles* and *Lamennaises*—men who could not touch a subject without lighting it up indeed, yet also not without burning up its substance by the perhaps necessary, but none the less most dangerous exaggerations—meant literally all they said. Amos and Proto-Isaiah shout defiances which (if pressed as substantive truths) mean nothing less than that if a man leads a humble God-fearing life *and* offers sacrifice and observes the Sabbaths and New Moons : such an one is mixing together things dear to God and things hateful to Him ! As if the large history of those symbolic and ritual things were reasonably explicable without the admission that *something* of the kind is useful, is indeed necessary for that inseperably mixed, spirit *and sense*, creature, man ! And as if, precisely, a good man, if once he were away both from *abuses* and from *abuse*, would not be able to come to feel these things to be connected with his, never really unilateral, wants. I don't—in a word—believe these Prophets meant quite as much as they actually said ; and, again, I do not see how we historians and philosophers of religion can follow them in full, even if they do mean all they say. After all, there *are* other prophets combining in fine proportions the priest with the prophet—*Ezekiel* and *Malachi* give us some glorious outlooks. And the great Deutero-Isaiah and the sublime *Ebed-Jahve* poet, if they do not formally rescind the harshnesses of the earlier polemic, at least do not prod it up.

I feel then that your point (*very* interesting and *very* important though it be) will have to be classed not with the problems *special* to Our Lord (*Proximate Second Coming*, *Suffering Messiah*, etc.), but with those taken over and continued by Him (*Messiah's First Coming*, *Diabolical Possessions and Exorcisms*, *catastrophic End of World*, etc.). But all this is, of course, but a tiny prolegomenon to a very big subject. Grateful thanks, once more !

By the bye, you may be interested to hear that Dr. R. Guiran,

Professor of Theology of the Swiss Free Church (no doubt Calvinist) in the University of Lausanne, writes to me : " Je ne saurais assez vous remercier de m'avoir envoyé votre étude sur Heiler, si pénétrante, et qui met en lumière un point de vue auquel notre éducation réformée et d'enfants du *Réveil religieux* ne nous a pas préparés, mais dont je pressens depuis longtemps et de plus en plus la profonde vérité." This has, naturally, cheered me up, whilst Archbishop Söderblom keeps me limp and modest by warning me that my Oxford " Supernatural " Address is quite un-Evangelical, that his Swedish people would not stand it, etc. Well : the good man is far more moderate than Amos and Proto-Isaiah are on the other question—Amos and Proto-Isaiah whom I recognise as inspired beyond even (!) Luther, not to speak of this Lutheran Archbishop !

To Professor Clement Webb

May 1921.

As to *the historic Jesus, His attitude to ceremonial and material mediations*, and again *His attitude towards Celibacy* (a new point brought forward here in your letter), let me take the Celibacy first. Here I am a little surprised that you ignore *Matthew* xix. 10–12, which, surely, is as emphatic a recommendation of celibacy (as the heroic call for a few) and as full of admiration of such celibacy as any one could desire. I have once more looked up the matter in my ever dear H. T. Holtzmann, who, convinced Lutheran Protestant though he was, managed to keep his outlook astonishingly historical and objective. And I find, as I remembered, that he has not the smallest doubt as to the passage going back to the historic Jesus Himself, to have been really spoken by Him ; no doubt, again, that it means a warm recommendation for *some* of celibacy ; and finally that this recommendation is backed by the actual deliberately chosen celibacy of Jesus Himself—and this standing, as it does, between the (equally not accidental) celibacy of the Baptist and the explicit recommendation and practice of St. Paul—the greatest of the Apostles. Holtzmann also refers to the Christian Ascetics of the Revelation of St. John xiv. 4.—Let me explain that when, in my " Christianity and the Supernatural," etc., I have spoken or written with some polemical edge about these matters, I had not (in any degree or way, however indirect) my friend Webb or indeed any Anglican in my mind (except Charles Kingsley, not felt as typically Anglican at all). It is only now that these things have been spoken by me, without thought of yourself at all, that I think of you in connection with them (had I been stopped by someone and asked : " Well, yes, but what about Webb ? " I would, I think, have said, that, for aught I knew, you were with me in this matter). No : the people I *did* have in view were

certainly not all—not my great Troeltsch—yet some (the more characteristically Lutheran) Lutherans. I thought and think, *e.g.*, of one of the quite recent, mostly remarkably balanced, "*Volksbücher*" on various religious historical and doctrinal points, sold by the tens of thousands just before the War. The one on "Christianity and the Sex Life" roused my ire. This coolly ignored the Baptist altogether; explained that St. Paul, in this question, was, unfortunately, "nicht evangelisch"; and—here comes the (to me odious) vulgarity and naturalism—as to Jesus, "how do we know that He did not have some pretty love affair? We know so little of His life; how dare we deny the possibility of such richness for Him?" No, no: on this point Schopenhauer was quite right: the *animus* on this point of Luther is (allow him every excuse)—is, objectively, as far as it goes, a dethronement of the supernatural!

I do not, of course, mean, for a moment, that this covers any and every law of celibacy for the Clergy or even for monks alone. Nor, again, do I forget that the opposite dangers are also most real, and, in a true sense, more fatal—I mean the danger of throwing suspicion upon marriage, as somehow not intrinsically quite right. I believe that the doctrine of the Virgin Birth has at least lent itself, pretty easily and pretty often, to such unwholesomeness. But anything of the kind at once weakens the beauty, not only of marriage, but of celibacy as well. And that the combination of the two poles, the Heroic and the Homely—each holy, with marriage as a strict duty for mankind at large, and with celibacy as a call for the few: that this gives a richer, more elastic, though certainly more difficult, outlook; and that it is, not indeed the outlook of Kingsley or of Luther, but the outlook of Jesus: of these two points I see no serious reason for doubting at all.

What I have just been writing will explain, I hope, why I attach greater weight to Our Lord's words and acts on this point than I do to what we can gather as to His attitude towards ceremonial and material mediations. Christianity, for me, is essentially, centrally, a heroism: you can have this heroism—completely—with the ceremonial and the material mediations as full and as fixed as they are now in Rome; but you cannot, to my mind, have the heroism as proclaimed, as central and as poignant, without the celibacy as you can with it. And, again, the Prophetic freedom as to that ceremonial and the material mediations gets markedly curtailed already by St. Paul: indeed, if Jesus really performed the Eucharistic acts and meant anything like what St. Paul holds they meant—then Jesus Himself inaugurated (and this as part of the legacy of His Passion) such a deliberate curtailment. But the matter stands quite clear in the other case. The attitude of St. Paul towards celibacy is the very attitude proclaimed, practised, chosen for His own life, by Jesus. Is it wrong to dwell with special joy and emphasis upon points thus traditional in the clearest way?

I have also, in reconsidering the Synoptic texts, been struck with the *more-than-non iconoclastic temper* of Jesus. Thus where He is only asked to touch the sick man, He more than touches, He makes a liniment of clay and His spittle and lays this, with prayer, upon the sick part. Also, how far the Expectation of His own Proximate Second Coming helps towards treating lightly the Sabbath, etc., may be well unfixable. But I do not see how it could well fail to have *some* influence ; whilst the Prophets, whom Jesus revives, were very certainly largely influenced by the sense of *Taboo* which still clung to most of the ceremonial acts—they reacted, went as strongly, against what was institutionally fixed in the religion of their day.

To G. G.

Ascension Day, May 5, 1921.

. . . It was only late on Tuesday night, 3rd, that the big strain came to an end, through the delivery of my Address on "Suffering in God." The thing was, as it were externally, a success : 26 of us met together—a large number for our not large society.[1] And they were all, as ever, most kind and dear to me personally. But I trust it is sincerely so—one feels, on such occasions, more cheered by agreement in the convictions expressed, than by any amount of such pleasant attentions. Some 12 of my listeners spoke through my machine after and on the Paper ; and only 2 agreed with my fundamental—to me such a clear, dear, and important point : that although, of course, God is full of sympathy and care for us ; and though we cannot succeed vividly to represent His sympathy otherwise than as a kind of suffering, we must not press this to mean that suffering, what we experience in our own little lives as suffering, is *as such* and *literally* in God. God is overflowing Love, *Joy*, and Delectation. I showed, I think, many and grave reasons as warnings against importing, or admitting suffering in God. I gave a detailed instance of ruin effected in a fine mind and in all his outlook in a man who began with that one eccentricity—real, literal suffering in God.

To the Same

May 19, 1921.

. . . I well understand what you feel about religion, suffering, and caring. But please notice carefully and for a general principle of wise judgment, that religion, on its human side, in so far as it is a human

[1] The London Society for the Study of Religion. The address—of which only a portion was actually read—is published in the second series of *Essays and Addresses* (1926).

activity—is subject to excesses and defects, to diseases and aberrations more or less special to itself, but which no more prove anything against religion at its best—religion as it is on God's side—than do the corresponding excesses and defects, deflections and diseases of Art, of Science, of Politics, of Marriage, prove aught against these kinds of life and of reality, taken at their best and in their intendedness on God's side. I possess a French medical psychologist's very instructive yet dangerously plausible really anti-religious book, *Les Maladies du Sentiment Religieux*. As a matter of fact, for his mind (perhaps unbeknown to himself), religion, the whole of religion, is these "Maladies." We live in times of such obvious transition, decline, poverty of deep, creative conviction, of such excess of analysis over synthesis—that it is in the air all around us to ask questions, to poke about, to wonder, to drift, to use the microscope, where to become and to be, to produce reality, to adore and to will and to see things in the large, and upon the whole, and at their best, is what we all require.

As to religion and caring for our dear ones, I enclose for you to keep the glorious profession of faith and of love of St. Bernard on occasion of the death of his half-brother and fellow Cistercian (= strict Benedictine) monk Gerard. The entire sermon is most touching. But is not this bit vibratingly beautiful? I have translated it as well as I could; but it has lost, alas, a good deal in the process!

I shall not be sending you, Sweet, that "Suffering and God" Address, at least not typed, after all. I found on reflection, and after getting some letters from hearers of it, that it was little or no use to publish the thing as it stands—that it really requires, for such as do not already hold its views, an entire new section, a section which would draw out the right principles and proper method for such an enquiry. You see, young people always just go ahead on such points, as though they were talking, say, of Sargent's portraits or of Drinkwater's plays, or at least of things which we *can* hold, overlook, comprehend. But as to God, we can indeed be sure, very sure of Him—He is implied in all our thinking, feeling, willing, doing; it is the implicit faith in the reality and the aweful work of truth, of goodness, of life which will never die out for long amongst mankind. And we can, we do, gain vivid experiences of Him, if only we will die, die, day and night, to self. We can thus increasingly *apprehend* Him—can know really about Him, the Real, the source of all reality and of all sense of reality. But we cannot encircle Him, map Him out, exhaustively explain Him. We cannot really say, as these objectors cheerfully argued: "If He feels joy, He must also feel pain": we cannot, for we thus assume that we are dealing with a fellow human being; that by "feeling" in God we mean no other, no more, than by "feeling" in man. Nor can we argue, as another pressed upon me, that *he* would break his heart, if his

only son took to an impure life ; how much more then must God break His heart, if and when any of us gravely sins. We cannot so argue, because here again we do not encircle, penetrate God ; and because we must not press points in ways and degrees which could contradict certain other, and really deeper, intimations and requirements of the religious sense. Now the deepest intimation and requirement we really have got—though sadly weakened in many of us by the fever and rush of life since about A.D. 1790—is Being (as distinct from Becoming), is Perfection (as distinct from Attempting), is indeed Action but not Change. *Of course* change in ourselves, in the sense of becoming better and better in all things ; but this—this need of change in us—comes simply from our imperfection. We are not God. Yet *how* we need Him ! And this, then, not as just a larger ourselves, not as a larger Becoming, but as Being, as Joy Pure and Undefiled.

Now this, with the St. Bernard which I will now copy for you, must do for to-day, my Child.

To Bernard Holland

June 9, 1921.

Your touchingly intimate letter, for which I thank you heartily, deserved an earlier answer. But much has crowded into my life during these last weeks—much that could not be put off at all. Here, however, I am at last, scribbling to you my little reflections and proposals in connection with what you tell me.

As to you and your girls' time abroad, I am so very glad it went off so well. It was evidently a genuine refreshment for yourself ; and as to those two young minds and hearts, what an education—one indeed that will only grow gradually, as they come to digest and to incorporate into their moral life how many a scene and experience in part but slightly noticed at the time. They really cannot be too grateful to their parents for the alertness and the self-sacrifice with which these parents have seen to their getting these experiences so soon and so thoroughly.

I was truly sorry not to be in when Verena came round here the other day. I had had a bad night, and was tonicking my brain and nerves, with Pucky for companion. Pray tell her that I am only too glad that the Murray was of so much use, and that I do not mind at all its showing a little of the help it has been to them. Also that I shall be glad indeed to hear her chief impressions and to ask her questions concerning the great scenes she has been witnessing. So I hope she will try again, if possible some afternoon from 4.30 onwards. But not Friday, Saturday, or Sunday. As to what you tell me about her vocation, or, at least, her desire to try, I well understand your feelings, which assuredly are just right. For you are fully willing, indeed proud, she

should thus give herself to God in an especially self-renouncing way; you are happy, you see how happy such a vocation, where really genuine, really is, even for this short earthly life of ours; and yet you feel, you anticipate the wrench, the sacrifice it will be for yourself, in a way especially. You know, of course, Montalembert's pages in his *Moines d'Occident*, about his daughter's (his favourite, his secretary) vocation—that too to the Sacred Heart Order. I used to think these pages perfect; I do not think so now, because they have, I believe, a good deal of French (modern French) sentimental rhetoric about them. Yet their existence remains most touching and most true. And it is this, a quite similar substance, that you are experiencing now. I too, as you say, have had to go through this with less likeness to your case than was Montalembert's experience. For though I loved and love Thekla dearly, yet it was Gertrud who held with me the position that your Verena and Montalembert's daughter hold and held with you two Fathers. Yet see how deeply, deeply we are called to God's Holy will; the daughter that I specially gave to God remains, quite accessible to us all still; whereas the daughter that seemed left to us in the ordinary life has already been called home.

I quite understand your feeling that, with so unusually level-headed, sensible and peaceful a character as Verena's, there appears no definite reason why you should delay her trying. Yet I should like to put one, or rather two points, entirely ready though I am to find you overruling their suggestions. I mean that I shall not dream of thinking you unwise if you feel that reasons on the other side outweigh these suggestions. My two points, then, are as follows. Thekla waited till she was close on 21, and then asked me to let her go and try her vocation, immediately after this birthday of hers, with the Carmelites. She pointed out most accurately (as I have since observed) that the life of a Carmelite nun was so *qui se perd*, so intolerable, to one without a definite vocation to it, that the risk of imagining a vocation, whilst there did not really exist such a vocation, was at a minimum—that there was far less a risk of such a mistake there than with practically any of the modern Orders, with their "mixed," *i.e.* largely active, life.

From this there follow my two points: (1) Would it not, perhaps, be well to get Verena to wait till she is 21, or say 20? And (2) is it not true that this might be, not less, but more desirable, with her apparent vocation (*i.e.* to a mixed and largely active Order), than with such a "pure" or contemplative vocation as Thekla's? . . .

To Professor René Guiran, of Lausanne

Ce 11 juillet 1921.

Cher Monsieur,—Pardonnez, je vous prie, ce vilain papier ; c'est à cause de son commode format que je le prends pour vous répondre.

Vous me demandez, au fond, une difficile question. J'ai vécu, spirituellement, cette cinquantaine d'années, autant, et plus,—au fond plus—du mot parlé, de la vie vécue au devant de moi par tel de mes maîtres, directeurs, confidents, exemples, amis, que de n'importe quel livre. Ce sont ces influences toutes vivantes, toutes directes, là, qui m'ont fait croire à la véracité des livres spirituelles, m'ont donné un certain sens de leurs mérites si inégales, et enfin m'ont fait un peu comprendre ce qu'ils voulaient dire.—Puis, pour les livres, ce sont les *vieux* livres en gros, bien plus que les récents, qui m'ont nourri et formé. Où trouver des livres récents pleinement comparables, je ne dis pas aux Psaumes ou aux Évangiles, mais aux *Confessions* de St. Augustin, aux *Sermons sur le Cantique des Cantiques* de St. Bernard, ou à *L'Imitation de Jésus-Christ* ?

Et, en dernier lieu, je crains que je vais vous recommander un bon nombre de livres que vous chercherez en vain chez les libraires ou en les bibliothèques. De ceux-ci je pourrais vous prêter, non pas tous, mais la plupart.

Veuillez noter que je remonte *jusqu'à 1870*, mais pas au delà ; et encore, que je ne cite que des livres possédant une certaine vitalité spirituelle notable : je ne pense, directement, ni aux belles lettres, ni à l'érudition.—Mais avant de commencer, encore une réflexion générale, s'il vous plaît.

Vous me dites que vous aimez les *Modernistes* ; et moi, j'ai eu—j'ai encore—parmi plusieurs qui furent nommés, ou qui restent étiquetés tels—de bien chers amis. Aussi ceux qui aiment les étiquettes (moi-même j'en ai une grande crainte) n'ont point manqué, assez souvent, de me classer, moi aussi, comme *moderniste*. Mais il me semble clair que toute l'histoire de la théologie chrétienne pourrait être groupée selon qu'une ou l'autre tendance ou idée prévalente, et plus ou moins fixe, a prévalu—du moins à la surface et en apparence—en le monde pensant chrétien. À un moment, c'est le Jansénisme—tout le monde est janséniste ou est soupçonné de l'être. Puis c'est le quiétisme. Plus tard le libéralisme. Et enfin le modernisme.—Et puis je note combien différents, au fond, restent les plus solides penseurs d'une même époque, même s'ils se trouvent groupés ainsi sous—au fond—un sobriquet. Ce à quoi je vise ici surtout, c'est que sous le terme de modernistes se trouvaient groupés, aimés ou soupçonnés ensemble des hommes qui possédaient deux orientations fondamentales fort différentes, à vrai dire irréconciliables. Cette différence ne s'est point montrée dès l'abord ;

mais les épreuves de la vie, et la logique immanentes aux deux positions, ont tiré cette différence de plus en plus au clair. Et, pour ma personne, c'est maintenant ce qui me touche, en tout ce groupe de questions, le plus au vif.

La différence capitale et décisive m'apparaît donc maintenant être la différence entre *la Religion conçue comme phénomène purement intra-humain, non évidentiel au delà des aspirations de la race humaine* ; *et la Religion conçue comme essentiellement évidentielle, métaphysique, l'effet en nous de plus que nous—de plus que n'importe quels faits et désirs purement humains*. Naturellement, même une telle conviction métaphysique, ontologique, peut, et doit, user d'une grande circonspection et des méthodes les plus améliorées psychologiques et épistémologiques. Et l'histoire de la Religion et des Religions retient tout son prix, tout son intérêt, non seulement *aussi* ici, mais, au fond, *seulement* ici.

Or, *Monsieur Loisy*—mon ami toujours très cher—je le dis avec détresse et amertume d'âme—a perdu—je prie Dieu, seulement pour un temps—ce sens évidentiel, réaliste, métaphysique—ce sens de plus que notre pensée, de plus que tout juste ce que nous expérimentons en la Religion. Et cela fait que, pour mon âme, je ne trouve plus de nourriture en ses écrits récents ; cela ne fait appel qu'à mon activité d'érudit—ce qui, comparée à l'autre, est bien peu de chose.—Les travaux de *Bonajuti*, plus encore ceux de *Minocchi*, ont aussi pour moi ce vide, et avec bien moins d'esprit que chez le toujours fin Loisy.—Même *George Tyrrell*—par vocation un mystique—s'est laissé—selon mon instinct—aller, depuis son *Mediaevalism*, à la poussière et la fièvre des rationalismes et des controverses bruyantes. J'ai dû absolument mettre cette note introductive ici—elle me coûte beaucoup—parce qu'autrement vous croiriez que mon affection pour Loisy et Tyrrell, et mon admiration persistente pour tels de leurs livres plus anciens, veulent dire que je suis avec eux en leurs immanentismes, etc., ce qui n'est point du tout le cas.

Je me trouve forcé, en simple loyauté, d'aller, ou de rester, encore plus à droite. J'admire encore beaucoup telles pages de mes (toujours bien aimés) amis *Maurice Blondel* et *Louis Laberthonnière* ; mais je dois avouer que mon intérêt pleinement vivant est maintenant donné aux penseurs—à peu près tous Allemands, Anglais et Italiens—qui sont en train de nous constituer une *épistémologie critico-réaliste*. Ceci et le problème *nature et surnature* me lie intimement au *Prof. Troeltsch* à Berlin et au *Prof. Norman Kemp Smith* à Edimbourg. Et, par un des tours paradoxaux si nombreux de la vie, je me trouve, moi, catholique convaincu, profondément aidé à bien m'épanouir, précisément en ce catholicisme de mon âme, par le luthérien Troeltsch et le calviniste Kemp Smith, plus ou moins contre les catholiques Blondel et Laberthonnière.

Donc, pour les livres catholiques, publiés depuis 1870, qui m'ont nourri l'âme et la nourrissent encore :

1. John Henry Newman : "A Letter addressed to His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, on Occasion of Mr. Gladstone's Recent Expostulation." London, 1876. Postscript, 1876. (Autorisé de l'Église.) (Se trouve maintenant en le volume *Anglican Difficulties*, Vol. II. Une œuvre de génie.)
2. Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder : *Catholic Controversy*. London, 1886 (?) (Un petit livre maintenant à son 11ème édition, plein de retenue, de dignité, de finesse, de chaleur noble et large.)
3. *Life of Mother Henrietta Kerr*. Edited by John Morris, 2ème ed. 1887. (Une très habile biographie d'une grande âme que j'ai bien connue.)
4. George Tyrrell : *Nova et Vetera*. 1895.
5. George Tyrrell : *Hard Sayings*. 1898.
6. George Tyrrell : *External Religion*. 1897.

(Voilà les trois livres de T. que je crois admirables ; ils proviennent d'une grande paix et alimentent une telle paix chez les autres.)

(Son *Oil and Wine*, 1907, contient déjà certains immanentismes que je n'aime pas. Son *Christianity at the Cross-Roads*, 1909, est un mélange de choses profondément chrétiennes et catholiques et de pages fièvreuses et désorientées.)

7. Leslie Walker : *The Problem of Reunion*. London, 1921. 12*s*. 6*d*. net. (Sept Essais par un ancien nonconformiste protestant, maintenant jésuite, qui sont pleins de bon sens, de bonhomie, de belle reconnaissance de ce que valent les protestants pointus et batailleurs. Une œuvre classique en sa manière.)
8. *God and the Supernatural*. Edited by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. London, 1921. 15*s*. net. (Dix Essais par huit membres catholiques de l'université d'Oxford, de valeur fort différente, mais dont "The Idea of God" par D'Arcy, et "The Atonement" par Cuthbert, sont admirables.)
9. Odilo Rottmanner, O.S.B. : *Predigten und Ansprachen*. 2 vols. München, 1893, 1902 ; et
10. *Geistesfrüchte aus der Klosterzelle*. München, 1908. (Les fruits doux et nourrissants d'une âme profonde et d'un large esprit. L'on y apprend à être homme.)
11. Léon Ollé Laprune : *De la Certitude morale*. Paris, 1880.
12. Léon Ollé Laprune : *Le Prix de la Vie*. 6ème ed., 1899.
13. Léon Ollé Laprune : *De la virilité intellectuelle*. 1896. (Je dois au fond beaucoup à ces bons livres.)

13A. Maurice Blondel : *L'Action.* (Surtout en les exemplaires qui contiennent une quarantaine de pages de plus.) Paris, 1893.

14. Louis Laberthonnière : *Essais de Philosophie religieuse.* (Ici surtout la touchante, vivante "Théorie de l'Education.") Paris, 1903.

15. Victor Delbos : *Le Problème moral dans la philosophie de Spinoza et dans l'histoire du Spinozisme.* Paris, 1893. (Quel beau livre—je ne m'en lasse point !)

16. Victor Delbos : *La Philosophie pratique de Kant.* Paris, 1905. (C'est bien un livre à étudier. Je me sens sûr qu'il mérite d'être placé ici, sans que je l'aie bien étreint.)

17. Alfred Loisy : *L'Évangile et l'Église.* 1902 ; et

18. Alfred Loisy : *Autour d'un petit livre.* 1903.
(Ces petits livres, si brillants, ont plutôt aidé ma tête que mon âme. Cependant il en restera pas mal de choses.)

19. Alfred Loisy : *L'Évangile selon Saint Jean.* 1903.

20. Alfred Loisy : *Les Évangiles synoptiques.* 1908.
(Les parties qui traitent des discours sont, pour la plupart, d'une pénétration magistrale.—J'y ai beaucoup appris, mais l'introduction aux deux volumes synoptiques, quoiqu'incroyablement brillante, est, pour moi, bien moins solide que n'est le corps de ces volumes. Et même en ce corps, M.L. commence déjà à être trop subtil, trop sûr où il lui manque à peu près tous les matériaux pour une décision sobre. Il prélude déjà à son tout récent gros volume, *Les Actes des Apôtres*, où il sait, en un détail étonnant, ce qu'ont été des écrits dont l'existence même n'est qu'une hypothèse à lui.)

21. Antonio Fogazzaro : *Piccolo Mondo Antico.* Milano, 1895. (De beaucoup ce que A. F. a fait de mieux ; un vrai classique, qui m'a beaucoup aidé religieusement.)

22. Bernardino Varisco : *I Massimi Problemi.* Milano, 1910.

23. Bernardino Varisco : *Conosci Te Stesso.* Milano, 1912. (Deux beaux livres d'une âme revenue à la foi en Dieu de très loin.)

24. Prof. Aliotta : *The Idealist Reaction against Science.* London, 1912. (Une bonne traduction anglaise du texte Italien, texte que je ne connais pas. Ce livre exprime avec un grand éclat ce qui me dissatisfait de plus en plus en les philosophies, ou même en les méthodes, d'immanence.)

25. *Paterno Spirito* : *Pensieri* (del Padre Pietro Gazzola). Roma, Bestetti e Tummelli, 1918. (421 pensées de ce Barnabite, une âme grande qui a eu beaucoup à souffrir, mais soutenue jusqu'à sa fin du sens réaliste, évidentiel de la religion, de l'amour de sa prêtrise et du célibat volontaire trouvé si

fructifiant, et enfin par un esprit qui, le moins de controverse que l'on puisse penser, n'avait rien de sceptique, voire même rien de protestant. Un de mes bien chers amis.)

Et maintenant je note que le petit livre qui m'a le plus aidé a été oublié, peut-être parce que, lui surtout n'est qu'un écho écrit d'une voix, d'une vie, qui m'a directement formé.

26. *Quelques directeurs d'âmes.* Souvenir de la crypte de Saint Augustin. (Petites allocutions de l'Abbé Huvelin, imprimées d'après les notes prises par ses auditeurs.) Paris, Gabalda, 1912. 3 Fr. 50. (L'on me dit que le volume est épuisé, et je cherche en vain de mettre la main sur mon exemplaire fort usé.)

Je finis ce rapport si long et si indigeste ce 16 juillet, devant maintenant me donner à mes autres besognes bien nombreuses. Je n'ajouterai que deux remarques :

1. Je vous envoie, par la même poste, en cadeau modeste, la *Catholic Controversy* de Ryder, croyant que, malgré son titre, ce petit livre pourra beaucoup vous plaire.

2. Je dois vous dire que j'ai maintenant lu et savouré à l'aise, mes dimanches après-midis, chaque mot du Volume I des *Lettres intimes* de Gaston Frommel. Très, très rarement j'ai trouvé telle phrase, tel mot qui ne m'allait pas ; et fort, fort souvent j'ai trouvé l'expression la plus noble pour mes pensées les plus intimes, ou, mieux encore, un stimulant nouveau pour les pensées qui ne s'étaient guère encore formées en moi. Quand—avec le temps—j'ai aussi fini le Vol. II, je vous en écrirai plus longuement. Bien de remerciments encore pour ce beau cadeau.

Respectueusement à vous,

(Baron) F. von Hügel.

Je viens d'envoyer le MS de l'index de mes *Essays and Addresses* à Dent. Il espère publier ce volume au mois de septembre. Je vous l'enverrai.

To G. G.

July 21, 1921.

I have now lots to answer, lots to tell. But first about the books. I am sending you three books about *Socrates*—two are presents, one is a loan ; and a fourth book as a help—an adviser—with regard to sensitiveness.

1. I want you first to read *John Burnet's* analysis of the evidence as to Socrates, and *his* estimate as to the influences which played upon Socrates's mind and the way in which he sorted them out and developed

them. You will find this in Burnet's edition of Plato's *Phaedo* (which I lend you), pages ix–lvi. I want you to study these pages twice through, most carefully.

2. Then take (in the volume I give you of Xenophon's *Anabasis* and *Memorabilia*) the *Memorabilia of Socrates*, pp. 349–507. This, too, I want read through at least twice (with the notes, as far as you can follow these ; and looking up all sites in your Classical Atlas). Please keep alive everywhere to Socrates's *irony* ; he hardly ever opens his mouth without it colouring what he says ; take him literally and you mostly make him say the very opposite he means. Try, too, to trace the influence of the Sophists, of Anaxagoras, of the Pythagoreans and Orphics, etc. : Burnet ought to have helped you towards this. And, finally, contrast his teachings and tone with the Christian outlook.

3. Then take the four Socratic *Dialogues* of Plato, translated by Jowett, with Preface by Edward Caird, which I give you. First, a double reading of Caird's Preface, pp. v–xi. Then the Analysis of the *Euthyphro*, pp. 1–9. Then the *Euthyphro* itself, pp. 10–36, twice. The same with the *Apology*, the *Crito* and the *Phaedo*. Note again, in these four Dialogues, Socrates's irony, the sources of his ideas, and their limits and peculiarities—when compared with Xenophon's account of them, and, still more, when compared with the Christian outlook. (Of course pre-existence is a myth, and there do not really occur any memories from such a pre-existence.)

When you have done all this, I should like you to re-read again Burnet's account, and to see how far you yourself have found it true. (You will remember that I utilised Burnet's elucidation of all that the *philosopher* Socrates owed to the *religions* (Pythagorean and Orphic) in my criticism of Corrance, and his turning from the Sun, definite Religion, to the Moon, philosophy.)

4. I give you Faber's *Spiritual Conferences* because, although I do not believe him to be a truly classical spiritual writer, several of these conferences will—at least can, I think—help you much. I am thinking especially of "Kindness," 1–53 ; "Wounded Feelings," 260–274 ; "The Monotony of Piety," 314–332 ; and "All Men have a Special Vocation," 375–396. Surely, Sweet, there is much, much knowledge of our poor human heart here. I feel that Faber's limitations are, at bottom, three. (1) He hardly ever leaves anything to his hearers or readers to develop further by and for themselves. He was cleverly called "the spiritual Dickens" by a man who pointed out the same peculiarity in Dickens. (2) He has got a touch—indeed more than a touch—of vulgarity—he can, at times, speak as though he were a Salvation Army Hallelujah lass. And (3) he never quite got beyond the Anti-Protestantism so common amongst our converts—devotion to the Blessed Virgin, loyalty towards the Pope, and the like, were, because

antipathetic to Protestants, underlined by, revelled in by, Faber to a degree which, at times, put them out of their Catholic proportion, their Catholic perspective. He would thus, instead of a continuator of the grand old Pre-Reformation Catholic piety of England, become an imitation—an affectation—of Italian, of Neapolitan piety. But you will find only little of all this, in this volume, I think. Faber sprang from an originally French Huguenot family ; hence, in part, I do not doubt, his love of point, paradox, hyperbole. . . .

As to *Confession*, I have a certain complication about it in my mind, which, I expect, is not very common even amongst my own people. You see, with the Sacraments, as indeed with all other points of religion, I so love to trace the great lines of their development, and to find out, and to cling to, whatever may be of the essence of the Catholic doctrine and practice. Applying this to Confession, I find (as you can read in full in my *Mystical Element*) that the essential, primitive, unchangeable part is *obligatory* Confession in case of *Grave Sin*. The Protestant Reformers abolished the *Obligation* in any and every instance. And now High Churchmen have come to recommend fairly frequent Confession, in imitation of our (R.C.) late mediæval, and still more, our modern habit. Now I do not doubt that fairly frequent Confession can help on souls, yet I love to keep quite clear in my own mind an element of *Obligation* which the Protestant Reformers unhappily lost—abolished ; and an element of *Conditionality—Freedom*—with regard to the late mediæval and modern frequent Confession, which even my High Anglican friends are lacking in. I want, in this point also, a wise, firm circumspection. But to take the practice of Confession as simply in all circumstances not obligatory—as always what we call "Confession of Devotion," I quite see that also, taken this way, the soul can get real help and growth in self-knowledge, humility, etc., from it. Since *our*, late centuries, discipline in the matter is just disciplinary—*i.e.* since Rome herself could relax it any way up to, excluding, Confession for Grave Sin : it is certainly not for me to press you to very frequent Confessions of Devotion. I myself go every fortnight or every three weeks—but this, simply because of the extant *discipline* of the Church, and because I feel I ought not to exempt myself from it. *Cela varie*, Huvelin would have said, *entre âme et âme*.

I have, these last days, been seeing a former fellow student of Gertrud's, for many years an Agnostic, then a fervent High Anglican ; who, now 38, is inclining to take herself back, to look out for No. 1, to grumble and to turn sour. Am doing what I can for her : pray for her. Have explained how she requires a second conversion—this time against the dust and drear when the physical enthusiasm dwindles.

To G. G.

Oct. 7, 1921.

You bring up, my Child, a point which I suppose you really feel an objection. Even if you do not feel it so, I think it well worth while to clear out this corner of your mind, so as to make quite sure that you correctly seize the truly great doctrine of Purgatory. I want, then, to make sure that you clearly understand that, according to that doctrine, suffering (*rightly accepted* suffering) is indeed usually necessary for, is inherent in, the Purification from sin, evil habits, etc. But it makes no substantial distinction between such Purification as taking place already here or taking place in the Beyond. In all our Retreats we are taught that it will have been our own fault, if the sufferings of our life here have not sufficed to purify us from our sins and evil habits. Of course, even very great sufferings would not, simply of themselves, purify us from even small evil habits. It is only suffering *meekly accepted, willed, transfigured by love of God, of Christ*—it is only such, that will purify or cure anything. This is so true that, where the love is perfect, this *love alone, without any suffering* not directly prompted by itself, completely blots out the evil dispositions. Such a soul, even if previously a great sinner, goes straight to Heaven upon its death. Yet, in all cases, Purgatory applies indifferently to suffering rightly borne in *this* life and the same similarly borne in *that* life. There is simply no such thing, as a Purgatory here followed, as though it had not been, by a Purgatory hereafter. On the contrary, every pang God allows to reach us here, and which we manage to bear a little well, does *a work not to be repeated.* We become thus fitter and fitter for complete union with Christ and God from the very minute of our death.

I have written "a little well" on purpose. For to suffer well is far more difficult than to act well (although the ordinary talk is that we have just "to grin and bear" suffering—we can do nothing to it or with it ! ! !). Holy suffering is the very crown of holy action. And God is no pedant : He can and does look to the substance of our suffering, and knows how to penetrate beyond our surface restlessness or murmurs. Indeed, part of the great work suffering effects in the soul doubtless springs from the way in which, when acute, it almost invariably humbles us : we can much less easily cut a fine figure in our own eyes over our sufferings, than we can over our actions when in peace and plenty.

You understand all the above completely, I trust ? We will both do what gently, peaceably we can to have all our Purgatory—every drop of it—here ; and then, and then Heaven, the closest union, unfailing, with Pure Joy, with All Purity, with Christ, with God.

To Henri Garceau

Thursley: Sept. 7, 1921.

I am so glad to give you this really beautiful edition of the Greek New Testament—doubtless the greatest book, or rather collection of writings, extant amongst mankind. I am now in my 70th year, and I have in no wise exhausted these writings for my outlook, my strengthening, my practice, every day and hour. And of yourself I can only expect that you should cultivate a sense of being, in your earlier years especially, yet also throughout your life, thus always lagging behind an adequate comprehension of these depths and heights.

To Mrs. Lillie

Sept. 21–23, 1921.

Two classes of letters run risks of never getting written—those for which there is too little material, and those for which there is too much. You belong to the latter class for me; I put it off and off because I do not find the time in which to write about the crowd of things I want to refer to; and meanwhile this crowd keeps growing on and on. So to-day I will force myself to start this scribble, and again will check myself not to make it too long. In this way I can hope to finish it to-day or to-morrow, without any serious set-back to my composition-work which so ill brooks any rival writing, even tho' it be but simple letters.

First, let me report shortly about *An American Idyl*, which I read very carefully. I fully understand its fascination for you in the beautiful unworldliness and devoted marital love of those two, kept so young by this great love. And I share your admiration for the book's style—so exactly right for the subject and its temper—and so strikingly fresh, plastic, and natural. I quite see that the book deserves my careful study, as a standard expression of a now prevalent temper and ideal; and I thank you much for making me know it. Its public spirit throughout is most attractive. But I am bound to be sincere and to admit that Carlton Parker impresses me far more as a character than as a thinker. As a thinker he remains astonishingly crude to the last—astonishingly so, seeing that, after all, a man of forty is not—or should not be—a child. He, at forty, writes and judges of philosophy and religion as a clever lad of seventeen. It is pages 111 to 119, and pages 129 to 131, that I am especially thinking of. They express a reaction,—an excessive, quite undiscriminating reaction, against a doubtless narrow and unwise religious

upbringing,—a reaction quite understandable, say, at seventeen or twenty; but a reaction which, as kept still unbroken, without discrimination, without the slightest revision till forty, throws, for my feeling, an unfavourable, indeed an unpleasant, light upon his capacity, or at least upon his performances, as to any and all deep thinking. Wisdom comes only from experience and not from the Book (p. 116). As though one hundredth of his daring thinking—I mean thinking which would look timid beside his own restless flux of impressions—would not suffice to discover the Book to be a great collection of books—books of the most various moods and helps—books, the literary precipitants of all experience—of the most precious of all experience—of religion. His untempered enthusiasm for Dewey and the behaviouristic philosophy and pragmatic literature (pp. 116, 117, and elsewhere): again how crude, how impatient, how cock-sure it is! This, whilst psychology and especially the theory of knowledge were, at their best, getting away from —plunging ever so much deeper than—these thin, superficial, glittering thinkers! And how utterly topsy-turvy is his finding a crowning instance of what pragmatistic, all-things-in-flux, feeling and living produced in the past, in Giotto's picture of the Madonna and the enthusiastic crowd which escorted it! (P. 118.) As if that had not been based—both as to the painting and the appreciation—upon the deepest, a general belief in the invisible, more than human, realities; upon a stable, resilient tradition; upon not pragmatism, not behaviourism, not sheer humanism! I know quite well that the human element wants careful inclusion, and I do not doubt that psychology can and will help greatly in economic matters. I love him whenever he is truly positive, constructive, and in his less impatient moods. But really, as to religion directly, he has astonishingly little to teach one, unless it be to warn one against slap-dash renunciations!

Then there was the interesting convert and her vocation plans. My Wife and I both liked her much, and we are greatly impressed with, and delighted at, her evidently profound and entirely unstrained (natural), supernatural happiness with those clearly austere Benedictinesses. It shows that the American Benedictine priest who advised her to try such an austere, field-working, and not a mitigated, literary form of Benedictine life was admirably in the right. And what a fine proof,—conclusive, I always feel, in its power and degree,—of the genuineness of the supernatural, is such a case as that of this no more girlish, cultivated, strong-willed, entirely exceptionally sane woman, finding her happiness in such a hard life, which derives all its sweetness from the spiritual, the supernatural grace which prompts it! I now firmly believe she will persevere and be professed. And how fine if she can eventually return to America, there to gather around her, and to test and train for a similar life, such souls as she may find there ready for, and (probably unknowingly) looking for such a life!

I have myself had, recently, occasion to defend,—to try and explain, —such a life to the widow of an Anglican Bishop and a very distinguished writer on mediæval and renascence Catholic Church History. Her niece has just become a postulant at our Thekla's Carmelite convent in North Kensington. I found Mrs. —— quite sensible, indeed truly sympathetic, toward our modern, active, directly philanthropic orders. But, as many even High Anglicans still are, she continues dominated by the severe warning the Protestant reformers addressed to the Almighty (without that the Almighty paid much attention to them), that He may *not* call any souls to a directly Contemplative and Adoring Life—that this would be necessarily idle, useless, displeasing to the Modern World and hence (of course) to Him ! I told her I thought she could and would become fully convinced of her niece's happiness (which, if she had a vocation and remained in the convent, would be sure to be with her), only if she could confine herself to quietly gathering and accepting the impressions which this niece would then make for her,—this without insisting upon understanding *why*, *how*, she is, she can be, happy. Such understanding would probably never become hers ; but she could become sure of the happiness without such understanding.

Your daughters were so kind as to give me Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria*. Do tell them, please, that I am now finishing my second, most careful reading, marking and making notes both of and on passages as I go along. The book is a veritable masterpiece as so much writing— the chief figures stand out with extraordinary vividness. Whether or no he is quite just to the Queen, I do not yet feel sure of ; nor can I really like the man who wrote the book as he shows himself in the writing of it, somehow. But I am very sure that this book, even as an expression of a soul, is greatly superior to *Eminent Victorians*, which, brilliant also, was marred through by cynicism and a determination to ridicule and to render despicable one figure after another.

I have taken due note, and with genuine pleasure, of your two references to the " Bollandists," as indicating your interest in them. I find that I exaggerated when I wrote that Père Delehaye had been twice put upon the Index. He has not been put upon it at all. But his *Légendes Hagiographiques* was officially forbidden for Seminary Lecture purposes or even private study by seminarists, as not making sufficient account of the supernatural element in Church History, an element without which Church History becomes incomprehensible.— This, as a censure uttered during the Pontificate of Pius X, is relatively slight. And indeed it is possible that Père D.'s writings are rather for mature men, for whom, after all, they are primarily intended. So I continue to hope that you will care to help them, though I very deliberately do *not* want you to help them, if you do not come to feel, for your own self, that you like them and that they deeply deserve such help. They are most masculine minds, fitted to aid other men.

My *Essays* ought to be already out; but I have still heard nothing as to details of binding, etc.; so this, as so much else, is being delayed by our post-war conditions. I want, when I have copies, to send the volume inscribed to your husband as well as to yourself, since I somehow thought of him not a little whilst writing the long preface to this collection.

We have had an interesting reception into the Church, by Eric Coleman, since he received yourself—a daughter of the late Mr. Meredith Townsend, joint editor with R. H. Hutton of the *Spectator* during many years. I think Mr. M. T. was a Unitarian; and she herself has been a sort of Catholic mystic for many years. And now she is a full, definite Catholic,—I have no doubt, a deep and tender one.

With best wishes for all your doing and being, and thanks for your letters, which I wish I could answer in all their subject-matter,

Yours very sincerely,

F. v. HÜGEL.

Let me strongly recommend your getting and studying: *The Problems of Reunion*: discussed historically in seven essays by Leslie T. Walker. London: Longmans, 1920. 255 pp. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

An uncommonly sane and sensible, genial, most instructive volume.

To a Lady

Oct. 29, 1921.

You evidently realised why and where I was hoping and praying for a development in you. Such development did not—at least directly—concern Rome at all. I quite realise how difficult (how *dangerous*, unless they are definitely called) such a change to R. Catholic obedience has become for many educated minds. And though I certainly should love to see you simply and completely one of us; and though, again, I am certainly not going to be sure that you will never be given that special call, I mean, *that* was not what, so far, made me wistful at the thought of you. No: what I directly and clearly wanted for you was just what you now tell me you have gained and you have won, D.G.! I congratulate you and beg you to persevere, most faithfully, in all that is positive in this your now, I pray, confirmed outlook. Of course, you will have drynesses, disgusts, strong inclinations to revert to the more or less "Pure" mysticism . . . but your visible Religion will safeguard your Invisible Religion, and your Invisible Religion will give freshness and variety to your visible Religion. Of course, the perfection of such a combination remains an ideal for even the most advanced of us. Yet it can be, and with yourself also will be, an ideal considerably and growingly realised, to your profound profit.

To the Same

Nov. 5, 1921.

I fear as much for you the overdoing of Institutionalism, as the ignoring or even flying from it ; indeed these two extremes are assuredly *twin sisters in such a soul as yours.* What I *do* pray for, for *you,* is that you should, in a time of peace and light, fix upon a certain minimum, a nucleus, of Institutional practice, to which you will then adhere with a patient perseverance, carefully *not* adding—not much adding—to it when in consolation ; and *not* detracting—not much detracting—from it when in desolation. And this minimum—this nucleus—should not be fixed as for a naturally Institutional soul, or even as for an average soul, but as for *your* soul, which, to the end, will find the Institutional more or less difficult, but will none the less greatly require *some,* a *little* of it, faithfully performed. I think of Church of some kind—preferably Holy Communion—every Sunday ; at most *that* and, say, one week-day Mass—once a week—at the Carmelites. Perhaps even these two practices are too much for the minimum, since, of course, not the resolution alone, but its execution, matters really ; and I should wish to save you, *above all things,* from any real over-burthening.

To G. G.

Dec. 9, 1921.

I have indeed been silent a long time—with, now, three dear and interesting letters of yours to answer. The reasons of this have been two. I have been a good deal tried by that arterial pressure at night ; and as the doctor had told me that the less exertion there was in my day, the less I should suffer from it at night, I determined to try what cutting down everything at all avoidable would do. I am certainly now free from that pressure, or, at least from those effects—though, I suspect, only for a little spell. Yet I am deeply thankful for it, since it means capacity for my composition work. My second reason was that I was trying to get you the *Curé d'Ars,* and that stupid postal losses—of the first order—have delayed my receiving the books till to-day. I now send you, as presents, the *Life of the Curé,* two vols., and his *Spirit,* in one little volume. (The *Esprit* repeats, in part, the sayings registered in the *Vie* ; but adds many fresh sayings.) I wanted to send you these volumes ready bound, but received them thus ; and I think it better not first to get them bound, as you would then not have the books till after Christmas. I have cut the books open for you, as I believe myself to be expert at this. I trust and believe that the Curé's spirit will sink into your heart, and help you greatly on to geniality, humility, peace and happiness in God and for Him.

As to your questions :

As to the young ex-curate, now one of our people : how difficult, indeed how impossible, it is to judge whether such extreme renunciation is quite sound in and for that particular soul, and will help it on to deep but quite balanced self-renunciation (as in Abbé Huvelin, the "Curé d'Ars," etc.), or whether it is going to lead to dangerous reactions, etc. The Christian life, at its deepest and highest, is certainly not mere, not sheer common sense. And yet—*in the long run—some* common sense has got to get into it unless it is to come to grief. There, too, one has just simply to wait, and, meanwhile, not to treat such things as central or as the measure of our advance or closeness to God.

As to whether converts to Rome are proselytisers. I think *at first as a rule* they are. Surely, this is not difficult to understand. Such souls have generally come, with considerable sacrifices, and, at the time with much spiritual light and fervour, to see and feel sure of various facts which they before saw fitfully or hardly at all. They very easily—all but inevitably—forget or overlook the not inconsiderable lights or helps they had before ; and they have not yet been long enough in the old Church to have experienced its human poornesses, nor to have themselves, within that Church, passed through desolation and reaction. My brother told me of an interesting conversation he had with our Bishop Brownlow, after the latter had been one of our priests and then a Bishop some 48 years since he had been an Anglican High Church curate. My brother told him how he sometimes felt himself to be possibly quite wrong in not being more active and enterprising in trying to gain individual Protestants in the Church. That, as a matter of fact, he did nothing direct in this way—he never took the first step. The Bishop answered that, after the first few years of his R.C. life, when his zeal was restless and, he had now long thought, indiscreet, he also had never pressed anyone, had never taken the first step with anyone. That he had now seen for many a long year how easy it is to disturb souls from out of what contains much truth and which they *can* and *do* assimilate to their spiritual profit, and to push and strain them up to something to which they are not really called and of which they do not know what to make. That his conscience did not upbraid him in these matters for the many later years of his priestly and episcopal life ; and that, as to those first years, he hoped he had not been as unwise as he might have been.

Also, an experienced old priest (himself an early convert to the R.C. Church) once told me that he had long found it a bad sign when *converts* were not at least inclined to be active proselytisers. That with *born* R.C.'s it was different : these could be thoroughly zealous in their religion and yet not be thus active, or inclined to be thus active.

As to myself, I find myself inclined to be very zealous to help souls

to make the most of what they already have ; and, if they come to think of moving, to test them to the uttermost. And again, to do all I can to make the old Church as inhabitable *intellectually* as ever I can—not because the intellect is the most important thing in Religion—it is not ; but because the old Church already possesses in full the knowledge and the aids to *spirituality*, whilst, for various reasons which would fill a volume, it is much less strong as regards the needs, rights and duties of the mental life. This my second zeal includes the ardent wish and hope of serving sore and sulky, fallen off or falling off R.C.'s—to heal their wounds and bring them back. *One* fallen away R.C. gives me more pain than a *hundred* accessions to the Church give me joy. For it is the *sticking it* which really matters in these things and which is difficult.

What you say about prayer, Sweet, is all very true, very solid. I know well what you mean. But though we will most rightly shrink from saying that this or that in it is God : yet it is God, His Reality, His Distinctness from yet great Closeness to us, it is this grand Over-againstness which through, and in, and on occasion of what you describe we experience in our little degree. What comes last in our analysis of such states, is first in real existence. I enclose for you a little article which (as all except my big book) was spontaneously asked of me, title included. I send it because of the *contrata* bit ; and because I am utterly sure that this is the direct antidote to the all but universal Pantheism of our times. Before people worry about the Church or even about Christ, they must be helped to get God—their notions as to God—sound and strong.

As to the Sadhu, I feel with you that we ought never to forget his non-Europeanness. How strange that *profound* difference between East and West ! Why, in some real way, the Sadhu, all Christian though he be, is further away than are Plato and even Socrates ! The Sadhu's visions are strangely wooden, *leathery* things, astonishingly other than, and inferior to, the revelations or visions of Mother Julian or of St. Teresa. It is in this matter especially that the object of the book—its object in the mind of S——, not, I think, of Appasamy—is not attained : the object being to show that a man as entirely outside of any Christian body or Church, can be as deep and delicate, as valuable a mystic, as are the mystics belonging to the Church. S. really proves the opposite of what he wants to prove.

As to Plato, I am delighted you are taking to him so strongly. I hope you will end by being steeped in him ; by having read all the Dialogues we have fixed upon at least four times each ; and that you will come to be able to compare Dialogue with Dialogue, and to use the Plato generally for comparison and criticism in your non-Platonic reading. I am trying to follow you in these your Plato readings : have so done the

Protagoras and half of the *Gorgias*. So glad you are at the *Phaedrus* and soon at the *Symposium*. And mind to admire the *Meno*—I love it !

To a Lady

Dec. 26–29, 1921.

I should like a certain DEFINITE TIME GIVEN each day to DELIBERATE PRAYER, which would not be much added to in times of consolation, nor much detracted from in times of desolation. But such fixed time for prayer—as over and above your Church doings—should not be long. What you propose in your time-table will do very well indeed. Of course, we are talking simply of deliberate prayer—whatever kind and degree of this suits you best—*i.e.* most strengthens you to love, to work and to suffer, and most humbles yet braces you. For as to the spirit of prayer, inarticulate prayer, the prayerful disposition : this should more and more penetrate all your waking hours. . . .

You tell me that you could not truthfully profess belief in certain supposed Historical Facts. I suppose these to be the Virgin Birth, the Bodily Resurrection, the Johannine Miracles, at least primarily. But pray note that, even so, *you can still retain the more general, and the bed-rock principle of the Catholic mind.* I should feel that you were not clear as to your own deepest instincts or were being unfaithful to them, if you could not, or did not, humbly set about full, definite development of the principle I have in view. Now and then it shows in your acts, temper of mind ; and then it disappears for a while, overlain by thoughts or moods of another, a quite contrary, provenance. Let us work, gently but wholeheartedly, at getting this principle to become one of the chief beams in your spiritual edifice, *part of the rock*, known and willed at all times, *of your Faith.*

There are, then, two possible positions with regard to Historical Happenings (two positions, I mean, over and above the ordinary orthodox position that the Church not only holds a list of Spiritual Truths, but knows which of these Spiritual Truths is also a Factual Happening, and that this its knowledge is infallible, unchanging, and binding upon all men to the end of time. I am not asking this of you). You can hold that Historical Happenings *generally*, that *some* Historical Happenings, are necessary ; that belief in them is necessary, to every at all powerful and perfect religion, hence especially so to Christianity. Or you can hold that Historical Happenings even quite *generally*, that *no* Historical Happening, that *no* belief in any Historical Happening, is ever an essential part of religion ; that religion generally, and Christianity in particular, can flourish—will flourish, after every single supposed Historical Fact has been demonstrated non-historical, and after all men have come to recognise this complete *defactualising* of religion.

Now I am very sure that the position which holds that *some* Historical Happenings, that the non-refutedness of their historical character, and that definite belief in this genuine Historicalness, are *essential ingredients of every powerful and at all perfect religion*—especially Christianity —is true. And I am quite sure that the opposite position—the reduction of religion to a system of mere ideas—principles, etc.—is *profoundly false*. But when, then, I come to watch your mind and soul, I find certain volcanic eruptions in favour of position No. 1 ; yet also whole tracts of intervening, as it were slowly accumulated aqueous formations, which really imply, or even spring from, position No. 2. If you could, and would gradually, but most thoroughly, drop and eliminate all the position No. 2, you would be left (even without adding any one item to the list of Historical Happenings held by yourself to be such) with an outlook possessing the fundamental Catholic quality.

I note that you do not "at present understand in the least the religious feeling of the need of a half-way house between one's self and God." I note, too, that "the human-historical values" appear to you as of secondary importance. Now here I cannot help feeling a serious weakness and *lacuna*, indeed an inconsistency, in your psychology, your analysis of the religious temper, and in your own, at least implied, attitude on other occasions. As you probably know as well as I do, all the finest recent psychology, indeed also the deepest epistemology, show us, and insist upon, how we, poor human beings, at least in this life, never begin (or in the long run keep up) the apprehension of things spiritual except on occasion of the awakedness and stimulation of the senses. That is, there is no such thing as an exclusively spiritual awakening to, or apprehension of, spiritual Realities. This, to my mind, is already decisive against all purely spiritual, entirely mystical, quite non-historical, quite non-successive religion.

Next, religiously, the human soul, upon the whole, in the long run, in its richest developments, certainly, I think, requires not a half-way house for it on its way to God, but *God Himself to come down to it*, not half-way but *the whole way*. To put it in the most homely way : surely the infant does not feel its mother's breast a "half-way house," a queer artificial *intermezzo* between itself and its mother ; but the infant feels that breast as the self-giving of that mother, as a self-compression, a touching condescension for bringing the mother's own life to the infant, and thus gradually to raise this infant to the mother's strength and stature. St. Augustine surely, surely, had got this point right, in spite of the great attractions which, quite certainly, a purely spiritual religion possessed for wide stretches of his mind. He felt that it was this condescension, *this coming down to us of God*, His appearing to us in human form and ways, which "nourished love and ousted inflation."

Quite, quite right! *That* alone, at least in some form and degree, will ever give us a religion sufficiently lowly, homely, humbling. . . .

God does dwell in, and manifests Himself by, Historical Happenings—here, more than there; now, more than then. But this spells grades of Divine Self-Revelation. And, since in the higher and highest reaches of spiritual reality the differences of degree issue more and more in differences of kind, we reach at last an apex of spirituality which is, at bottom, the deepest, fullest self-abasement of God—Jesus Christ, in the Manger, on the Cross. . . .

P.S. I much like your love for your cats. I deeply love my little dog; and Abbé Huvelin was devoted to his cat. We all three can and will become all the dearer to God for this our love of our little relations, the smaller creatures of God. Again it was God incarnate, it was Jesus of Nazareth, of Gethsemane, of Calvary, and not pure Theism, that first taught this.

To Bernard Holland

Feb. 27, 1922.

Forgive me, please, if I write as late and, I fear, only shortly. I am none the less truly sorry for, yet, if I may say so, also truly proud of you. What is the use of being a Catholic, if one tries to shirk, or tries to suppress, such things at bottom, such grace offered, not only to one's children but to one's own self? I well know how even otherwise Christian—indeed Catholic-minded Protestants, and even High Anglicans, fail one in such emergencies. Thus such a friend of many years wrote to me recently, wondering why on earth I attached so much importance to celibacy and voluntary renunciation—that there existed no texts in the N.T. to that effect. I asked him in answer, what critic of any standing had ever doubted the authenticity of Our Lord's declaration as to the voluntary eunuchs, and whether the celibacy of the great Precursor, the greatest of the Followers, and of Our Lord Himself was accidental? The fact quite obviously is that Protestantism has done much for the cultivation of the natural virtues, but has so long fought shy of the heroic, supernatural acts and life, as to have pretty well lost the simple sense of text upon text of the Gospels.

You will suffer much, poor man, but you will also grow; there is nothing like straight paying for one's religion to endear it to one. I will especially think of and pray for you on Thursday. I have not really lost Thekla, nor will you really lose Verena. Our daughters will help us to Heaven—our true home—this without the slightest touch of rhetoric. It is all terribly and yet delightfully real.

To the Rev. Canon Newsom

March 29, 1922.

I take it that I owe to you that Newcastle paper with its interesting account of Dr. Merz. I am truly sorry that he should have gone, and it comes to me as a pang that, having been so kindly presented with his *Fragment* through your mediation, I should never have reported to him about it. Alas, three years, or something like that stretch of time, ought surely to be sufficient for reading and digesting those three hundred pages of his ; and yet my conscience itself does not really prick me, for I have had much, much work for the brain which, after my own compositions and direct readings for them, clamours for open air or for quite light literature. And so it comes that my table is covered with books, and fine books, kindly given me by men at home and abroad, and very regretfully I do not succeed in reading them.

I take you to be, fortunately for yourself, intimate with all the family. If so, will you kindly beg Mrs. Merz to accept my profound respect and sympathy in this her and her family's great loss. I note, among the details given in the obituary article, that there is a Miss Teresa Merz, and this makes me hope that that name was deliberately chosen, by the great dead man, from admiration for that great Spaniard whom my youngest daughter looks to as the Foundress of the reformed Order to which she herself so happily belongs.

I had hoped, in the vague way in which we hope for so many unlikely good things, still to make acquaintance with Dr. Merz in Newcastle. You will surely miss him greatly, and no one person ever does really take the place of any other.

I am glad to think that Leslie Hunter is so soon to be one of the Canons of your Cathedral. I have a true affection for his high and earnest young life and mind, and I find his outlook so very wide, penetrating and rich. I loved his father before him, and yet I cannot but feel that Leslie, while inheriting much of his father's noble character, has somehow achieved a larger grasp of the varied facts and forces of the life of Religion.

I trust that you and Mrs. Newsom and the children are all flourishing, and that you sometimes remember

Your cordial old friend,
F. VON HÜGEL.

To a Girl (on her Confirmation, Anglican)

April 11, 1922.

I know that you are to be confirmed to-morrow, and I feel an inward pressure to write you a little letter on this important step in your

life. If you were engaged to be married, I would certainly write to you ; so why should I not about an act, different indeed, but not necessarily less important ?

Let me then go back in my mind to when I was your own age, and try to get on to paper one predominant desire which then came into my own inner life. You see, when I began to try to be good—to serve God—I already, alas, found myself involved in gravely bad habits and inclinations. But this, once I was, by God's grace, awakened to long to be straight and true—to go direct to God and Christ—had one great advantage. I saw young fellows all around me fretting to be *free*, to be their own sole, full masters. They fretted against this and that thing ; against this and that person. They thought if only they could get away from these, they would indeed be free. But I myself *could not feel that to be nearly enough* ; I was too little happy in myself to fiddle-faddle at such little things ! I wanted, *I had to*, get rid of—not those outside conditions, not those other people and their orders, etc. : but I had, somehow, to become free from *self*, from my poor, shabby, bad, all-spoiling *self* ! *There* lay freedom, *there* lay happiness! And I see now at 70, more clearly again than at 17, that I was right there. That all external things, all persons, even if and when they may be not to our natural liking, that they none can really hurt us,—indeed, that they all of them can readily help us, once we are awake, spiritually awake ; and that our service of God really means for us the fighting of self. Of course God's service includes also our service of others—our relations, our friends. And again, even the whole of religion is not the whole of our activities and interests—is *rightly* not the whole. Yet it remains most true that our religion begins to be our romance—our most solid, sustaining romance—only on the day on which it becomes adult and quite real—that is, only on the day on which we wake up to self and determine to fight it.

Do not think, my dear, that I am comparing you with myself as I was then. No, whatever may be your faults, you are a far better girl than I was a boy. Not that I am thinking of any particular faults of yours. I do not know you well enough to be able to do *that*. I am only facing the two quite general, but quite sufficiently rousing facts : that we all of us have "selves" (the enemies of our true, good selves) to fight, and that only so fighting are we adult, fruitful and happy.

To Mrs. Lillie

April 20, 1922.

You know well, my dear Mrs. Lillie, by now, how deeply I care for the scientific spirit, how much I admire it in Darwin and in your fine husband, and how much I strive that my own work may be always

penetrated by it. You need then, I think, have no fear that I do not understand your admiration for it; I share it with you, as I think, to the full. And yet it seems to me that, from sheer enthusiasm, you become unconsciously unfair both to Science and to Religion. Unfair to Science, because if Science and Religion really produce interchangeable results, and you, notwithstanding, remain definitely religious, you will have, after all, to ask the Scientists more than, as such, they give,—indeed, I am sure, more than, as such, they *can* give. For all Science, and in the term I include history, psychology, etc., is essentially the ceaseless seeking, the ceaseless restating, the ceaseless discovering of error, and the substituting of something nearer to the truth. I do not see how Science can be asked to start with a definite God, with a definite Future Life, with anything like a Church; I think it cannot even end with anything more than a vague reverence and sense of a deep background—a very elementary Theism will, at best, and can hardly, be reached by it: such Theism will be, I believe, its maximum. Now, Religion, on the contrary, begins with a full affirmation of a Reality, of a Reality other and more than all mankind. It is certain of God, certain of Christ, certain of the Church. It is a gift from above downwards, not a groping from below upwards. It is not like Science a coral-reef, it is more like a golden shower from above. Assimilate Religion to Science, and you have levelled down to something which, though excellent for Science, has taken from Religion its entire force and good; you have shorn Samson of his locks with a vengeance. On the other hand, force Science up to the level of Religion, or think that you have done so, and Science affirms far more than, as such, it can affirm, and you, on your part, are in a world of unreality. Let me illustrate this by the very example you give me of the death of Metchnikoff. His final words—"Do not fear for me, I am not afraid; I have had a Divine light: Science will solve the problems, the wonderful problems of existence": —I contrast with these Littré's last months with his sense of awe, the feeling of whole new worlds coming upon him, worlds not of scientific discovery at all, but the worlds of contrition, of a sense of sin, of a sense of an immense over-againstness, of a huge Other before which he felt crushed and a nothing. In the former case we have the courage, the selflessness, the optimism, of a true scientist; in the latter we have the elementary religious instincts. The two things are quite uninterchangeable: my dear Mrs. Lillie, pray look out to keep, or to gain, the sense of this difference. May I, though it is a sacred memory to me, just refer to the death of my eldest daughter in Rome? She was no scientist, but a Christian, and Catholic believer: she died loving God, with a sense of God, with an abandonment of herself into God's Hands, with a love of Christ as God with us, with a hope, with a trust, to be eternally with Them. Now, of course, I do not quote this as anything

but what occurs again and again among definitely religious souls, I only quote it to bring out, if I can, the difference, which very certainly is there, between the state of soul of the scientist simply as such, and the state of the definite religionist. Of course, the complete thing would be to have both, and certainly both have occurred again and again in the same soul. There was, for instance, Lord Rayleigh, a great mathematician, a great physicist, who died not long ago, a devout High Anglican who had never missed daily Church since his early manhood.

It was sitting by the side of Abbé Huvelin that I, more vividly than ever before, realised the difference between these two levels, realised their respective necessity, their respective liberty. A splendid Greek scholar, as fine and free as is your Professor as a biologist, and with a fear and horror of the interference of theologians, this sane man was absorbed in the love and service of God, and of his neighbours for the sake of God. For myself I must have both movements : the palace of my soul must have somehow two lifts—a lift which is always going up from below, and a lift which is always going down from above. I must both be seeking and be having. I must both move and repose.—But it is as well that I should stop now : the thing is not merely to see these things but to practise them : to *be* is a very different affair.

With kindest regards from us all three, and with cordial respects to the Professor,

Yours very sincerely,
F. VON HÜGEL.

To Mrs. Lillie

May 5, 1922.

Upon attaining to-day the age of seventy, with its pensive scriptural connotation, I have been reminded of you, the kind friend beyond the ocean, in two ways which invite me to write this P.S. to that long letter of mine.

One thing springs from your kind question as to how to procure copies of my *Mystical Element*. That will, I believe, be now pretty soon quite easy, since a Mr. Algar Thorold has now definitely undertaken to see a new edition, practically a reprint, through the press, so that I hope the thing will again be on sale, say by next Easter at latest.

The other thing has been vividly brought to my mind by my present renewed reading of my late friend, Mgr. Duchesne's wonderful letters to me. I am busy getting ready a little letter to the *Times Literary Supplement* about this great Early Christian scholar. The point is the steady support Duchesne got, amidst many difficulties, in the Bollandists. And this reminds me of your invitation to me to suggest some work for you to help, and my answering by proposing the Bollandists. Of course

you are absolutely free in the matter; I only want to make sure that in the midst of your wide and multiform activities you are not forgetting these noble scholars and their work and influence. *There* is science, as true and as noble as is that of the Natural Scientists; all the various knowledges ever more carefully pursued are wanted.

With renewed warm messages to you all,

Yours very sincerely,

F. v. HÜGEL.

To Miss Maude Petre

June 8, 1922.

I have now at last not only read your "Still at It"[1] twice over in different moods and circumstances, but I have also very carefully thought over all the main points of your paper. I can well understand that you feel it to be quite a landmark in your own thinking about these most important points, which have been painfully costly to both of us in every sort of way. All through I am struck with the freshness and the vigour of the writing. This is apparent from the first, in the gracefully humorous, earnest, and sad little introduction. Then I find your little sketches of what the chief currents of Modernists in the Church attempted or carried out, very clear and very accurate. I feel sure that you are quite right in thinking the controversies with regard to Christ to have been by far the most important and difficult. Also I feel entirely with you that Christ and Church go together.

Where I am not able to follow, and, indeed, where I am somewhat puzzled in finding you so transparently confident of uttering simply undeniable truths, is on the following three or four points. I believe that one and all indicate what is, to my mind, an insufficient trust in the carrying power of human reason at its best—in human reason which is, after all, the gift of God.

1. You say (p. 405): "We have to take count not only of what has been ascertained, but of what at any future date may be ascertained. So that for the believer it is quite useless to establish a satisfactory refuge from criticism so far as it has reached, when he knows that it may, even if it do not eventually, reach much further still." And the next little paragraph carries on this same point.

Well, I do not think this is anything like as true as it is plausible. Let us take Geology, which I studied in my later teens under Pengelly. I have taken up with it again fifty years later, in the now predominant manuals, and what have I found? Two things, and not only one. I have indeed found a quite extraordinary enrichment. For instance, the cretaceous period is now something containing groups within groups and interrelated details, which were quite beyond the ken of my text-

[1] *Hibbert Journal*, April, 1922.

books in the sixties of last century. But, and this is the most striking part of the whole affair, the general orientation, the large outlines, the predominant facts, remain what and where they were. Take again Egyptology, about which assuredly I know little enough. Still, I happened a short while ago to have to read up, in the best new introductions, about the discovery and the present-day study of hieroglyphics, and could compare this now new account with what I learnt as a boy. What had happened? Well, something strictly parallel to what has happened in Geology. The fact is, surely, that all the departments of human knowledge pass through something that can be illustrated by the setting of a jelly. The jelly at first is simply fluid; it is next capable of collapse, or of utter change of form, at any moment; but it becomes more and more coherent and solid, till at last it stands there, a definite and fairly solid shape.

Everything points to show that the same has happened, and will happen, to Biblical criticism. Certainly I have myself noticed in the Old Testament, of which the criticism is so much older, how stable and persistent is its general orientation, how more and more of detail are the questions which still arise. And I do not see why this principle, so universal in all the sciences, should turn out not to be operative in New Testament criticism also.

2. I have been struck with, here and there, a curious antithesis, which I admit is very dear to Kant, though not, I think, to Kant at his best. You say that "there is no religious conception which has not a human taint; we make God even in the act of worshipping Him"; and you add that the Christ of the critic who remains a Christian worshipper—the Christ eternal, the mystical Christ—"is an idol in so far as the conception is a creation of the critic's mind" (pp. 408, 409). Now it is, of course, true that in so far as these, and indeed any other conceptions, are *purely*, are *merely*, the creation of a critic's mind, they are idols, *i.e.* they are not what the realities aimed at are simply in themselves. But this, if a truth, is surely a truism; it is indeed a tautology. It does not follow, surely, that a conception which is the discovery, the creation (if you like to call it so) of the critic's mind, is *necessarily* utterly different from the reality aimed at or envisaged. I do not pretend to understand Einstein's doctrine of Relativity, but it may be true, even though we had to wait for Einstein to bring home the fact, if it is a fact, to us. It is very clear now (precisely, I think, to the more vigorous and independent of the thinkers coming on) that Kant was simply obsessed by a mistaken presumption when he argued that the mere fact of my having, or attaining to, a conception of anything renders absurd the notion that this conception bears any likeness to the thing conceived.

3. You say that "so long as we find and feel the highest teaching of spiritual reality in the Church we accept her doctrine, her discipline,

her objects of worship, but we accept nothing with the absolutism of finality, because we know that it is only given us to see through a glass darkly" (p. 409). Now here I wonder whether such abstention from a quite final self-commitment could and ought ever to be accepted by the Church ; and, if not, you seem to be taking back with one hand what you give with the other. And is it really true that, in the greatest habits of mind and the highest levels of scientific search for certainty and of certainty in search, there really is such an abstention from a wholehearted finality ? I think not. It seems to me, on the contrary, that, in such deepest and highest scientific attitudes, there is an entire certainty, only that this certainty assuredly does not cover all the details, all the analyses, all the theories, within the object thus believed in. Copernicus and Galileo were quite, quite certain of the reality of the stars and planets, of their real inter-connection, their real mutual influences, and that laws of movement were at work before them. Was it not really this belief and its perfect finality which gave to their life and work its steadiness, serenity and sublimity ?

4. You insist much upon our being of necessity pagans, that is, of our having idols and requiring to have them. I wonder whether this, brave and brilliant though it be, is not an over-statement ? For I cannot, in thinking it over, find other than two great principles and facts, which, neither of them, somehow, spell for me what you say. There is the *sacramental principle*, the waking up of spirit under the stimulus of sense, and this comes, I take it, simply from our soul-and-body compoundness. And then there is the *principle of the community*, of sharing our religion, and of getting it deep and tender by sharing it, with every kind of educated, semi-educated, and uneducated fellow-believer. This latter need and life very certainly involve endless patience with, and indeed sympathy with, the sacramental principle applied as far as ever it will go ; but I do not see how even here, we can or ought to encourage ourselves to hold for ourselves what we recognise to be objectively really idolatrous.

But let me please finish up on a further point among those which I love to find so vigorously alive in your pages. I mean, where you declare that " doctrinal development cannot be carried out in obedience to history and science alone ; it must respond to religious needs also " (p. 407) ; and this same most sound principle you insist upon again in your last sentence on page 410.

Thank you then, once more, for all you have suggested to me and taught me.

On Saturday night a great new outlook for my labours appeared, fully formed, before me. My most kind friend, Professor Kemp Smith of Edinburgh, has been (had been, I knew) working devotedly to secure me a *Gifford Lectureship* at Edinburgh, and, behold, the formal invitation

has now come from the Senatus of Edinburgh University. True, the two years of office cannot be before 1924–25 and 1925–26, since Dr. Pringle-Pattison and M. Bergson have each to deliver their second year's courses before me. But still I can hope to live and to be fit for the four years involved in the undertaking, and I have gratefully accepted. It means twice ten Lectures, so that really, at last, I ought to have space in which to be clear ! My new book is to be held up, and worked out as these twenty Lectures, and I hope to live to see it out after the said Lectures are all over.

Yours affectionately,
F. VON HÜGEL.

P.S.—On reading over I see that I have left out a further point which perplexes me—what you say about the uniqueness of Christ ; and a point which indeed I love with you most deeply—that " in every religion that speaks to the heart of man there must be some element of Divine Revelation " (p. 409). But I must not be endless.

To Miss Hodgson

June 29, 1922.

I am most glad to possess the copy of your *English Mystics* you so kindly promised me. What an admirable range of knowledge you show, a knowledge so alive and penetrating, and this not only of your direct subject-matter, but of such a mass of French, Spanish, and Greek mysticism, and then, again, of points of psychology and philosophy more or less connected with your subject. I have only been able so far to browse in the book here and there, to read your most kind quotations from myself, and to note, in the Index, the books and persons you have specially considered.

I have been able to note with pleasure your well-phrased protest against Dom Louismet's exclusion of Plotinus from the choir of great Mystics. Abbot Butler in his *Western Mysticism*, soon to come out, will, he tells me, give the exact words in which St. Augustine treats the Ecstasies of Plotinus as genuine and from God. I think we ought to work this testimony particularly, since never was there a man less liable to any washy liberalism than St. Augustine, and since he had here to do with a Pagan.

To Canon Lacey

Thursley, Sept. 12, 1922.

My dear Canon,—Thank you so much for inviting me to speak at your coming Convention on *Prayer, Oral and Mental*, also for asking me to be your guest at that time. I feel it fully, as indeed it is, a solid

honour and a true kindness. But, after three days' reflexion, I see that I cannot, alas, accept.

The quite decisive obstacle is my present and long future combination of extra small health and extra big work. Last June I was nominated *Gifford* Lecturer in Edinburgh for 1924–25 and 1925–26. I accepted, though well aware that I was then turned seventy and that I may well be, if not gone, at least below the requisites of strength, two and a half and three and a half years hence. And then a nervous breakdown occurred, which I have been trying to mend by a two months' stay and do-nothing in this lovely place. I return home on Sept. 21, and intend, a week later, to attempt the continuation of my new big book—becoming now the Gifford Lectures.

But I am quite clear that I must not, till at least a year hence, accept any speaking, except at our L.S.S.R. The dictation work twice a week, with preparation for, and correction and expansion of it, has, I believe, a good chance of success if I thus spare my powers.

I must admit that a second difficulty would have presented itself, had health permitted me to accept. I could not ask such a convention to make an exception for me as to speaking in one of your Parish Churches. Yet how could I expect my people to understand if I *did* speak there? I should, by so doing, go against two instinctive principles and practices, grown stiff and stark since how many centuries—that no Catholic layman is to speak in a Catholic Church; and no Catholic, be he layman or priest, is to speak in a non-Catholic (non-R.C.) Church. I know that Fr. Bede Jarrett has been speaking in some Nonconformist Chapel; but then Fr. B. J. has never ranked as a Modernist, and Nonconformist Chapels are felt by my people more as Lecture Halls than as Churches.

Yours v. sincerely,

F. v. Hügel.

To Professor Clement Webb

Sept. 28, 1922.

I am so sorry to be so late, and now so short, in answering your most kind letter. Indeed you and your fine Wife are amongst the very best friends I have now in all the world; and, if and when I do come to Oxford, I shall look forward to coming to stay with you, as you so warmly offer. But two things will now keep me more than ever at home—one of these you evidently have not heard. On June 1st the Senatus of Edinburgh University unanimously invited me to be their Gifford Lecturer for 1924–25 and 1925–26. I accepted, of course, whilst knowing that I might easily not live till then, and, perhaps still more probably, that I might, by then especially, not have the forces necessary

for these many weekly addresses in two successive years. But the encouragement to my new book (which, of course, would alone form my lectures) was and is great. But then my health, soon after, grew depressingly small, and I got away to Thursley (Surrey) for 2 months, getting home a week ago, better but still having to avoid fatigue which dogs my footsteps in a trying way. All my strength has to go to my work, which I hope to restart next week.

I have, at last, begun a careful reading of *your* Giffords—1st Series. You will help me greatly as an excellent example of the form such things ought to have. And your method—taking God before Man interests me greatly. I believe you are quite right—more, I hope, later on. But such readings have now to be very restricted, alas !

As to Troeltsch, all that is quite finally settled, is that he will be in England from March 7 to March 21 ; that this house will be his head-quarters ; that he speaks to our L.S.S.R. on March 20 ; and that he delivers three Addresses to the Advanced Theological Students of London University—precise dates not yet fixed, I think. He will speak to these students in German, with (perhaps) a Syllabus in English. Before our Religion Society, he will probably read out an English translation of his Paper. He tells me that he knows his English accent to be bad. I shall, of course, be very glad if you can organise some one meeting with some kind of Address by him in Oxford. And the sooner I can know that this is certain of fulfilment I will let him know. I have had, for and with him, two failures and humiliations, and really *that* is enough for so noble a soul and so astonishingly rich a mind. . . .

So, my kind Friend, if you find it possible to have T. to some meeting in Oxford, well and good. If not, T. will not be brought by me to Oxford, just as I have decided for him as to Cambridge.

I would then ask, say, half a dozen Oxford scholars to come and meet T. here, just as I intend to do with Cambridge authorities.

Kindest regards to you both,

From your old Friend,

F. v. Hügel.

To Mrs. Lillie

Nov. 29, 1922.

Thank you much for your fine long last letter. I think I had better try to answer it at once.

I am so glad that you should go on being so happy, now two years from the time when you took the big step at the Carmelites here ; and your happiness has got nothing hectic or alarming about it : one feels that you are morally certain to continue to the end.

As to my *Mystical Element*, I am glad to be able to say that

Mr. Dent has started now, or is going to one of these days, the setting up in type of the new edition, and that he hopes to have it out by Whitsuntide. The book will be a simple reprint, of course with all clear errors corrected, of the original edition, except that he lets me print a new Preface of sixteen pages before the old one, which will bring up the chief objections raised to the book and such answers as I will have to them. It will also then give short accounts of the chief books which have appeared on the subjects treated by me since it first came out.

I am very happy in being able to be systematically busy over my new book, pouring out twice a week to my shorthand secretary what has been stored up in my head for quite a number of years. When this will be finished, I do not know; but I do know that the Gifford Lectureship has all come to an end, for I had, in decency of conscience, to let the Committee and Senatus at Edinburgh know that I felt sure that I could never, two or three years hence, have sufficient physical strength to lecture there in two successive years, giving ten lectures each year; the book I did not despair of, and I hoped to be able to get to Edinburgh when it was all done for some new addresses upon it. The Committee has been most kind, but could not see their way to letting me simply furnish the book and a small indeterminate number of Addresses upon it. All this, however, is not yet public, and will not be until the Senatus on December 7th accepts the recommendations of the Committee, which I have no doubt they will do. After all, the whole thing has been nothing but kindness from beginning to end, and I remain cheered by the fact that I was selected for what is certainly the finest Lectureship on these great subjects in the world.

How very charming and cheering is your account of your Uncle, younger than ever in mind at seventy-four, and reading evidently the very finest books. He reminds me of Dr. James Martineau at ninety-two, who, when Wilfrid Ward invited him to join the Synthetic Society, answered that he gladly did so since he had been unable to grow old without developing an ardent desire to learn.

I am so glad that he has read that fine book, Gairdner's *Lollardism*. He will be interested to know how, about thirty years ago, when I lived up at Hampstead, Gairdner was consulted by letter as to the value of the books on the Protestant Reformation which stood then on the shelves of an old-fashioned, predominantly Unitarian Library, which I had to do with for its enlargement and improvement. James Gairdner wrote that all that section of the Library was simply worthless and had become waste paper, for that, during the last thirty years, the whole outlook amongst scholars of competence as to that period had undergone a profound change. Thus, for instance, we had Burnet's *History of the Protestant Reformation*, but that what we required was this book as edited by N. Pocock, in seven volumes, "in which some few of the

thousands of lies contained in the original are refuted." Why should not your Uncle read this noble work? It is published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, and costs, or used to, 1 pound 10*s.*

But let me besides recommend to you both the three following books. First, *Liturgica Historica*, by Edmund Bishop (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 30*s.* net). I knew Mr. Bishop well, a great scholar, one of Lord Acton's disciples, whose only faults, in my mind, were those of his master. He had a persistent irritation against Philosophy, or what he took to be such; and again, his suspicion and antipathy towards the Vatican were, as I know well, from far greater personal experience than ever had Bishop, distinctly excessive. But neither of these points appears, I think, in his great book, which, though simply a collection of detached pieces, is really golden.

Then there has just appeared *Western Mysticism*, by Dom Cuthbert Butler, O.S.B. (London, Constable, 18*s.* net). This is a thoroughly scholarly book, by a late Abbot, also my friend, himself trained by Bishop. The book develops carefully the main facts and convictions in the Mysticism of St. Augustine, St. Gregory the Great, and St. Bernard; and attempts to show how sober and almost universally practicable is what they teach. He does not as directly emphasize what he does not want, the Mysticism which is, to his mind, over-penetrated by Dionysius the Areopagite, those strange writings which we now know very well to be not older than about 490 A.D., and which only gained their full hold upon Mystical writers after the Crusades had brought to Europe similar productions from the East. I have not yet read the book, but I shall be surprised if I do not find it a little too sensible, but we shall see.

And lastly, there is a charming book, delightfully cheap in these miserable days of heavy-priced books; the work is in two volumes, little ones, at 3*s.* 6*d.* each (London, Washbourne). They are respectively, *The Inner Life of Dame Gertrude More*, and *The Spiritual Writings of Dame Gertrude More*. She was a granddaughter of Sir Thomas More, and was a delightfully large, simple, richly religious soul. She died quite young, and has been little known outside her Benedictine Order till this new edition, composed in part of never printed material, appeared three or four years ago.

None of these books is "convert literature." I quite agree with Uncle and Niece that that is, upon the whole, very poor stuff. I have long ago got beyond it, or, at least, away from it, if ever I liked it at all, which I rather doubt. Still, even here we should go somewhat warily, for St. Paul's Epistles are great, are they not, and surely that is a convert through and through! Again, St. Augustine's *Confessions* are immortal, and there again is a mind which to the last retained much of the temper of the convert.

As to Tract Ninety, in particular, it is certainly a wonderful piece of special pleading, and Newman himself lived to think so. Still it is true that all such legal documents, where the question of submission to them is raised, do not deserve more and other allegiance than what they objectively declare or imply and apart from the motives of the framers of such documents. And Ideal Ward used to say, with one of his big laughs, that those reforming fellows richly deserve to have anyone escape from their clutches if, in simple decency, he could manage it.

I am interested to find that you like so much those little books of Father Roche's. He was, you know, at one time a close friend of Father Tyrrell's. His is a fine, delicate mind, and his books bear the impress of it.

Mr. Thorold I, of course, know well ; he has been most kind and useful about this new edition of my big book, and will accordingly be warmly thanked in my new Preface. He is seeing the book through the press as its chief proof-reader. But, though I cannot help feeling flattered at this kind thought of coming over to you and lecturing on my Philosophy, I found myself compelled not to accept the generous offer. The facts are that I felt, simply for myself, that to accept being lectured on in one's lifetime is hardly modest ; and then again, I have never written for the public at large, and I am most anxious that nothing I ever write should be pushed. Let these poor things go down and take root and produce fruit, if and where and when the God Who is so kind to the birds and to the plants cares to bless them to this degree.

As to Mr. Thorold's *Edinburgh Review* article upon me, I feel that I am hardly the person to say anything about it ; but I see two things plainly enough :—one big thing, that he has done his work very carefully and most generously ; and the other is that on one point he has, probably quite through my fault, mistaken what I mean. He writes as though I held that all souls of all men in all times and places, except through their own fault, are possessed of a genuine sense of God as such. Now, mysterious though it be that the facts prevent my holding it, yet the facts as I know them most certainly do. I have nowhere, as far as I know, articulated such a doctrine, and certainly, for the last thirty years at least, it has never been part and parcel of my mind. What I do hold is something very distinct from this. I have the general principle in my head that we are influenced by realities of all kinds, however finite and fleeting, in all sorts of manners and ways, quite apart from our consciousness of these influences, and still more, far more, than our right articulation and interpretation of these our experiences : and this principle I apply also and in a sense above all other realities to God. Although I do not think that all men are clearly aware of His Presence, and although still fewer are capable of articulating this dim consciousness directly, yet these same men may very well present to the observer, who

is himself fully aware of that great ultimate fact, sufficiently clear traces of the influence of that reality in those other souls. Then I was surprised to find that Mr. Thorold carefully drove home the fact that at least primitive Buddhism is without any conviction or idea of God. I thought I had in my *Eternal Life* made it quite clear that I was fully aware of the fact and that, at the same time, I thought I could actually use it as so much evidence in favour of my general contention. I still think that a downright observation on the part of those Buddhists as to the sickening character of all mere change, that their longing for Nirvana, for the complete cessation of all consciousness such as theirs, thus penetrated with a sense of mere change and hence of pure desolation, I think that this is quite magnificent as a prolegomenon of all religion. I take it to my mind quite simply as one of the most striking effects of the Real Presence of God also in those men's minds. It is because they have the dim, inarticulate sense of what the Abiding means that the mere slush of change is so sickening,—a change not of growth, not of full establishment in Faith and Light, but a sheer racket ; something fairly like what the evening newspapers of our most enlightened times tend to produce in the minds of their unhappy devotees.

And finally, as to the Bible. I trust that you will not neglect the Apocrypha, or what I much prefer to call the Deutero-Canonical Books. Surely the First Book of the Maccabees is a magnificent piece of heroic religious history, and the first part of the Book of Wisdom—where is there anything more beautiful in the Bible before you come to the New Testament ? And *Tobit*, in spite of Luther's violent abuse, remains a sweet and darling book. Even *Tobit* strikes me always as really more helpful than, say, the Canonical Book of Esther.

Yours very sincerely,

F. v. Hügel

(pp. S. B.).

. . . . . .

This reminds me of Thekla's most sensible Mother Prioress, who always speaks with much irritation of the way in which the Irish Members of the British House of Commons used year after year to oppose the Government Inspection of Convents. She was sure, she said, of two things—that the substance of the life they were leading was sincere, wholesome, and truly supernatural, and why should not anyone and everybody who cared to do so, come and look at it whenever they chose ? They might possibly end by seeing it in its true colours. And then again, she was equally certain that nuns are not always wise or experienced in matters of health of different sorts, and hence that such Government Inspections would often be useful to them.

To Professor Clement Webb

Feb. 21, 1923.

I find that that death [1] and all it has involved for me has been a very big thing even merely physically. The arterial pressure has been worse, and now asthma has come to drive me out of bed into an armchair at night. I have now the strongest instinct that, if only I can drop any bigger undertakings outside of this house for awhile, I shall get very fairly fit again, but that otherwise I shall have a most grave breakdown.

This means, alas, that I must beg to be excused from coming to Oxford to read Professor Troeltsch's lecture on March 9th. Of course you shall have the English translation at least three days before its use, and if, on revising the translation, I find some especially obscure or characteristic points, I propose to write a little note on the matter, which perhaps you would kindly read out to your audience before you begin the paper. . . .

Please tell Mrs. Webb how sorry I am not to be able to come and see the pretty new house. I mind much not getting talks with you both ; but Providence looks after one and it is now quite plain that I am not meant to go to you.

To a Lady

March 27, 1923.

I am very sorry to be so long in answering your charming letter about St. Catharine of Genoa. This comes simply from my being driven, to the degree of ruining my nights ; besides, I wanted first to recover my bundle of papers and pictures accumulated with regard to her, to see if I could find anything of the kind you want. I have just done so, and, to my regret, I only find things you have got already, the portrait you have in the *Mystical Element*, and then the small photograph of the other picture, which I cannot give away, and which, besides, you would hardly care for. I did possess, for a while, little packets of dust taken out of her shrine, and one of these I would have sent you, but they have evidently been distributed long ago. Then I had little books for the Novena, performed fairly frequently in Genoa still before her feast, but these booklets also have all gone, nor need you be too sorry, for everything characteristic of her has there disappeared, although the exhortations are certainly most sound and wholesome.

I shall allow myself, very soon, to send you the new Preface to the forth-coming Second Edition of the *Mystical Element*. The book

[1] Of Troeltsch.

itself remains as you have it, but the new Preface you may like to preserve within it; it is entirely new. And with this Preface I shall send a copy of the portrait you already possess, with a little inscription to yourself. This you may like to have framed, or to use, of course in whatever other way you may prefer.

Please do not allow your friend's report as to the utter oblivion into which the shrine has fallen in Genoa to over-impress you. I was present myself during her feast and the fair connected with it just outside the Hospital Church, in the Tribune of which her relics still repose. True, not one in five thousand of that crowd knew anything whatsoever of her special doctrines, but, in their rough, simple way, they loved her, and loving her made them love God and Christ, and that, depend upon it, completely satisfies the Saints. The nuns, too, of the Hospital keep her Shrine and the Altar before it in very good repair, and Mass is often said there. I repeatedly communicated at those altar-rails, and my eldest daughter, who to-day would have been forty-six, was married before that Shrine, in the year 1907.

With many respects and every good wish.

To Henri Garceau

May 29, 1923.

My very dear Henry,—Why—this is indeed splendid! I am quite particularly glad that you should have gained the Montague prize for German Literature and Language: because the subject is one that is again becoming very important; because I know so well from how early, how natural has been and is your knowledge here; and because with this further achievement you will still more largely have yourself achieved the covering of your expenses at Cambridge. The latter point will not only be an advantage for your devoted parents, but an influence operating within you towards a just appreciation of the value of money. Of course, all money is the result of toil on the part of someone—even though it be a someone centuries ago. But we remember this better if we have seen the money being earned, as I saw mine being earned by my Grandfather, and, better still, if oneself has toiled for it, as you have now done repeatedly. And the keen competition is proof conclusive that you achieved this prize through sheer merit. I am very, very glad.

This chest cold is pretty obstinate—I am still confined to my bedroom, and the Doctor gives me no hopes of getting out to Church on Thursday, alas. But I hope still to be fit for Gilbert and yourself on Friday and Saturday.

Your affectionate old Friend,

F. v. H.

To Miss I. M. Lea

Jan. 4, 1924.

. . . I dearly love the Boy Scouts, and, though very naturally I know less about the Girl Guides, I do not doubt that they also are a quite excellent institution, hence I can deeply sympathise with your efforts at starting a centre of them in Dinas Powis.

If only you were a German scholar such as was your Father, in that case I should give you a book which is giving me deep instruction and most solid delight. It is by Dr. F. W. Foerster who so condemned Germany's action in the matter of the Great War as speedily to be seen across the Bavarian Frontier by the Police of those parts. In his *Jugendseele*, *Jugendbewegung*, *Jugendziel*, published within the last few months, he has turned away from the mature Germans, whom, for the most part, he considers to be hopeless in matters of Politics, and has concentrated upon what is happening among the German equivalents to our Boy Scouts and Girl Guides. The over 400 pages are really overflowing with interest, inspiration and instruction. I tell you all this in hopes that you may know some clerics or others about the country who would be able and willing to learn a huge lot which, at least, I myself, turned seventy, and half German, find astonishingly new.

To Professor Clement Webb

Feb. 15, 1924.

Warm thanks for your kindly prompt activity about the Troeltsch lectures. I write at once, however, not now about that matter, which will doubtless come to a head before next week is out, but about *Rashdall*.

Of course I knew him personally all those years at the *Synthetic Society*. Since then I have but rarely met him, but Archdeacon Lilley at Hereford used to tell me about him whilst he (R.) was a Canon there. The last time I saw him was outside your then house Holywell Ford, during my little stay in Oxford for my Hon. D.D. Degree ; it was also the first time I saw him as Dean of Carlisle.

I can well understand your strong attachment to him and your much feeling his going. I felt a genuine pang of regret, of real pain when, last Sunday, I came (quite unexpectedly) upon his death in the *Observer*. There was something heroic under all that obtrusively homely tone and manner—a very fine and high kind of Rationalism, ethical through and through. Where what a man had, and so generously gave, was so very good of its kind, it readily appears unjust and mean to dwell at all upon what a man was not. And I dare say that, had I known him when

I was quite young and if he had been my senior, I should have felt only his ethical greatness and not his—surely—strangely great lack of the specifically religious sense—or, at the very least, of the mystical element of religion. He has established himself permanently in my mind as a living example of how greatly ethical a soul can be with little of the specifically religious sense. And this strong impression prevented me from feeling quite at my ease in his company or even in his books; for, after all, he was a Christian cleric, who had deliberately chosen to be one, so that, quite spontaneously, I would renew my expectation of what was hardly there.

If only my health gets better again, I intend to study carefully his big Right and Wrong book, as one of the voices to be discriminated and located within my new book. But I cannot promise, even to myself alone, any such thing, depending, as it does, upon my strength, the gift of God.

You imply, alas, that he suffered greatly at the last. *Worthing*, as the death-place, showed me that he must have been away from Carlisle on leave for a long illness. I can well think of him as heroically resigned. Ah well, God thus crowned his life by a great opportunity and a special grace. May we do even distantly as well.

Yours very sincerely,

F. v. Hügel.

Pray put upon paper for me, sometime, the references to the finest ethical pages or chapters in his works—say, 50 pp. in all.

To Bishop Edward Talbot (dictated)

March 29, 1924.

My very dear Bishop,—What a dear sweet letter that was you wrote me from Rome about Francesco and Eugenia and about the darling daughter God took from us stunned with grief. And then too about Padre Genocchi, that fine man whom you recognised in his virile simplicity. I wish your accounts of Mrs. Talbot had been better; but still she must have found a certain gentle pleasure in the very genuine interest you are finding in things all around you. And may *Aquae* have done her good.

Your mention of Perugia gave me a prick of conscience, since I might have introduced you there to that striking man Don Brizio Casciola, of whom I can tell you more when we meet.

And when is that to be, I wonder?—I trust soon now. You do not say whether you really are turning into old Sir Henry Howe's house in Lexham Gardens; I hope so, since that is so pleasantly near by. Hildegard also and my Wife hope this.

My dear Bishop, I dare not dictate on much longer, for you see

I have been very very ill. On the 18th my Wife thought me so weak and strange that she had better call in my doctor, and he found that all my symptoms said death within a few hours, short of some quite unindicated influx of fresh vital strength; so a trained nurse came in promptly, and dear fine Father Benedict Zimmerman, that scholarly Carmelite, gave me Extreme Unction, and, some two or three hours later, all the symptoms were somehow reversed, and although I am still in my bedroom and dressing-gown and can naturally enough do no regular work, I am, thank God, mending very surely, indeed visibly. May I use such new strength as may be coming to me with a greatly increased fidelity and fruitfulness.

Some days before that collapse I saw here Walter Frere—for the first time as Bishop—as simple and unspoilt as ever. What a good plan that is by which he remains a member of his fine Community and, if and when he retires, finds his place there as before. Your fine Edward must be very pleased at this arrangement—surely a proof in its way that, since the day when Charles Gore left them, the militant Protestant watch-dogs have become less keen or are considered more negligible. Well, that does not break my heart provided it be not a symptom of indifference, which surely is worse than many a more irritating stupidity.

I am, my dear Bishop,

Your ever affectionate and grateful old friend,

F. VON HÜGEL.

To Mrs. Lillie

March 29, 1924.

Pray forgive me for being so late in thanking you for your kind and interesting letter, and, indeed, for leaving you so many months without any sign of life. My excuse must be that not only have I striven to utilise every scrap of strength available for the getting on of my book, but also that, ever since before Christmas, I have felt unusually weak in psychic and brain force. Indeed some ten days ago my Wife found me most strangely feeble, and she called in my Doctor who at once discovered that all the vital symptoms were acutely wrong; he could not doubt that, unless the quite unindicated new access of vital strength were to come promptly, I must die within the next few hours; so a trained nurse came in at once, and that fine scholarly Carmelite, Father Benedict Zimmerman, a much admired priest-friend, came and gave me Extreme Unction. I was quite unconscious of what was happening at the time, and both he and my Wife knew well that that was what I wanted them to do. Within the next two or three hours all was changed and since then all the symptoms have been remarkably good. Still I am confined to my bedroom and dressing-gown, and must be careful not to

overtax my strength. So you will forgive me, please, if this letter is not only belated but dull as well.

There is just one little set of details I should like to put down :— The names of two authors who have come up before me. The one is Madame Elisabeth Leseur who died in 1913. Her *Journal* published after her death by her husband, now a Dominican, is assuredly a very striking document, the hidden history of a rarely large soul and its growth into holiness especially under the mixed happiness and suffering of a marriage full of mutual affection but bereft of unity in faith. And then, later on, the husband, a very distinguished and attractive type of Sceptic, comes to the fulness of his wife's faith through the study of her journey. What I particularly love in the book is the wonderful combination, both in her and then in him, of an ardent, all-transfiguring faith with the rarest generosity of judgment concerning even the most militant of the unbelievers amidst whom she habitually lived. I suspect that her *Lettres à des Incroyants* and *Lettres sur la Souffrance* must also be very fine, but certainly this *Journal* (together with the *In Memoriam* published with it) is a very rare book.

Then I have been much pleased with this new edition made straight from the manuscript of Walter Hilton's *Scale of Perfection*, that noble 14th Century book, by an elder confrère of Thomas à Kempis, not doubtless quite so deep and delicate as Thomas but astonishingly sane and sage, a classic in its way. The book has been hopelessly out of print for some thirty years now, and, so far as I know (I am no specialist as regards this author), Mrs. Stuart Moore has done her work very thoroughly. I remember how some thirty years ago your American Archbishop Keane, when we had him in Rome, used to recommend the book. He had formed himself upon it primarily.

As I sit in my armchair, cut off largely from study and unable to be very detailed even in prayer, my mind roams often out away in your parts, full of affectionate memories concerning what you have done and strive to do and full of good will and best wishes for that fine man, your husband, and those attractive young creatures, your children. How pleasant if you could come again amongst us for a bit, but even without such visible presence we can keep the memory and image of our friends very near to our mind and active recollection.

Yours in cordial sincerity,

F. v. Hügel.

From Miss Adrienne Tuck

April 29, 1924.

Dear Professor Webb,—Baron von Hügel has asked me to write to you and thank you for your very kind letter, and to say how sweet

and dear he thinks it is of you and your Wife to care for his state of health. He always thinks of you as among the truest, kindest, and most solid helps on earth and would have liked to have dictated in detail a proper letter, but trusts that you will forgive him for merely instructing me roughly as to what to say.

Professor Moberley was quite right in telling you that the Baron had been very ill. Throughout February and the first half of March he had somehow been losing ground and getting weaker with his heart, nerves and brain, and by March 18 reached a state of unconsciousness which greatly alarmed his Wife and which the Doctor found to point in every way to death within the next two or three hours. Father Benedict Zimmerman, that fine scholarly Carmelite, gave him Extreme Unction, and both he and the highly skilled nurse, who had been called in at once, did not believe he would survive long ; but somehow within the next two or three hours all the symptoms had changed and a fresh supply of strength was given, although there had been nothing to indicate it would come. Since then he has been slowly getting better, but he is still in his bedroom, arranged now downstairs, and his next-door study in his dressing-gown, and remains fit for very little. He has started to-day for the first time again his book dictation, and so it comes about that, after an hour of that, he has asked me to write to you for him.

He is delighted to think that you have both had so interesting and profitable a time in Rome, with the Pope himself, with Mussolini, with Gentile, and have come away with details and facts about all three.

He thanks you for your kind thoughts and prayers for him and trusts that you will kindly continue them. His great hope is to be allowed to go on with and finish his book, but that is a large order and will require the continuance of growing and settled strength on a larger scale than has been granted him so far.

He bids me send you both his warmest thanks and to say that he daily remembers you before God.

Yours sincerely,

ADRIENNE TUCK,
Secretary.

To Mr. Cecil Chapman
(on his retirement from his London Magistracy)

Aug. 13, 1924.

I am thinking of you as now on your way to your last Court sitting, and am feeling how indecent it would be if I did not utter a single word to you of all the sympathy, respect, admiration, and gratitude which one side or element after another in your devoted labours of so many years have evoked and have fixed within my mind and spirit in watching

your character, your work, and their manifold effects. I fear the critics would feel that to be a "German" sentence; but I am only conscious of requiring some such form to remain quite sincere in my warm appreciation, because, after all, I know, or can judge of, only part of your work, and because not all of this part is directly sympathetic to me. Yet, even in such instances, I can and do respect the courage and unworldliness of your intrepid advocacies, and can but trust that they will not prevent some handsome official (government) recognition of this your general character and spirit, and of the numerous and valuable reforms introduced by yourself, and the wide and deep stream of kindness proceeding from you towards the "just and the unjust," especially the "unjust," during half a century at least.

I think, of course, especially of your work for First Offenders, and all its admirable starting and supervision, such as Miss Lance has revealed it to me, and indeed also of your personal kindness, of the most valuable sort, shown by you so steadily to this fine, lonely, much tried spirit. And yet I feel certain, all the time, that these things are, after all, only specimens of what you have done and of what, with God's help, you are.

May you not feel too much the disappearance from your life of the Court work, and may the volunteer activities gain still further in attraction and interest so as largely to make up for what you have now to abandon.

Yours in cordial interest and affectionate sympathy.

To Mrs. Bernard Holland[1]

Sept. 8, 1924.

Your husband, on my asking him, told me he felt sure you would like a little letter of sympathy from me with your two sacrifices differing each from the other, yet both real sacrifices. I can claim to know what these sacrifices mean, for I, like you, was called upon by God to give one daughter to Him in the Cloister and another daughter in the married state. On each occasion I felt the risk—would they be happy in the state to which each was solemnly pledging herself? I felt, too, the change in and for the family and for myself, a change, even if it were a good change, and I do not like changes. And—so on. But in both cases God's blessing was at work, and we kept seeing that it was; especially has the vocation to the cloister shown itself fruitful and peace-bringing to us all.

[1] This letter was written on the day on which our eldest daughter, Verena, at the end of her novitiate, made her First Vows in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, Roehampton. Her sister, Sibylla, was married nine days later in Westminster Cathedral.

Certainly, with your Verena also, everything conspires to show how unforced, how genuine is her call. And, given this genuineness, your acceptance of it will assuredly bring you blessings, and this even if you are hardly aware of more than imperfections in your acceptance.

As to your Sibylla, I feel as though the risks were less than they were with our Gertrud, in so far as your daughter is so markedly younger than was ours when she married, and how far more easy it is to get into each other's ways in the early twenties than in the late thirties. Nor is it as if your daughter were flighty or over-impressionable ; she is evidently so strong and sensible, calm and self-knowing a young woman—distinctly a woman, not a child.

It is, of course, very certain that some obscurity, some anxiety there must be in every human action of a manifoldness such as is such a linking of two lives into one. But we can, and with God's grace we will, accept and sanctify the obscurity as a means towards bringing on the clearness in their oneness of life and in our perception of it. I am praying my little best for Verena to-day and will pray my best for Sibylla on her wedding-day.

I love to think of you in your home.

To G. G.

All Saints Eve.

Look up, look up with me to-morrow! Oh, what a glorious, touching Company! It is the Feast of every heroic soul, every heroic act inspired by God since man began on Earth. How our little earthly years are fleeing by. Pindar called our life "the dream of a shadow," yet in it and through it, if we but watch and pray, and work and suffer and rest in God, our Home, we can find Eternity that will never pass away.

To Mrs. Sharp (Widow of William Sharp)

Dec. 23, 1924.

My very dear Cousin Elizabeth,—You are right indeed in thinking that Mary and I must have been wondering, a bit anxiously, as to what was becoming of you, since the time of your settling in for the winter—for this winter—had clearly gone by, and this, without a word to tell us how you were, *where* you were,—whether we were still keeping the eager, all too rare spirit of Cousin Elizabeth amongst the toil and moil of here below. We have, however, an excellent circumstance continuing amongst the blessings of your life—the persistence in life and being of

your devoted, excellent brother, Dr. Farquharson Sharp : we can feel sure that, so long as he is left to live here below, he will inform your closer belongings and friends as to what has become of you, and when you are unable to do so yourself. There was no such communication from him, so all must be relatively right ; and our patience would still be rewarded by news directly from your dear self.

It is true, alas, that you have not much good news to give us. I so wish your Scottish time had done more for you, that you could have seen us when, since then, you passed again through London, and that you could have again settled in the Isle of Wight. Still, I feel we can really trust to your having, in Hove, quarters in some respects better suited to your leg-requirements : may this indeed prove true.

Mary will now already have told you, I expect, about our own health and other doings. I indeed wish we had not, all of us, everywhere in N.W. Europe, to bear with that strangely obstinate wet weather which pursued us through August up to now with the most trying persistency ; to have the weather like that *now* is natural enough, but to have had it like that before was indeed a trial. The Doctor thought it better for me not to run the risks of lodgings etc. at all ; and so I remained here, very comfortable as regards my quarters which never pall upon me. But how one longed for the good bath-chairman to come round for one not in and for a soup—a pea soup, as it would persist in being.

I am sorry to say that this same weather almost entirely prevented Mary from getting away at all—a matter in all her life so much more trying for her than it has been for me. But the house has continued to prove the God-send it has been all along—so airy, so warm in winter and cool in summer, so get-at-able for friends, so easy to get from for anything when one is at all fit !

I am happy to say that my *working* health has kept fair upon the whole. I have been able to move on to where I can now see the end as not yet in my hands, but certainly as markedly nearer. Just now, I have started a little fortnight's complete holiday—complete from all composition-work. I find the difficulty to lie in how to evade additional tiringness from more than now usual correspondence, and yet not utterly to neglect letter-writing, the divinely intended and specially blest means and price of such most precious touch with our friends.

You will have seen that I have been losing a for me quite new friend in Sir Archibald Geikie, that most touchingly self-disciplined old patriarch. I failed in seeing him, indeed my first and only long letter came too late for more than a note from him ; but how sweet and human, how out-ward looking and still busy with helping himself and others to *grow*, it was ! And now the home-child, Miss Lucy Gardner, writes to me so sweetly about her great loss.

I have been wondering what to give you for Christmas : I hope you will like what I send you, *The Little Silent One*, a collection of genuine African (Negro) Animal Fairy Stories which somehow soothe and brace me—they appeal to and satisfy the perennial child present and more or less awake amongst us all. May I have chosen right ! How we long you may be much better again by next Easter.

With dear and deep love, in which Hillie joins most warmly,

Your very affectionate old cousin,

F. VON HÜGEL.

To Mrs. Cecil Chapman

Dec. 29, 1924.

My very dear Adeline,—This morning a most kind letter from Mildred, for which I am especially grateful to her, brought me the news —brought to us both the news of your Silver Wedding to-morrow ! And so you were married to "Cousin Cecil" as far back as Dec. 30, 1899 —who would believe this ? We are however *most* glad to be thus given the chance of joining the others of those who know and love you, indeed who belong to you especially closely ; for, indeed, since when is it that we know you ? As to Mary, I even now *know* only that she, already in the early summer of 1873, knew you well enough gladly to go abroad with you alone for quite a number of weeks. I cannot, as to myself, recollect the particular day on which, no doubt in late October or early or middle November 1873, I first got to know you. Yet it was very natural that you and Mary being such comfortable, tested friends together, I should have felt you as a friend of my own also—already *then*. And *then* is over 50 years ago, with how much of history that has come to stay since then, in our own lives, with those specially dear to us, and with the world at large, especially our poor old Western Europe.

But a ground for special gratitude to God will to-morrow be, of course, what the union of you two has brought of good to yourselves and your relatives and close friends. I do not find it at all necessary to agree with all our friends' enthusiasms in order still to find so much, so very much, one thanks God for their having done and taught us all. But indeed the ceaseless cataract of kindness and helpfulness now long, most rightly, identified with your man's name, how in no wise has it been hampered by you ! Each has, I think, at times somewhat over-stimulated the other—how forgiveable, how unescapable a fault ! I love so to think that neither of you will be lacking subjects for love and work, for service; we shall have, as we look on, to restrain ourselves from adding too much fuel of our own !

On looking about for some characteristic little present for you, I was delighted at finding myself pulled up before a further little book—this one only just out—by Dr. Albert Schweitzer—the author of *On the Edge of the Primaeval Forest*—this one being *Memoirs of Childhood and Youth*. A copy reached me from my ever-giving Professor Kemp Smith ; but I felt sure I should find a copy for you handy at Messrs. W. H. Smith's Bookshop this afternoon. No ! but they will get it . . . you shall have it all right. I find it deeply interesting !

Once more then our joint deep affection, interest, appreciation, gratitude, to you both, with our warmest wishes and fervent prayers to-morrow.

Your affectionate old Friend,
F. v. Hügel.

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